# Canadian Idylls.

KIRBY.

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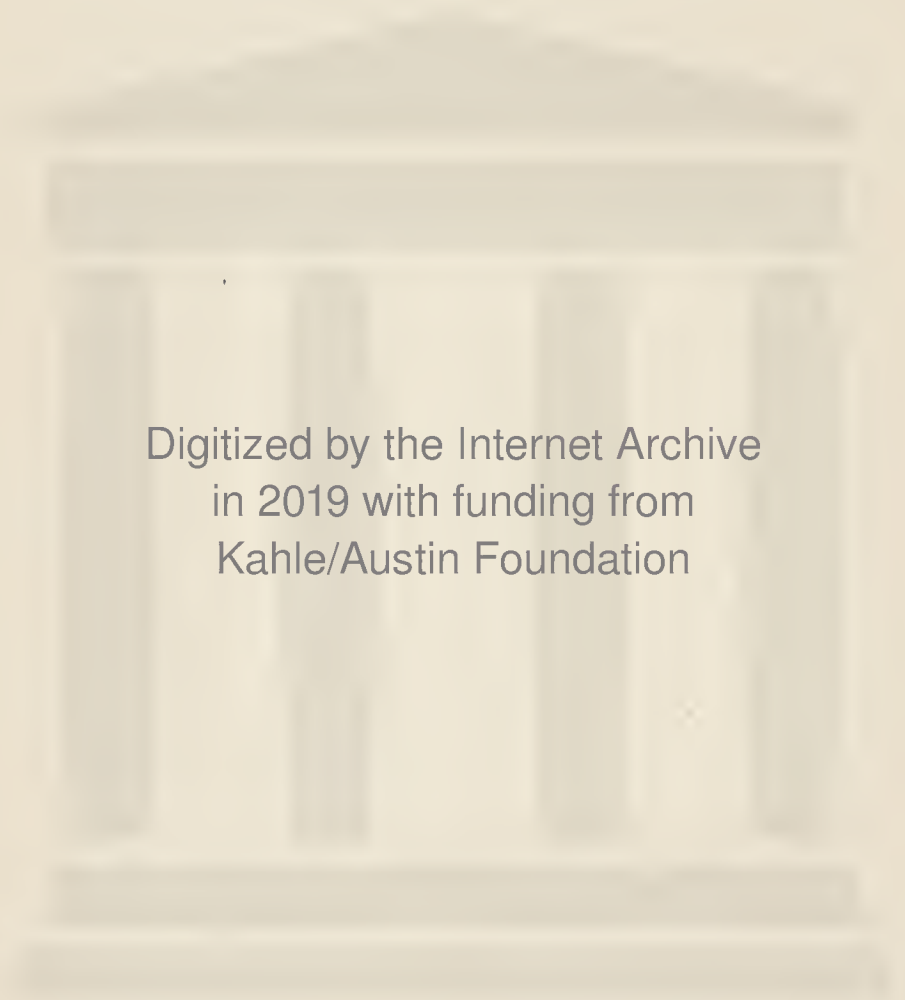
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To all Canadians and Denizens of our "True North" these Idylls are respectfully dedicated, by

The Author.

Niagara, Ontario, May, 1891.

# CANADIAN IDYLLS,

BY

WILLIAM KIRBY, F. R. S. C.

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SECOND EDITION.

WELLAND, ONTARIO.
1894.

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# CANADIAN IDYLLS.

## The Queen's Birthday.

"Victoria!—may you rule us long,
And leave us rulers of your blood
As noble till the latest day!
May children of our children say:
"'She wrought her people lasting good.'"

TENNYSON.

### PRELUDE.

CALM of days had rested on the broad
Unruffled waters of Ontario,
Which in their bosom all night held the stars
Now vanishing before the morning beams,
Forerunners of the day, like Uhlan spears,
Chasing the night's dark shadows far away.

The sun was rising seaward of the point
Of a low promontory thick with trees,
Which, like the sacred bush by Moses seen,
Were all ablaze with unconsuming fire.
A smooth horizon cut with clear divide
The sky above it from the sea below,
Each touching other, save one spot of white
Where stood a glistening sail, caught by the sun
And held becalmed upon the distant verge.
Landward the orchards were in bloom, the peach
In red and pink, the apples white and red,
While every bush, after its kind, in flower,
Wrought once again the miracle of spring
And showed God's wisdom, love and power divine.

A breezeless night had filled the trees and grass
With heavy dew that sparkled in the sun,
Like summer snow so thick and white it lay—
A barefoot lad brushed through it singing blythe,
Leaving a track behind him as he ran,
And drove the lowing kine full uddered home,
Where stood a rosy maid in shortened gown
That showed a foot elastic as the fawn's
With dimpled arms across her milking pail—
She called her favorite cows by soft pet names
Which each one knew, and gently breathing came
And round the maiden stood with great calm eyes,
Waiting their turn to fill her snowy pail.

The glorious waters lay serene and blue—
Some white winged gulls flapped lazily the air,
Showing their under pinions as they wheeled
In circuit round and round, keen eyed to see
The luckless fish they seize and bear away—
While, far and near, the kaweens clanging shrill
In spattering flocks cry out incessantly

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Word of denial in Algonquin tongue,
The spirit taught them, as the legends say;
An Indian maid wooed by a chief unloved:
'No! no! indeed! *Ka-Ka-ween!*' cried in grief
Until she died, drowned in Ontario,
Where these wild birds caught her despairing cry,
And still repeat it as they swim or fly
In screaming thousands o'er her watery grave,
From sharp mid-winter till return of spring—
And then fly screaming it to Arctic seas.

Upon the bushes, trees, and on the wing,
The maddening black birds formed a noisy choir—
While thrush and oriole and robin pipe
In softer strains their vernal roundelay
Heard in the pauses.

'Twas a morn to feel
The heavens unladen and on earth poured down
The treasures of the inner world, where are
Things in their essences. The flood of life
That sometimes overflows its bounds, and fills
The earth with loveliness, supernal, rare,
As sunrise fills with light the ambient air,
This morning seemed to make all things anew,
Retouched afresh, by the Creator's hand
With brightness as of Eden. He who made
The Earth so beautiful and Heaven so near,
Each touching other with harmonic chords,
Like music in the night, by wind harps played,
Reveals at times, to pure of heart and eye,
Just for a moment of ecstatic vision,
A moment and no more—the abyss of light
Behind the veil; gives us to feel the breath
Of angels on our face and airs that fan
The tree of life and flowers of Paradise.

Beneath the lake's steep banks of marl and clay,
Furrowed with winter frosts and summer rains,
With many a boulder fast embedded—stretched
Long beaches of grey sand, earth's ancient rocks—
The grinding of a thousand æons past.
God's mills are winds and waves, and heat and frost,
That change all things to other—old to new—
And new to newer, that are still the old;
Returning on their circuits ever more,
Slow it may be as cycles of the stars,
But sure as God's great purposes, that work
Unceasingly all change for sake of man.

A group of fishers stood upon the beach,
Strong, hardy men with neck and face and hands
Tanned to a browniness else as fair of skin
As any born of purest English race.
Their shapely boat was laden with their nets
Ready to launch into the lake, that swarmed
With shoals and myriads of the silvery fish
Migrating slowly round the sinuous shores.
The fishers' voices mingled with the morn
In cheerful talk or song, and by and by
Sent up a cheer—nay three—to greet the day
Which was Victoria's, and a holiday.
That royal name revered in every clime

The round world knows, is honoured to the height
Of chivalry beneath the clear blue skies
That cope the boundless plains of Canada—
The home of loyalty from days of old—
Fought for and kept!—a crowned Dominion fit
For freest men to live the noblest lives!

The sturdy fishers cheered with one accord,
Threw up their hats and swore with kindly oaths,
So full of frank good nature, that in sooth
None frowned who heard them, that her natal day
A holiday of holidays they'd keep
In honour of her Majesty.

Upspake
An old deep-chested carl, whose hands and arms
Corded with sinews, bare and brown, seemed fit
To drag Leviathan with hook ashore.
His ruddy face was honest, frank and bright
With shrewd intelligence, and eyes that straight
Beneath his shaggy brows looked deep in yours.

'Well spoken, men!' said he, 'This is the day
The brightest in the royal month of May!
The flags are up! I hear the belfry ring
A joyous peal, and booming o'er the lake
Toronto's guns with glad salute awake
The loyal city to the festival.
We, too, will pass the day in gaiety
And, as our Queen would wish it, soberly—
With wives and children, friends and neighbours all.
Whatever differences may else befall,
We are as one for country and for her,
Whose crown imperial is our bond and pride.'

They greeted him with cheers. 'And now,' said he,
'The fish shall have a holiday and swim
Free as they will—only the tribute due
Our feast claim we from them - one haul—no more!
And then will reel our nets, and don our best,
And go with baskets laden to the grove,
Beneath the old French thorns, or round the boles
Of spreading oaks just flushed in early leaf,
Sit down and hear the dancing music play—
Eat, drink, tell tales—I have a book full—till
The games of afternoon bring out the crowds,
Which seated on the slopes of old Fort George,
As on an amphitheatre survey
The athletes stripped to struggle on the plain,
Who drive the ball like lightning at lacrosse,
Or run, or ride, or leap—and win or lose—
With grace and gaiety, cheered by the throng
Who make the green old common like a fair.'

So said, so done! And now the sun was up,
And shining on the grey square tower that stands*
Above the place of landing nets—its walls
Thick as a feudal keep, with loopholes slashed,
Contain the wreck and ruin of a town:
Fair Newark once, gay, rich and beautiful,
By ruthless foes, when flying in retreat,
Burnt down to blackened heaps of bricks and stones.

*Fort Mississaugua.

The fragments of its walls and hearths were built
Into that stern memorial of a deed
Unchivalrous, in days of war, gone by.

The fishers launched their boat, laden with nets,
Threw out their oars, and rounded in the lake
A mighty semicircle with their seine,
A hundred fathoms, and a hundred more,
Ran out behind them as they stoutly plied
Their ashen oars—then leap to land—'Haul in!'
Cries the old master—see the lines are taut
To point of breaking with the mighty draught
Of one good thousand white fish in the net!—
All leaping, struggling, flashing like a mass
Of quicksilver—and brighter, they will lie
Heaped on the sand a pile of life and death—
The treasure of the lakes! The fisher's wealth!—
Enough of them, he cares for none beside!
The glittering silver ones! rose-gilled, with mouths
Too small for aught but water dainties! and
Themselves of all that swim the daintiest,
Most beautiful and best! yea! Catius missed*
The choicest thing e'er lay in golden dish—
The Addikameng of Ontario!

There is a grove called Paradise—well named,
With leafy lanes, to love and musing dear;
It overlooks the high and abrupt banks
Of cliffs and land slides, wooded at their base,
And filled with wild flowers, that, save by the bees,
Unrifled, bloom all summer.

Underneath,
Like a great opening in the world, the broad
Majestic river sweeps above—below;
Its silent course, serene, and brimming full
Of captive seas it bears away, despite
Their Titan struggles in the whirlpool's depths,
And leads them forth, as on God's Appian way.
Two nations on its banks look on, and see
The grand triumphal march that never ends!
Whether in summer calm, twixt banks of green
It smoothly flows, or rough in winter's gloom,
With formless ice-flakes filled from shore to shore,
It bears the burthen—nor a moment halts
In its sublime, resistless, onward flow—
Niagara the grand and world renowned!

That pleasant grove of intermingled glades
And shady walks, thick carpeted with leaves
Under the footstep yielding, gently draws
The loiterer on and on till to the brink
It leads him of a jutting precipice,
That overlooks the river's grandest sweep
Before it mingles with Ontario.
A clump of doddered oaks, with roots half-bared
In air, look down the cliff. A level plot
Of greenest sward, behind it, holds to day
A crowd of merry makers, seated round
In careless ease, listening with eager ear,
The master fisher from a manuscript

* Vide Horace, Lib. 2, Sat. 4.

Of faded ink and yellow paper, read
An old Canadian Idyll of the past.

'Read, Uncle Clifford!' cried a rosy maid,
The same who waited with her milking-pail,
In russet gown and kerchief; but who now,
In style and stuff of fashion's newest mode,
Was dressed like any lady of the land,
As is the wont of our Canadian girls,
Bearing themselves with native grace and ease,
The old refinement of an epoch rare
Of honour, loyalty and noble deeds,
Which gifted them with beauty's heritage
And all the charming ways of lady-hood.

Her hand lay on his shoulder, as she bent,
Her rich locks mingling with his steel grey hair,
And overlooked the pages, turned and fixed
One with her finger, which she begged him read.
He smiled, looked up, and caught her eye. The maid
Flushed quick, like summer lightning in a cloud
It makes transparent; so her face betrayed
Some latent warmth and longing of the heart,
Such as a woman hides and yet reveals.

The old man spoke—'My darling May! be sure
Of your own self before I read this tale!
If rashness ever tempt—be wise, nor give
Your love for asking—caught by fancy, face,
Or fortune it may be, before you know
His worthiness who asks your yes or no!'

'Nay, Uncle!' answered she, with sunny smile,
That brought a dimple to both cheek and chin,
'Tis why I choose this tale' and then she laughed,
Sweet as the chime of old St. Mark's that rang
Most musical in honor of the day—
For she had read the old book through and through,
Wept, laughed, and dreamed of it, and often played
Its heroines in fancy all day long—
Giving her heart in lavish gift away
To some fair prince of dreams, in woman's way.

'I would be wise in all things, and in that
Which most becomes a girl like me to know
Wisest of all,' said she, 'So Uncle read
This old true story for the good of all—
And my good in especial!' whispered she
And kissed his bluff old cheek and skipped away
Beside her young companions, all aglow
To hear the tale of love that's always new,
Making or marring lives forever. Then
Sat down upon a broad flat boulder stone
Mossed thick and soft, love's choice of many seats
In that fair grove, a stone of witness too
Of vows or kept or broken, smiles and tears,
Kisses and curses—it remembers all—
That silent witness of the former years!

'First tell us of the book,' continued she—
'And him who wrote it—and who in it poured
His very soul, which wrought into his lines,

Left him alive in them—even when he died!
Pray tell us of him.'
'Well! 'tis briefly told
What I know of his story'—answered he—
'He came among us from the mother land
In search of health, for he was thin and pale,
From overstudy or some deeper cause—
A youth, yet grave enough to be a man,
Than most men wiser—pensive, somewhat shy,
A gentleman with hands unused to toil,
A student, poet, painter and what not—
That makes a man of mark in woman's eyes,
As he had been in yours, my pretty May!
Who love the thrice-told tale that tells of him—
Had you lived then, who knows what might have been?'

May blushed, 'Who knows, indeed, what might have been?'
A poet, pensive, sick and needing sore
A woman's sympathy akin to love
To ease his life or smooth his way to death!
Had I lived then, who knows what might have been!'

'Yea, he had won you in full measure, May!
All loved who knew him, for his kindliness,
While some admired his looks, and some his lore.
He came in summer with the swallows—Why?
None learned, I think but one—a secret told
Your mother, May! my sweetest sister, she!
As like to you in face and fancy too
As rose to rose that grow upon one tree—
Then in her freshest youth—a girl to see!
And none alive is like her, only you!'

The girl looked up and laughed to hide a sigh—
'Thanks, uncle!' said she, 'for your flattery,
But I delight in mother's praise from you—
I know when young as I, she pitied him,
And might have loved at last, had he not died.'

'Well, so it chanced,' replied he, 'that the youth
Though not uncheerful, oft was melancholy
Enough to draw a woman to his side—
And soon drew one who pitied him indeed!
To her he told his story—showed the grief
That preyed upon him—he had loved and lost,
His hope in life had broken like a reed—
By frost or frailty—said she not, but shook
Her head and wondered that such things could be;
As lack of love for one so debonnaire,
So worthy of a woman's life and care.

'What more she learned I know not, for she kept
His secret safe, but did herself grow sad,
Silent and pale, as one who over much
Broods on unspoken thoughts—as still he led
His solitary life. In woods and lanes
He used to wander—or upon the shore
Of the loud lake when waves came rolling in,
Or watched the cold stars as they rose at night
Above the east horizon, wet with dew;
As if he waited one that bore for him
Some message from the under world.

'Then home—
And in his room he wrote and read till dawn,
For he was sleepless and refused to drink
The syrups which we made for him, of balm
And poppies mixed with honey, good for sleep
Unless the heart be wakeful. Then in vain
Our simple medicines; and so with him.

'Our help thus failed him, but he used to smile
As if to cheer us, and with thanks and words
That sounded like farewells, we saw with pain
His cheek grow thinner, with a fever flush
That came and stayed. His brilliant eyes enlarged
As if they caught a glimpse of death not far,
That solemn glimpse we all get ere we die!
That warning once or twice which strikes us mute
With premonition, like a second sight,
Of that last hour of life, when on our couch
With feeble hands we reach, to grasp the staff
That through the valley of the shades of death
Will lead our doubtful steps to shores unknown.
As darkness from within beclouds our eyes,
The lights grow dimmer till they vanish quite;
Appeals of love sound fainter on the ear,
Unheard, unheeded on the silent bourne
Of life and death—love's kiss without response,
The clasp of some dear hand, the last thing left
Ere comes the wrench, and the unconscious soul
Sinks helpless in the everlasting arms
Outstretched beneath it, as a mother lifts
Her drowning child from waves that overwhelm!

'Thus sickened the pale student, until came
The swallows back, bringing new summer in—
New life to many, but new death to him.
The cycle of his time on earth was run.
He died amid the sunshine and the flowers,
And prayed it might be thus. The summer seemed
More like the land he longed for, and he left
This faded memory of a poet's life,
This book then freshly writ, now old and sere,
Its leaves, like those of Autumn, dropped and dry
Tear stained and thumbed by readers like my May.

'A troop of friends who loved him, bore him to
The old Churchyard, that in the spring runs wild
With strawberries and violets, just where,
Upon the greenest spot, St. Mark's grey tower
Points like a dial at the hour of eve.
The tall trees rustled round him, full of leaves,
While aromatic shrubs, acacias,
And flowering currants loved by humming birds,
Which haunt them all day long, their perfume shed
Across the fair God's acre, where at rest
Lies many a brave old patriarch of the land,
And many a loyal soldier's honoured grave.
We buried him beneath a nameless stone,
Which those who loved him know, and oft a wreath
Of freshest flowers is found at eve or morn,
Where blnest violets grow, and strawberries
Most thickly overrun the poet's grave.'

The old man's story ended mid soft tears
That dimmed his listeners' eyes; fair May's the most.
She came and sat beside him on the grass,
Holding his strong brown hand in hers, and turned
For him the pages of the faded book.
He read as not unlettered—clear his tones,
Not harsh but facile, and his accent pure,
As our Canadians speak their mother tongue,
In its refinement, over-passing all
The wide world round who claim it as their own,
And thus he read this tale of other years.

## SPINA CHRISTI.

### PART I.

There is a thorn—it looks so old
In truth you'd find it hard to say
How it could ever have been young—
It looks so old and grey.

—WORDSWORTH.

The city walls of Avignon are built of stone, and high
The houses stand with balconies above the streets that lie
Around the old cathedral, whose sweet bells were ringing clear
A merry tune, one day in June
Of seventeen hundred year,
And half a hundred years beside, while crowding far and near,
Beneath the flags and tapestries, the people loudly cheer—
The regiment of Rousillon is ordered to the war,
A thousand strong, the pick among
The mountaineers of Var.

The great Church portals open wide, the crowd goes surging in,
The soldiers tramp with measured tread—the services begin.
A blessing is invoked upon the King's Canadian war—
Beyond the seas there is no ease,
And all things are ajar—
The English in America do boldly break and mar
The peace they made; but we will keep the treaties as they are!
And now the Royal Rousillon take up the route with joy,
And march away while bugles play—
Mid shouts of 'Vive le Roi!'

There lives a lady beautiful as any Provence rose,
The chatelaine of Bois le Grand, who weepeth as she goes—
For sleep has left her eyelids on the banks of rapid Rhone—
'But three months wed! alas!' she said,
'To live my life alone!
Pining for my dear husband in his old chateau of stone,
While he goes with his regiment, and I am left to moan,
That his dear head so often laid at rest upon my knee,
No pillow kind but stones shall find—
No shelter but a tree!'

'Weep not, dear wife!' replied the count, and took her in his arms,
And kissed her lovingly and smiled to quiet her alarms—
They stood beneath the holy thorn of the old Celestine,
Pope Clement brought with blessings fraught
And planted it between
The wall and wall beside the cross, where he was daily seen
To kneel before it reverently. It came from Palestine,

A plant from that which cruelly the crown of thorns supplied,
Christ wore for me, when mocked was He
And scourged, and crucified.

'I'll take a branch of it,' he said, 'across the stormy sea
That roars between New France and Old, and plant it solemnly
In that far country where I go campaigning for the King.
It will remind and teach mankind
Of pains that blessing bring.'
Above his head he plucked a spray acute with many a sting,
And placed it on his plumed chapeau, in token of the thing
Alone can turn the sinful man—the piercing of the thorn—
The healing smart—the contrite heart—
Of penitence new born.

Despairingly she kissed his lips: 'O welcome, sharpest pain,
That cuts the heart to bleeding and bids hope revive again!
*O Spina Christi!* to my heart I press thee wet with tears—
If love outlast as in the past
Each parting that endears!
Our sky has been so bright and filled with music of the spheres,
So gloomy now in sad eclipse it suddenly appears!
For joy dies out in silence like sweet singing that is done,
If men forget their sacred debt
To women they have won.

'But I will have no fear,' she said, 'although in our New France
They say the fairest women live, and eyes that brightest glance.
In all the King's dominions else, are no such sunny smiles,
From beauty's lips, such honey drips
In sweetness that beguiles—
There's no escape forever from the witchery of their wiles
They win all hearts and keep them from Quebec through all the isles,
And rivers, lakes and forests, to the setting of the sun—
And he is blest above the rest,
Whose heart is soonest won!

'My husband dear! last night I stood alone by Laura's tomb,
Where Petrarch laid the laurel wreath that crowned his head in Rome,
The polished marble sweated cold in token of some ill,
Befalling me, befalling thee,
As I do fear it will;
For out of it arose a mist that struck me with a chill;
I could not move—I dare not speak—but prayed in silence, till
I heard a feeble voice within, that, disembodied, said:
'His love was tried and magnified
While living—mine, when dead!'

'O, Laura never knew nor felt the might of love,' said he
'And Petrarch sang away his life in vain—so cold was she.
Perfect in all proprieties of virtuous disguise,
The poet's need—the poet's greed
For woman's love, to rise
On wings of immortality that bear him to the skies;
She never knew the joy of it with him to sympathize;
And all his glorious raptures did but minister to pride,
When he had done—'twas all he won—
A smile—and nought beside.

'O, care not for such omens, love! for Laura's words were naught
But echoes to the ear of what was fancy in thy thought—
A soldier serves the King with life or death, without rebate,

And gaily goes to fight the foes
That dare assail the state,
And yet will melt when women crowd about the city gate,
With faces pale and wet with tears, embracing each her mate,
And kissing him as if for death—nor cares who sees or knows,
While far away the bugles play;
"Farewell, my Provence rose!"

Adieu! my wife and chatelaine; keep safe my house and land,
Should God so will that I return no more to Bois le Grand.
My heart is thine forever, and so pierce this holy thorn,
And stab it through, if e'er untrue,
I leave my wife forlorn—
New France may boast the fairest and the sweetest women born,
And the chateau of St. Louis laugh the continent to scorn—
I would not give these eyes of thine, and tresses falling down
Upon my breast—to be possessed
Of seeptre and of crown.'

Then beat the drums a gay rappel—the fifes and bugles ring—
As rank on rank the mountaineers march out with martial swing—
They pass the city gate and walls of old Avignon.
Mid parting cheers and women's tears
The Royal Rousillon,
Commanded by brave Bois le Grand upon his prancing roan,
Are fairly on the marsh towards Bordeaux on the Garonne—
Where ships are waiting to transport them far from kith and kin,
Beyond the seas, where victories
Are ripening to win.

From fair Bordeaux they sailed, and soon with crowds upon the deck,
Cast anchor in St. Lawrence 'neath the walls of old Quebec.
To welcome their debarking all the city seemed alive,
And thronged the quays as thick as bees,
When swarming from their hive.
With waving hats and handkerchiefs, both men and women strive
To greet the gallant Rousillon becomingly—while drive
The Governor and Intendant along in royal state
With halberdiers and musqueteers,
And those who on them wait.

## SPINA CHRISTI.

### PART II.

Atlantic gales come winged with clouds and voices of the sea,
The misty capes uncap to hear the ocean melody—
In broad St. Lawrence rise and fall the everlasting tides,
Which come and go with ebb and flow—
While every ship that rides
At anchor swings, and east or west the passing flood divides,
Or westward ho! mid seamen's shouts still onward gently glides,
Tasting the waters sweet from lakes, of boundless solitude
Where thousand isles break into smiles
Of nature's gladdest mood.

Where trees and waters clap their hands as sang the Hebrew King,
God's voices in them thundering, that to the spirit bring
Deep thoughts—far deeper than the thoughts that seem, and are not so
Of men most wise in their own eyes,
Who vainly toil to know

The meaning of this universe—life's panoply—a *No!*
To pride of godless intellect—a *Yes!* to those that go
With lamp alit—the Word revealed—and see amid the gloom
And labyrinths—the mighty plinths
Of temples, grandly loom.

A hundred leagues and many more towards the glowing west—
Amid the forests' silences, Ontario lay at rest—
Keel rarely ploughed or paddle dipped its wilderness of blue;
Where day by day life passed away
In peace that irksome grew.
In old Niagara fort, a cross stood loftily in view,*
And *Regnat. Vincit. Imperat. Christus*, the words did shew
Carved on it, when the Rousillon came up in early spring
To close the port—and guard the fort,
And keep it for the King.

O! fair in summer time it is, Niagara plain to see,
Half belted round with oaken woods and green as grass can be!
Its levels broad in sunshine lie, with flowerets gemmed and set,
With daisy stars, and red as Mars
The tiny sanguinet,
The trefoil with its drops of gold—white clover heads, and yet,
The sweet grass commonest of all God's goodnesses we get!
The dent de lion's downy globes a puff will blow away,
Which children pluck to try good luck,
Or tell the time of day.

Count Bois le Grand sought out a spot of loveliness, was full
Of sandworts silvered leaf and stem—with down of fairy wool,
Hard by the sheltering grove of oak he set the holy thorn,
Where still it grows and ever shows
How sharp the crown of scorn
Christ wore for man, reminding him what pain for sin was borne,
And warning him he must repent before his sheaf is shorn,
When comes the reaper, Death, and his last hour of life is scored,
Of all bereft, and only left
The mercy of the Lord.

The thorn was planted, leafed and bloomed as if its sap were blood
That stained its berries crimson which fell dropping where it stood,
And seeded others like it, as on Golgotha befell,
An awful sight, if seen aright,
The trees that root in hell!†
Contorted, twisted, writhing, as with human pain to tell
Of cruel spines and agonies that God alone can quell.
A cluster like them Dante saw, and never after smiled,
A grove of doom, amid whose gloom
Were wicked souls exiled.

'Abandon hope all you who enter here!' in words of dread
Glared luridly above the door that opened to the dead;
The dead in trespasses and sins—the dead who chose the broad
And beaten way, that leads astray,
And not the narrow road—
The rugged, solitary path, beset with thorns that goad
The weary spirit as it bears the world's oppressive load

* In the centre of the fort stood a cross eighteen feet high with the inscription: Regn. Vinc. Imp. Chrs. The interpretation of which admits of as much ambiguity as a Delphic oracle

† A number of these thorns, old and weird of aspect, are still standing on the plains of Niagara near the Grove of Paradise—they were formerly called the 'French thorns'—a designation now nearly forgotten.

Up Calvary—to lay it down upon the rock, and wait
In hope and trust—for God is just,
And pities our estate.

Niagara fort was bravely built with bulwarks strong and high,
A tower of stone and pallisades with ditches deep and dry,
And best of all behind them lay Guienne and Rousillon*
La Sarre and Bearn, 'neath Pouchot stern—
A wall of men like stone—
De Villiers and Bois le Grand of old Avignon,
And over all the flag of France waved proudly in the sun.
Prepared for it—they met the war with gaiety and zest
And every day barred up the way
That opened to the west.

Discord was rampant now and hate, and peace lay like a yoke
That galled the necks of both of them, and French and English broke,
With mutual wrath and rivalry, the treaty they had made;
Too proud to live and each one give
Sunshine as well as shade.
From Louisburg to Illinois, they stood as foes arrayed,
And east and west war's thunder rolled—the soldier's polished blade
Flashed 'mid the savage tomahawks that struck and never spared,
While fort and field alternate yield
The bloody laurels shared.

The clouds of war rolled redder from the north, and English pride
Was stung to desperation at the turning of the tide,
When Montcalm the heroic, wise in council—struck the blow
Won Chouaguen, and conquered then
At Carillon the foe.
But with his very victories his armies melted slow.
No help from France obtained he—and his heart sank very low,
He knew that England's courage flames the fiercest in defeat,
And in the day she stands at bay
Most dangerous to meet.

Help us, O France! to save thy fair dominion in the west
Which for thy sake we planted and have carved thy royal crest,
Of golden lilies on the rocks beside the streams that flow
From mountain rills and past the hills
Of far off Ohio.
Then down leagues by the hundred where bayons meander slow
Through orange groves and sugar canes, and flowers that ever blow,
In fair Louisiana. We will take and hold the land
For Francia's crown of old renown,
If she will by us stand.'

So spake Montcalm, and message sent—'My armies melt away
With victories—my beaten foes grow stronger every day—
In vain Monongahela and Carillon piled with slain,
If France forget to pay the debt
Of honour without stain,
She owes her sons who willingly are bleeding every vein
For sake of her white flag and crown, on fortress and on plain.
If we can keep Niagara safe that guards the western door,
Then in the east Quebec may feast
In quiet, evermore.'

Vain were Montcalm's appeals for aid, Voltaire's cold spirit ruled

*Portions of the regiments of Rousillon, La Sarre, Bearn and Guienne formed the garrison of Niagara during the memorable siege of 1759.

The Court—while noisy doctrinaires a gallant nation schooled
In selfishness, and unbelief, and cowardice and ease,
Which manhood daunt, while women flaunt
Their idle hours to please.
Degenerately they drank the wine of life mixed with the lees,
The Spartan virtues that make nations free and famous—these
Were mocked derided, set at nought, while fatuous statesmen stand,
Whose feeble will potent for ill
Yields where it should command.

## SPINA CHRISTI.

### PART III.

Remote amid the trackless woods and waters of the West,
No enemy had broken yet Niagara's quiet rest.
The fifth year of the war came in—a change was nigh at hand;
The order ran to raise the ban
And make a final stand.
Prideaux and Johnson honoured were with new and high command,
From Albany a hundred leagues to march across the land,
While Wolfe besieged Quebec, and its defences battered in;
So they elate took bond of fate,
Niagara to win.

But not before June's leafy days, when all the woods are green,
And skies are warm and waters clear, the English scouts were seen.
A lull before the tempest fell with weeks of steady calm,
Of golden hours when blooming flowers
Filled all the air with balm.
The garrison were now prepared to struggle for the palm
To win the wreath of victory or die without a qualm;
So passed their time in jollity and ease, as if the day
Of bloody strife with life for life
Was continents away.

A fleet of swift canoes came up, all vocal with the song
Of voyageurs, whose cadences kept even time among
The dipping paddles, as they flashed along Ontario's shore,
Past headlands high and coasts that lie
In mistiness—and bore
A bevy of fair wives who loved their husbands more and more,
Who could not bear their absence, and defiant of the roar
Of forests and of waters, came to comfort and caress,
As women may—and only they—
Man's solitariness.

In those Capuan days they basked in pleasure's sunny beams,
The Provence home of Bois le Grand was rarer in his dreams,
The Chatelaine of his chateau fast by the rapid Rhone,
A memory dim became to him—
Nor loved he her alone.
A dame of charms most radiant—the cynosure that shone
Amid the constellations of Quebec's magnetic zone,
Drew him with force and held him fast, a captive with her eyes,
Which dark and bright as tropic night,
Loved him without disguise;

And he remembered not the thorn he planted by the grove
Of Paradise, where he forgot in his forbidden love,
The Chatelaine of Bois le Grand, the purest wife and best.

Of womankind he left behind,
And ventured, like the rest,
To sport with woman's loveliness—as for a passing jest.
His heart was very lonely, too, while all beside were blest,
Like Samson in Delilah's lap, his lock of strength was shorn.
He loved again despite the pain
And stinging of the thorn.

One day when he a-hunting went in the Norman Marsh * and she,
The dame he loved, rode with him, as Diana fair to see,
In green and silver habited—and silken bandoleer,
With dainty gun—by it undone!
And bugle horn so clear.
While riding gaily up and down to turn the timid deer
And meet the joyance of his glance, when she should re-appear,
She vanished in the thicket, where a pretty stag had flown—
Saw something stir—alas! for her!
She shot her lover down!

Bleeding he fell—'O, Madelaine!' his cry turned her to stone,
'What have you done unwittingly?' he uttered with a groan,
As she knelt over him with shrieks sky-rending, such as rise
From women's lips on sinking ships,
With death before their eyes.
She beat her breast despairingly; her hair dishevelled flies;
She kissed him madly, and in vain to stanch the blood she tries,
Till falling by him in a swoon they both lay as the dead—
A piteous sight! love's saddest plight!
With garments dabbled red.

Their servants ran and hunters pale, and raised them from the ground,
Restored the dame to consciousness, and searched his fatal wound.
They pitched for him a spacious tent the river bank above
With boundless care for ease and air
And tenderness of love.
She waited on him night and day; plucked off her silken glove
With self-accusing grief and tears—lamenting as a dove
Bewails her wounded mate—so she—and in her bosom wore
A spike of thorn which every morn
She gathered—nothing more.

She cast her jewels off and dressed in robe of blackest hue,
Her face was pale as look the dead, and paler ever grew.
Smiles lit no more her rosy lips where sunbeams used to dance;
A withering blight that kills outright
Fell on her like a trance;
For Bois le Grand was dying, and it piereed her like a lance
To hear him vainly calling on his Chatelaine in France;
And not for her who knelt by him, and lived but in his breath—
Remorse and grief without relief
Were hastening her death.

Far, far away in Avignon, beneath the holy thorn,
The Chatelaine of Bois le Grand knelt down at eve and morn;
And prayed for him in hope and trust long witless of his fate;
But never knew he was untrue
And had repented late
As caught between two seas his bark was in a rocky strait,
And with his life went down the lives of those two women. Fate
Bedrugged the love, betrayed them both—and one by Laura's shrine

* The '*Marais Normand*' so called during the French occupation of Niagara It is now covered with farms; but is still called the swamp.

Took her last rest—the other best,
Drank death with him like wine.

Niagara's doom long threatened came—the roll of English drums
Was heard deep in the forest as Prideaux's stout army comes.
They sap and trench from day to day, the cannon fiercer roar,
The hot attack when beaten back
Again comes to the fore.
The pallisades are red with fire, the ramparts red with gore,
Its brave defenders on the wall die thickly more and more,
'Mid rack and ruin overwhelmed—no help above—below,
The few remain—not of the slain—
Surrender to the foe.

But not before all hope had fled, when gathered far and wide
From prairie, forest, fort and field—with every tribe allied
To France, throughout the West they came, the fatal siege to raise,
And marched along, a mingled throng,
Amid the forest maze.
They halted in the meadows where they stood like stags at gaze,
The English and the Iroquois confronting them for days,
Till Brant and Butler, wary chiefs, with stratagem of war
Broke up their host, and captured most,
While fled the rest afar.

The last day came, and Bois le Grand beheld with misty eyes
The flag of France run down the staff, and that of England rise.
It was the sharpest thorn of all that 'neath his pillow lay—
'O, Madelaine!' he cried 'my men!
My Rousillon so gay!
Fill graves of honour, while I live to see this fatal day!
But not another! No!' he cried, and turned as cold as clay.
She kissed his mouth, the last long kiss the dying get alone—
'O, Spina!' cried—fell by his side
And both lay dead as stone.

## L'ENVOI.

The old man ceased his reading, and there fell
Over his shoulder on the faded page,
A heavy tear drop, full of sympathy
And warm with passion, from the eye of May,
Who overlooked him—flushed and tremulous
As eager for the crisis of the tale,
Which struck her like an arrow—now it came.
'Good Uncle Clifford!' said she, winding close
Her dress as she sat by him, 'I have read
That story many times; but only now
In your recital do I seem to feel
Its meaning to the full—as one who sleeps
On some perplexity, and waking finds,
With morning light, its disentanglement.
The sequel of the story—tell me pray!'

He glanced at her with understanding eyes
That read her thoughts; but nothing said. He saw
A gentle turbulence of maiden dreams
And fancies in a heart no fowler yet
Had taken, like a bird of woodnotes free
And taught to sing one strain of love for him.
'I know no sequel to it—lovely May!

But in my youth have heard, there was a grave
Made wide enough for two, beneath the thorn,
The oldest and the inmost of the group
With memories of evil sore accurst,
That stand so weirdly there, outlawed, apart
From other trees in ragged age forlorn.
It long was visible ; and even now,
An eye that searches may find out the spot,
With crimson sanguinets like drops of blood
Much dotted on the grass that greener grows—
Kind nature's covering for all of us,
When our life's work is done, and we lie down
And sleep our last on Earth, to wake in Heaven,
At sunrise of our new creation's morn !

And so, dear May ! Keep well your heart in trust
For love that shames not, when your turn shall come
To be sought out and won with all delight
Of purity and true affection's gift.
But those who haply sleep beneath the thorns ;
Search not the mystery of their fatal love,
Whose final issues none may judge aright ;
But leave them to the mercy of the Lord,
Who pardons much where love is much ; for more
Than man's compassion is the grace of God,
And his forgiveness greater than the world's,
By law not love, which judges and condemns.

# The Queen's Birthday.

## INTERLUDE FIRST.

'When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound,
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequered shade,
And young and old come forth to play
On the sunshine holyday.'

—L'Allegro.

UNHASTING and unresting from his height
The sun slid down the slope of afternoon,
An avalanche of glory for an hour.
One fleecy cloud o'erhead that flecked the blue
Lay fringed with silver like an angel's robe
Afloat upon mid-air, too bright for shade;
While in the south the gods of summer showers
Let down their golden ladders and in haste
Watered the mountain edge and plain below
The heights of Queenston, column crowned, where lies
Our country's darling on his bed of fame,
Speaking brave words for ever to our land
As spake his death on that October morn
Made glorious in our annals ever more.*
It thundered once beyond the echoing woods,
Like laughter of the gods who held the shower,
Nor let a raindrop touch the festive grove
Where sped the pastimes of the Queen's Birthday.

The roaring of the distant Falls was heard—
Resonant—deep—abysmal—deeper still;
Like throbings of earth's very heart it came,
The old time monody, old as the world,
The lullaby of man when he was made,
And morning stars together sang for joy!
The shadows in the grove crept eastward now,
Weaving their woof and warp of light and shade
In new and quivering patterns, that defied
All art of schools to match their tapisserie.
Upon the grass a round of dancers wheeled
In graceful measure to the violins,
The flutes and tambourines, that filled the grove
With music such as stirs the blood, and sets
The feet unconsciously to beat the bars.

May listened eagerly—while on her cheek
The dimples went and came, quick as her smiles.
True woman she! who gave the sighs where due
The old French thorns—the love that went astray—
Then put the grief aside. Her eyes shone out,
Washed by a tear, the brighter for th' eclipse
Of sorrow, and a love-grief not her own.
She took the proffered hand of one she liked;
With liking almost loving, sooth to say;
A youth who worshipped her—as well she knew,
And pleased to think so—for it seemed her due,
The right divine of woman to be loved,

* General Sir Isaac Brock, Governor of Upper Canada, killed at the Battle of Queenston, 13th October, 1812.

And be herself heart free, if so she chose—
Mistrusting little how her strength might fail
Just at the moment of its least avail!
As there was one who once did 'wilder him,
Who wrote the tale—loved him perhaps—nay more,
Knelt by his side at the Castalian spring,
And, dipping with both hands the water pure,
Gave him to drink of immortality—
And kissed him into death of all beside,
To live with him in verse for ever more.

May joined the dancers, while a merry tune,
In triple time of lilting airs they loved,
Greeted her coming—and where all were fair
May was the fairest, with her tossing hair,
And thousand charms in motion everywhere.
Her waving robe revealed two dainty feet
Light as a plover's, tripping on the grass
And scarcely touching it, as she danced through
The joyous set and then renewed it, too!
Her dimpled smiles and merry glances caught
Reflections of themselves in every face
That followed her, as she flew gaily past.
And so May danced without a single care,
Until her thought reverted to a scene
Like this, her favorite poet had described,
A happy hour of others' joys, forbid
To him who wrote the story—to relieve
The weary night thoughts, and forget the pain,
The want—the isolation, and the strain
Upon the heartstrings, until one by one
They snapped, and silent lay the broken harp,
But not the music; which had been set free
To float forever in the heart of May,
And those who, like her, loved the poet's lay.
The girl had in her heart of hearts, a fount
Perennial, hid from eye of garish day;
Ideals of love and duty—words of prize
From poets gathered, many, rich and wise—
And most from him whose book she loved the best;
That old unprinted volume, whence she drew
Day dreams of fancy, tender, lovely, pure,
Illumed by hope, and warmed by youthful fire;
And in them lived the life of her desire.

Amid the meadows and beside the brook
The lake's lone shore—or by the winter fire,
She filled the varied scene with forms she loved—
Flowers—trees—cascades, rocks, castles in the air;
A Beulah where true love was always sure
Of its fulfilment; for in that bright land
Of her imaginings, all came to pass—
Just as she wished it; never died a flower—
Nor failed a fountain of its overflow,
Nor lost the grass its verdure, and where seed
Life-germinal, first sown in heaven, appears
On earth in new creations of its kind,
And not another's, to the evermore;
Whence comes the newness and, in time, the old.
In that fair land Love drank its fill secure—
No heart of man or maid was ever sore—
No cross between them ever marred their joy.

But all things right and happily befell,
As she would have it, and with start, half joy,
Half fear, would sometimes flush to think one day,
Perchance to her might happen in the way
Of others to be wooed by thrilling clasp
Of hands, that catch one haply unawares,
And hold her, not unwilling it might be.
What then? Why all her glorious fancies raised
To topmost height, were feeble to express
The hopes—the joys—the tremulous distress
Of that sweet change from fancy to the real
Which finds in love the crown of its ideal.

The dancing ceased a while—the dancers walked
By twos and threes beneath the shade, and talked
With zest and relish of the things they knew—
Things easy, common, not too high or low—
Familiar as the stools whereon they sat.
None stumble over them—nor fear to trip
By too much wisdom—so gay talk and song
Succeed the dance amid the joyous crowd.
May, flushed and happy, with disordered hair
She shook into its place—with arm half-bare,
She covered blushingly, rejoined the few
Beside her uncle, who sat book on knee
And bade her choose a tale and read it too.
She said: 'Good uncle! There is one sweet tale
I love, and fain would read—Not that! nor that!'
She turned the leaves in haste—Nor that! just now;
That melancholy tale which tells of one
Poor maid forlorn and crazed, who died for loss
Of her young bridegroom on their wedding morn—
In the wild whirlpool where he ventured in
To rescue drowning men—and was himself
Caught by the swirling eddies fringed with foam,
And borne away in sight of his young bride.

'All day her cries to heaven rose up in vain.
Heaven gave no sign—albeit the Father's ear
Heard all in pity—ordering for the best
Th' eternal providence of life and death—
Of death, whose gloomy masque conceals the grace
Of God beneath it—hides the beauteous face
Of Life's archangel, sent to all in turn
To summon each of us in name of him
Whom we call Death, but who is Life Eterne.
Three days her bridegroom with uplifted arms,
Stark stiff in death, besought her as he whirled
In vast gyrations slowly round and round
The watery circles, each one with a well
That swallowed all things in it—bodies, trees,
Tall masts on end—disgorging them again
In sport of giants—so three days she gazed
Upon her bridegroom in the whirling dance,
Now sinking, now emerging—till she crazed.
And still they say her ghost is seen of nights,
When winds roar up the gorge, and moonlight falls
With flickering beams amid the shaking pines
That overhang the whirlpool. On the rocks
There, with pale face and clasped hands, she sits
Peering into the chasm, where he whirls
With arms outstretched—two hapless ghosts, forlorn,
Each on the other calling—till the dawn.

'I like not that!' said May—and turned the leaves
Impatiently—'nor that! No! Neither this
Grim story of the rebel's bones! Although
You always laugh to hear it, uncle dear!'
'Why, yes;' he answered, smiling as he spoke—
'It makes one laugh, the story is so odd—
So true, besides! for my own eyes have seen
How an uneasy rebel—killed and laid
In Navy Island could no quiet find
Even in his grave. No rest had Beebe's bones;
Oft as men buried them and beat them down,
Earth cast them up again! Year after year
His bleached, disjointed frame next morning lay
Upon the grass beside his open grave,
Which seemed not dug, but scratched by demon claws,
As if the great arch rebel Lucifer
Had claimed his own. A weird, uncanny tale!
Beyond the wit of any to explain!*

'The tale of Beebe's bones is all too grim
For you, dear May! although you are, I know,
Courageous as your mother who, that night
Of battle round the hill of Lundy's Lane,
Passed through our ranks, amid the lines of fire,
And carried water to our thirsty men,
Who drank to victory—and won it then!
Canadian women loyal, tender, true,
In all the charities of life, possessed
A man's heart for their country in those days,
As you have in your bosom now, dear May!'

'Praise not my courage, uncle! lest it fail!'
She laughing said—'I feel it failing now!
My man's heart is a woman's after all!
A tale of peaceful life and happy love—
Or love unhappy, so it end in bliss—
Prefer I to the records of grim war:
Such I will choose, and such will read, if you,
My dear companions, round this witness-stone
Will listen patiently—for it is true.
As poetry for ever is—more true
Than hard, dry knowledge, without music's beat,
That never tastes the sweetness of th' ideal,
Nor shakes the dust of earth from off its feet!'
Old Clifford smiled. 'We are alert to hear
Your tale so wisely prefaced, dearest May!
That poet's in your heart I think, and you
Who love him, and have caught his spirit well,
Will fail not in the reading—for I know
That when the heart is in it, nothing fails!'
May smiled approvingly, but answered not;
She turned the faded leaves, and quickly found
The story treasured, and so often read—
Indeed by heart she knew it, and the book,
With his firm writing on it, only gave
Her looks more animation, and her tongue
More emphasis of keenest sympathy

*Beebe, a 'sympathiser,' killed in the bombardment of Navy Island, 1837. In 1846, nine years after the occurrence, the writer, with a friend still living, visited Navy Island, then densely wooded and uninhabited. Curiosity led us to the south east corner of the island to see the grave of Beebe. We found it open, and his bones lying beside it on the ground, as described.

That wound round every fibre of the tale.
She smoothed her ruffled hair, drew in her robe,
And pulled her kerchief tighter round her heart
Unconsciously—to stay its beating—while
She sat upon the stone of witness, and—
With voice clear, soft and flexible—began.

## THE BELLS OF KIRBY WISKE.

*Temp. Geo. IV., 1820.*

'The airy tongues that syllable men's names,
On sands and shores and desert wildernesses.'
—COMUS.

It was their autumn—fifth amid the woods,
Yet in their primal solitude, remote,
Vast and unbroken, save where came a few
Brave pioneers—the first, to Balsam Lake,
From English villages and breezy wolds,
Led by John Ashby, who in many wars
In every clime, and last in Canada,
Had served the King with honour, and received
These lands in gift, which he as freely gave
To his poor hardy people—their's in fee—
To build, to plant, and make themselves a home—
A home of plenty, peace and sweet content;
A home of loyal, brave and godly men,
The heirs of English freedom—their's by birth;
Not free by license of a lawless will,
Or breach of kinship or allegiance due;
But free by right of commonweal in all
The franchises of her Imperial State,
Whose public conscience is the law of God,
Source of her power and greatness—that alone
Builds up a State—without it none can stand,
All else is but the house upon the sand,
Foundationless, that in the tempest falls.

The equinoctial gales had ceased among
The balsams, pines and hemlocks, bough to bough
Locked in a phalanx with a forest grip,
That linked the hills together in a chain.
The calm of Indian summer had set in—
Mornings of hoar frost—smoky, sleepy noons—
Beheld the sun shorn of his beams. His face
Ruddy with festal joys, as of new wine;
For all things ripened now: The wild grapes hung
In purple clusters. Acorns uncupped fell,
With mast of beech upon the leafy ground—
While far as eye could see, the maples blazed,
Like distant camp-fires in the piny woods,
Breaking the solemn gloom of evergeen
With touch of light and warmth. The glassy lake,
Dotted with rocky islets overgrown
With mimic forests—each a fairy land
And empire of itself for Fancy's dreams
Held in its bays—the vast migrating flocks
Of wild geese, swans and mallards, with a clash
Of wings and trumpetings. High up the stream,
In solitary pools, the beavers worked

With quiet industry—and one for all
And all for one—improving lessons gave
To selfish man, to teach him how to live!

This afternoon two sisters—lovely both,
Each lovelier than the other—people said,
As rose or lily was preferred so they—
Unlike in aspect, as a ray of light
Upon a diamond's facets in the sun,
Reflected variously is still the same—
Sat on a fallen tree—one with a book
Upon her lap, one busy with the threads
Of varicolored wool, half work, half play,
Conversing, reading, musing, as it chanced.
Their language, soft as summer brooks that slide
O'er mossy stones, was interrupted oft
With breaks and sweet elisions, that made
Unspoken words more clear than utterance.

Their quiet lives amid the woods to-day,
With some unusual news had been aroused—
Next Sunday was to bring to Balsam Lake,
A Sabbath such as never had been seen
In these new settlements; for word had come
To good John Ashby, and, retold, had passed
From house to house throughout the wilderness—
Leagues inward, where the woodman rested on
His polished axe, or ran the ploughman in
To tell his good wife, overjoyed, the news:
A Godly missionary come from home,
Yea—from their very country side—their own
Old pastor, would upon next Sunday be
At Balsam Lake, with services that day!
And for the first time in this wilderness,
Set out the holy table of the Lord,
For blest communion of the Sacrament,
In memory of Him who died for all!

For good John Ashby, while he never missed
In rain or shine, or heat or cold, to read
God's word with prayers upon the Sabbath day
To all his neighbors, who to worship came—
Nor hesitated, in the need there was,
To christen babes, born in their forest homes,
Into God's kingdom, there as everywhere;
And as a magistrate, for good of peace
And people's quiet rule and government,
Commissioned by the broad seal of the king,
Would marry all who came with good intent,
And lawful hands, to be in wedlock joined;
Yea—earth to earth and dust to dust—interred
In graves of peace beneath the solemn pines,
Such as fell by the way and died. No shrine
Of holiest repute in Eastern lands,
Glowing in sunshine by the lofty palms
That cut the clear blue sky, was nearer heaven
Than those green graves beside the Balsam Lake;
Yet moved by scruples—over-nice may be,
As fearing to transcend what use forbade;
Not Christ expressly - and as if unsure
Of all the depth and meaning of this gift
Of love divine left in the Sacrament,

John Ashby ventured not to break the bread,
Or give the testamental cup, in those
Pure elements, that represent the sum
Of all God's grace—past, present, and to come.

'Great is the mystery of godliness!'
Not less than chiefest of Apostles said,
Unfathomable as the reach of space,
Than man's most searching plummet deeper; yet,
However deep the eternal mystery,
Upon its waters floats the ark of life—
The Word divine. Amid the winds and wash
Of angry waves, we hear the Saviour's voice,
Say, 'Peace be Still! O fear not, it is I!'
'Do this in my remembrance!' Blessed words!
Enough to save the world, if but believed.

Eve Ashby held her sister's hands, and sat
With far-off look and parted lips, intent
To catch a haunting sound from memory's depths
That floated up, and in her startled ears
Renewed the music of the by-gone years.
'O, listen, Hilda! Hear you not,' cried she,
With lifted hand that touched her startled ear;
'That old familiar chime float in the air?
The bells of Kirby Wiske are ringing—ringing—
Have in my ears all day been ringing low
Their triple cadence, as on Sunday morns
It came across the meadows, where the thrush
Sang in the hazels and the sky-lark rose
Above us in mid air, as we passed on,
Or stood upon the bridge to watch the fishes
With their own shadows playing in the brook—
Across the corn-fields, where the beaten foot-path
Cut by the stiles, led to the distant village
Where stands our ancient church, gray with the ages,
That in the nook of its old massive tower,
As loving as a mother holds her children,
Keeps safe the graves of all our kith and kin;
The solemn bells above them chiming sweetly—
Ever repeating till the judgment day:
"Blest are those servants whom the Lord finds watching
When He shall come!" His servants! blest are they!'
Eve Ashby, after silence for a moment,
Embraced her sister fondly, and went on,
''Twas always said, you know, my darling Hilda,
To hear those bells in dreams of fantasy,
Was certain sign that God was calling in
Some weary soul to rest from earthly labour,
As they to-day are haply calling me!'

A light of joy flashed up, and then she paled
To see her sister tremble, full of anguish,
For Hilda, too, believed the legend hoar
Told of the bells of Kirby Wiske,—Whoever
Heard them, in dreams or reverie, knew well
That God required the soul for whom they rang.

Eve Ashby, pure of mind as fair of face—
In each you saw the other—long had given
Her soul to God, and loved of all things else
Communion with His spirit by His Word,

Which in her quickened every power beside.
Her father's wisdom, learned in many lands,
In war and peace, converse with men and things
With ripe experience of a varied life,
Was the rich heritage she made her own.
She read her father's books—the choicest lore
Of past and present—loved on them to pore,
Extracting gold whatever in them was.
From his wise conversation learned to sift
Truth's wheat from chaff, and garnered in her mind
A thousand things she loved to hear and know.
She learned how grand was England's heritage
Of minds immortal—from the nation's dawn—
When Cædmon, in his dreams, preluded first
In English tongue, up in the Angle-land—
Our earlier Milton—not unworthy him
Who after came with thunderous harmonies,
And closed the song which Cædmon first began.
No vain romance sang he, but things divine
Of truth and righteousness, God's Word made plain
To our great, rude forefathers. Such the seed
First sown on English ground. Thank God for that!

Sang none before our Cædmon. After him
Came first a few—then more—then many, as
Unfolds the roll of centuries, until
A mighty host goes forth at last, renowned
As sages, poets, some with laurel crowned,
To all the earth's four corners, high a flood
With English speech and deeds of Englishmen,
And their true lineage here and everywhere.
That, when the world's great Babel crumbles down,
Their's may remain at last the only tongue!

The sun was setting slowly in a blaze
That filled the valley of the Balsam Lake,
Whose undulating shores were melted in
The bright effulgence of the western sky.
The sisters sat——Eve, eldest of the twain,
Bright chestnut-haired, with eyes cerulean blue,
Clear as the sky of Asgard—tall and lithe—
With features sculptured by a master-hand,
Straight as Iduna's, who with apples fed
The Eddic gods of her ancestral race.

She spake to Hilda smilingly, whose eyes
Still wet with tears, tried vainly to respond
To Eve's unwonted ecstasy—to her
The culmination of the dread of years,
To Eve a hope more bright than any fears.
She drew her sister's face to hers, and said:
'My Hilda! There is cause for joy to-day,
Our frequent prayers are answered in these wilds
Of woods and waters little known to man,
But dear and near as Paradise to God.
On Sunday all our people, far and near,
Will come to meet our Pastor, and receive
From his good hands the supper of the Lord.
Here hungering for the precious bread of heaven,
We long have prayed to see Christ's messenger,
Ordained and sent and clothed for righteousness,
Like to the Saints, in linen fine and white.

Who follow Him, whose name is "Word of God."'
More had she said, but touched by Hilda's tears,
Was silent, and she heard the chime renewed
More near and clear, of those forewarning bells,
That never lied to God or man, in all
The centuries they rang for quick and dead,
Up in the hoary tower, whose shadow falls
Of summer mornings on the graves she loved—
Her mother's, flush with fairest flowers of spring,
And many a hillock with its mossy stone,
Of kindred dead, laid with their kindred dust,
With one who might have been more near than all,
Whose grave her feet had left, but not her heart,
For there reposed her life's abiding love.

That old gray church, built when Plantagenets ruled
Our England with a kingly hand, o'erlooked
The broad, flat meadows and the gentle stream
Not wider than a girl can throw a stone.
Where stood the village butts of olden time,
And sturdy yeomen learned to draw the bow
Of Cressy, Agincourt and Flodden field,
In those brave days when battles had no smoke,
And men their foes encountered eye to eye.
There, Roger Ascham, stout of arm and brain,*
Archer and scholar, learned in every lore,
Taught men to shoot, to think, and speak the truth
With wit and wisdom, as he nobly trained
The regal mind of great Elizabeth.

Or later, by a century and more,
One lived in this old Danelagh by the Wiske,
Who felt, he scarce knew why, the Viking blood
Stir in him, till his learned, laborious hand
Restored to English letters—almost lost,
The heirlooms of our race—the ancient tongue
Of Woden, and the Eddas once our own.
Brave, loyal, godly Hickes, without a See,†
A bishop rich in conscience as in lore;
In spirit poor to God, but not to man,
Remains without a stone or carved line
In those old walls he loved, which honouring him
Would have an equal honour done themselves.

And he who these old faded leaves transcribes
Will add what surely had been writ therein
By our dead poet, had he lived to see
That monumental marble raised to one
Of England's dead who fell at Isandule,
Far from his happy home and native seat—

* The learned and famous Roger Ascham was a native of Kirby Wiske. A fine memorial window was, a few years ago, placed in the church to commemorate that distinguished scholar.

† George Hickes, D.D., Dean of Worcester, and suffragan Bishop of Thetford. A distinguished non-juror, deprived for refusing the oath of allegiance to William III. He was born in the parish of Kirby Wiske, 1642; died 1715. His great work on the old Northern languages, entitled '*Thesaurus Grammaticus et Archeologicus linguarum veterum septentrionalium*,' restored to England the knowledge and study of the Danish and Anglo-Saxon foundations of our language.

*Pulleine, who when the hosts of savage foes
Surrounded him, nor hope of life remained.
Bade two take horse and save the colors, quick!
Who saved the honored flags, but not their lives!—
While he turned calmly to his men, and spake:
'Men, here we stand—and here we fight it out
Unto the end!'—and he and all of them,
True English hearts! together closed their ranks,
And died upon the field they could not win!
The Christian soldier, on the arid plains
Of Africa, had heard the solemn bells
Of Kirby Wiske ring on that fatal day!

Eve rose in haste, 'Come, Hilda!' cried she, 'come!'
Her voice was clear of flaw as is the note
Of the glad oriole full tuned in spring.
'Come! sister, come! We must prepare the things
Are needed for the Sabbath day, and deck
With evergreens our upper room. It will
Be more than filled with people come to see
Their ancient pastor, wearing robe and stole,
Repeat the sacred prayers, and after years
Of spiritual fast, receive from him
The sacrament ordained by our dear Lord.'

Rose Hilda quickly, for, like Martha she,
Housewifely to the core, and proud of it,
Was cumbered with much serving, more than Eve,
Who sat like Mary at her Saviour's feet,
Pouring on them the ointment of her heart.
Eve chose the one thing needful—that good part,
Which none could take away—the love that lives
Forever happy in the Master's eye,
And does His bidding without asking: Why?

But ever Eve was conscious of the bells
That rang forwarningly—and she was glad
And whispered under breath, 'His will be done!
My Lord is calling me to enter in
His kingdom, where my heart has gone before!
Where he awaits me, who that summer eve
When Wiske ran rippling by our lingering feet,
Heaven's countless stars for witness, pledged his love
With this betrothal ring again to come
At Christmas tide, the gladdest yule to be
For both of us! which came—but never he!
Alas! the day! when Swale in winter flood
From fells and moorlands overflowed his banks,
And buried all the fords in deluge wide,
And he, for love of me, rode rashly in,
To keep his word and set our wedding day.
Ah! me! his lifeless body stark in death,
His lips sealed with a smile as hard as stone,
With open hands that seemed to say, farewell,
Was all they brought me of my Lionel!

* At the massacre of Isandula, 22nd of January, 1879, Colonel Pulleine, of the 24th Regiment, being completely enveloped by the main army of the Zulus—with his ammunition exhausted and no hope left of saving the lives of himself and his men—bade Lieutenants Melville and Coghill mount and save the colours. These two gallant officers fought their way through. They saved the colours, but both perished in the struggle. Colonel Pulleine then turned to his men with the following speech:—'Men of the 1st 24th! We are here! and here we stand to fight it out to the end!' They all fell fighting to the last man. Colonel Pulleine was the eldest son of the late, and brother of the present, rector of Kirby Wiske, where a monument has been erected to his memory.

## THE LORD'S SUPPER IN THE WILDERNESS.

Bone Pastor! Panis vere!
Jesu! nostri miserere;
Tu nos pasce, nos tuere,
Tu nos bona fac videre,
In terra viventium

Tu qui cuncta scis et vales,
Qui nos pascis hic mortales,
Tuos ibi commensales,
Cohæredes et sodales,
Fac sanctorum civium.

—THOMAS AQUINAS.

The Sabbath morning broke with noiseless calm
Of light suffusing all the empyrean,
Where unobstructed move the wheels of God
Amid the smoothness of all harmonies
Foreshadow of the heaven of perfect rest,
Where sun and moon shine not—nor need of them,
But God's own glory is the light thereof.

A silvery mist lay over Balsam Lake
Thin and diaphanous, of soft outline,
Like that which gathers in the vale of sleep,
When after day of playful happiness,
The children's drowsy heads the pillow press.
Above the mist, the tree tops in the clear
And rocky heads of promontories, bare,
Or cedar-crowned, stand brightening in the sun,
Like islands lifted from the vapoury sea.
A breeze, fresh as Aurora's breathing, came
Up with the morn, revealing azure spots
Of water—like a coy maid's eyes of blue,
That flash with sudden lifting of her veil,
And strike you with their beauty through and through.

The grass was overwebbed with tiny tents
Of spidery armies, resting for the night,
The bushes stood adrip with glistening dew,
And flowers that blossom last and are not spurned
Because they labour at the eleventh hour,
And deck God's footstool asking no reward—
Immortelles for the dead, the gentian blue,
Bright golden rod, and late forget-me-nots,
The tiniest and last—give service sweet
When all the rest are gone—and close the year.
Christ loves the very laggards of his flowers,
And bids them sing in choir the requiem
Of summer's glory in our Forest land.

To-day was Sabbath—and no stroke of axe
Resounded from the hollow woods; no crash
Of falling trees like thunder smote the earth
Waking the echoes far and near; the smoke
Rose noiselessly from smouldering fires, to-day
Unfed amidst the clearings; while afield
The ploughman's cheery voice drove not his team
Of patient oxen, midst the stubborn roots
Of new burnt land, rich with the virgin soil
Of centuries. Nor walked the sower down
The steaming furrows, with next harvest's seed.

Deep, forest still—the silence lay on all—
Nor heard was aught except the insects' hum,
Or note of birds amid the yellow leaves.
The mill wheel by the Falls, up in the glen,
Stood idly in the brook's swift underflow.
Nor heard was screech of saws—nor mill-stones hoarse
Grinding the settlers' corn, for bread, well earned
By sweat of brow, that turns the primal curse
Of labour into blessing; as our prayer
For daily bread goes daily up to heaven,
The Lord, who hears it, gives with gracious hand,
And only bids beware of evil leaven.

John Ashby's house, broad-windowed, on the lawn,
Stood like a tabernacle for the feast
Of Christ's Communion. Willing hands had decked
Its timbered walls with evergreen of fir,
Balsam, and cedar. All without—within—
Was purity and cleanliness—akin
And next to godliness—shown by the sign
And miracle of water turned to wine.

Upon an eminence, a lofty staff,
Tall as the highest tree, redonbled, stood
Bearing a flag, red cross on field of white—
Our nation's symbol—emblem of her great
Wide Christian empire—first in war and peace.
Not as in battle, streaming mid the smoke
And roar of victory over sinking ships,
Or in the van of charging armies borne,
Flew it to-day; but like a dove of peace
With silver wings crossed with the blood of Christ:
Most like the symbol was in heaven seen
By Constantine, that famous day in which
He conquered—*In Hoc Signo*—meaning that
By righteousness alone do nations stand.
No other sword but that of justice ever
At last prevails on earth—it is the law
God gives the nations—breaking it they fall!
Not to the proud and godless, and unjust,
But to the meek, is earth's inheritance.
So England's banner flew to-day, in sign
Of Christian empire, over Balsam Lake.

Eve's hands, and Hilda's, all things had prepared
Were needed for the Supper of the Lord—
Wine, bread, and linen finest of their store,
White as new fallen snow,—as conscience clear
Which God has cleansed. The table of the Lord
Was in an upper room, like that which he
Who bore the water pitcher showed the men
Were sent to make all ready for the feast.
That upper room in good John Ashby's house
Was set apart for worship, and to teach
The children of the settlement—by Eve,
Who daily taught them—mingled with a few
Red children of the forest drawn by love
Of her sweet charity—all things required
For use and ornament of simple lives.
She taught and trained them to be just and true
In word and thought and act—to let the law
Of God's Commandments be their rule of life,
Whose golden rule of love to God and man

Is core of all religion worth the name.
Man's education, lacking these, is naught.
However rich in science, and in lore,
His knowledge boast itself, his swollen vein
Is heart destroying while it gluts the brain.

The people gathered in by families
From their sparse settlements from far and near—
Filled with a glad expectance, such as men
Who hear of hidden treasure eagerly
Search after it, and with rejoicing find.
By land and water came they—some on foot
Through forests trackless, but for blazened trees
Marked by the woodman's axe to show the way:
Some in their boats came coasting up the lake,
With flash of oars, or sails that noiseless crept
Upon the glassy water. Some had crossed
The gloomy cedar swamps by narrow roads
Walled in with densest thickets, bridged with logs
Across the pools, and thickly overlaid
With matted boughs, amid these unkempt woods
The first rude tracing of a King's highway—
Fit for a royal progress by and by!
The "*trinoda necessitas*" of yore,
Roads, bridges, and the land's defence, restore
In these wild woods the primal duties laid
By common law upon the Anglian race,
When over sea from Scania's belts and fiords,
They came to settle in their English shires—
As now their far descended progeny
Spread out in this Dominion of the West.

The people gathered in before the sun's
Grand dial in the heaven pointed noon.
Hilda and Eve, with hospitable care,
Provided rest, refreshment for them all,
Who met the aged servant of the Lord,
With greetings fervent, as when children see
A long-missed father, at the door, returned
From years of absence in a distant land!

He stood amidst them—greeted on all sides
And greeting them in turn—with grasp of hands,
And endless questions—asked and answered, full
Of Old World memories, and things all new
To him and them, imparted mutually.
His age and silvery locks reminded all
How deep the love of their old pastor was,
Which drew him over sea to minister
To their dear souls again—that none be lost
Of all whom he, as children, had baptized.
Their joy was great, but not tumultuous,
For they were men of native mood austere,
Who wore not on their sleeves their hearts for show
Or weakness: such the temper of their race.
Men and their wives had trudged for many a mile
Unweariedly. Some of them in their arms
Their little children carried—to behold
The first time in their lives, oft spoken of
But never seen, God's minister attired
In seemly gown and stole, reading the prayers
From that old rythmic book that's half divine—

God's word its texture—in our mother tongue,
As Tyndal wrote it; Cranmer, Latimer,
And Ridley, died for it—and in the flames
Of martyrdom, that glorious candle lit
Which, by God's grace, shall never be put out
In England to the very end of time.*

The upper room with worshippers was filled,
Range after range by families they sat
In their best raiment, neat and kept with care
For church and holiday. A ribbon, ring,
The chief adornment of the comely wives,
Whose native bloom craved no factitious help,
For they were pure in race, of that old stock
Of Angles, fair as angels—which the world
Wins by its beauty—as its men by power.
Their pretty children, rosy, flaxen-haired,
Clustered about them, of all ornaments
Most beauteous were and best: the husbands grave
In their demeanour, sat like men intent
Upon the serious business of their lives.
They spoke in whispers only, as their eyes
Turned reverently towards the table spread
With snowy linen—where the cup and dish
Of silver, heirlooms of John Ashby's house,
Stood with the elements of bread and wine,
The sacred symbols of the mystery
Of Christ's Communion of His flesh and blood,
As they rose glorified and made divine:
His all-redeeming love that fills the heart,
His truth in faith to those who holily,
In His remembrance, eat and drink the same.

A sunbeam through the open window shed
A glorious radiance round the cup and dish
Of burnished silver, till they shone like stars—
A revelation of the Holy Grail.
The very dullest apprehended that
To-day was heaven come to them quite near.
The table made a chancel where it stood,
In that plain upper room, so unadorned
With carved or cunning work, and east or north—
No matter how it stood—for everywhere
The Lord is eastward to His worshippers
However they may face—hears and forgives!
Wide is the earth—but heaven is wider still,
And God the Omnipresent is round all.

The aged minister stood up, and all
Rose with him—as he read the primal law
Of our salvation and God's mercy. 'When
The wicked man turns from his wickedness
That he hath done, and doeth what is right
And lawful, he shall save his soul alive.'

The spiritual look—the loving voice, the tall
And saintly presence, grey and full of years
And holiness—the very dress grown strange,

* 'Be of good courage, Master Ridley, and play the man! We shall to-day light such a candle in England, as, by God's Grace, shall never be put out!' These words of brave old Latimer to his fellow-martyr at the stake, were the mightiest, in all their results, of any ever spoken in England.

Once so familiar—and the gracious words
Of unforgotten harmony—awoke
A thousand memories intensified
Of home and kindred in their native land.
The lips of strong men quivered—women wept
For very gladness, at the gracious words
Of their old pastor in these distant wilds,
Where they had come to rear their virtuous homes
Of peace and industry. The services
Went on in rhythmic words and prayers that meet
The primal needs of every human soul.
God's word was read, with liturgy and psalms,
Devoutly said or sung with harmony
Of men's and women's voices. Over all
Eve Ashby's, like an angel's, quiring rose
Above the organ's notes, and died away
In heaven's portals, where her heart to-day
Went with her song: such joy her bosom filled
That even Hilda failed to comprehend.

Ended the prayers appointed. Each one sat
Still as a stone, expectant of the text
And sermon, which, in homiletic wise,
Not long but weighty—heated to a glow
Of ardent love, with gems of wisdom set,
That score the heart and memory, they knew
Would follow. For it was their pastor's way,
And always had been, on Communion day.

'My children!' cried he—with appealing hands
Outstretched in fervour, after many things
Of godly exposition of his text—
'"Do this in my remembrance!" children whom
My hands have held before the font, and signed
With the baptismal cross—to make you His
By covenant of water's cleansing sign—
Do this in His remembrance—all of you!
The rich and poor—the simple and the wise—
We all are equally in sight of God
Heirs of his promises—and poor alike,
Save as He gives us gifts of His own grace—
And pardon for our sins, if we repent,
And make his golden rule of life our law!
He whom no temple built with earthly hands,
Whom not the heaven of heavens can contain,
Is in the fulness of His Godhead, Power,
And whole Redemption, in this holy Act,
Through which we know Him; as upon the day
When he arose victorious over death—
The two of Emmaus, and He the third,
Together journeyed, and the two knew not
The Lord of Life—until He entered in
Their lowly home—constrained to sup with them,
And, in the breaking of the bread, Himself
Made known, and vanished from their raptured sight.

And so, my children! when in low estate
Your eyes are holden, and your hearts grow cold—
False lights delude and faith begins to wane,
Remember all those brighter moments, when
By certainty of faith, in hope and love,
In breaking of the bread, you saw the Lord!

Although He vanish for a little while—
Yet in a little while again you see
More near and clear—and your weak hearts will grow
Strong in their sole dependence on the Lord.'

His words sank in their hearts, as April snow
Melts softly in the earth's warm bosom, when
The flambent sun ascends the vernal sky.
Austerely then repeated he, aloud,
The Ten Commandments, one by one, which God
Once spake on Sinai, and with finger wrote
On tables twain—as now on consciences.
And all the people answered with a prayer
For mercy—and the writing of these laws
Upon their hearts—to keep them evermore.

The solemn rite went on in ancient wise—
The bread was sanctified to holy use,
And broken in remembrance of the Lord.
The cup was blessed in thankfulness, that He,
Who shed His blood of this New Testament,
Has shed it for redemption of us all.
Then reverently their pastor gave the food
That feeds the soul, and in the act they knew
That Christ dwelt in their hearts, and sanctified
Their lives henceforth to live for Him alone.

A silence, only broken by the voice
Of their old pastor, held their souls in awe,
As if in presences unseen, of powers
Communing with them in the sacred rite.
But while all felt the influence, none beheld,
Save Eve, the vision of angelic forms
In shining raiment—beauteous, yet diverse—
Revealed commingling with the worshippers—
God's ministers sent out to minister
To heirs of His salvation. Only one,
Eve Ashby, kneeling motionless, her face
Uplifted, with clasped hands beneath her chin,
Beheld, with opened eyes, and vision cleared,
The inner world of life, substantial, real,
The substance of the shadow here below,
That lasts, when this fades out, the spirit land
Of man's true origin and last abode—
Around us—in us—and God's Kingdom is,
Where are the mansions of eternal rest
For those who love the Lord and do His will.

Pale with expectance, Eve's amazed eyes
Beheld a flood of light pour in a stream
From topmost heaven,—and amidst it, lo!
A golden stair, broad, slanting, easy, straight,
Went up in triple flight—and rose, and rose
Higher in long perspective to the sky—
Till in the effulgences of glory lost
It vanished mid the heights inaccessible
To vision and to thought. Its highest flights
Seemed rarely trod. The inmost Paradise
Of souls snow-pure and white, that never sinned
With knowledge—but are perfect in God's love—
As babes who live and die in grace receives
But few in these last days of sinful time.

But other heavens open—glorious—vast
And comprehensive as the universe
Of stars that fill immensity. In these
Broad table lands and continents of light,
Forever dwell the souls purged clean of sin,
The Lord's redeemed from every nation, tongue
And people under heaven, where each one,
According to his works done in the flesh,
For sake of God and of His righteousness,
Receives his just reward forever more.

The lower flight of that immortal stair
Of golden steps that lead to heaven's abodes,
Where each one finds the path leads to his own,
Was thronged to-day with angels, in bright robes
Of all celestial hues, with flowing hair
Oft diademed, and sandalled feet, that seemed
To glow with the good tidings that they bore.
Red, blue or golden, was their rich attire,
While some were dressed in white with crimson fringed,
Saints these from bloody tribulations come,
And martyrdoms—who died for sake of Christ.

A waft of air came with them, cool and pure
As wind on mountain tops, that filled the room
And every heart with breath of holiness,
Till all perceived and felt, they knew not how,
In touch with heaven, brought near to them to-day.
Eve still knelt motionless, and Hilda looked
With wonder what might mean the sudden change.
Her face of marble purity had caught
A glow as of the morning's dawning red
When Eden's Cherubim with flaming swords,
That guard the tree of life from touch profane,
Cleave through the east a pathway for the sun.

She still knelt motionless, with fingers clasped
Across her heart, listening in silent joy
To melodies of sweet celestial airs.
The bells of Kirby Wiske ring out again,
A louder peal of silver chime and clang—
None heard them else—for her alone they rang.
She listened eagerly, but made no sign
Save by the spirit. Then her vision cleared
Still more and more, till she an angel saw
In sapphire robe and golden sandals dressed,
With flowing hair that heavenly odours shed—
A shining one, in youth's eternal bloom,
Who swiftly came and knelt down by her side
In the Communion. In his perfect hand,
Pure white with all good works, he held a wreath
Of blooming roses fresh, and wet with dew
Of Paradise upon them, which he placed
With loving reverence on her head—nor knew
She yet the radiant youth's immortal guise.
Her eyes were dazzled, and she had forgot
That spiritual life grows never old,
But younger ever in th' eternal home;
Where time is not—nor age—where only love
And wisdom fill the soul, and beautify
With infinite diversity of charm;
And those grow loveliest who longest live.

He knelt beside her, glorious in form
And beauty bright with new-born happiness—
For he was one had found celestial joys
Unsatisfying, lacking his betrothed—
And counted time, by hours unused in heaven,
Till she should come. Eve, lost in ecstasy,
Knelt breathless at the vision, wondering
What it might mean, and still she knew him not,
Until the aged pastor bade her take
And eat Christ's body in the Sacrament.
The angel's hand touched her's upon the dish,
And by the broken bread was instant known!

The veil of mist that held her eyes was rent
As by a lightning flash, and Eve beheld
The loving face of her own Lionel!
Out of the depths of heaven he came, to fetch
His bride long waiting, and she heard his voice,
In words—no longer fancy—calling her:
'Rise up, my love! My fair one. Come away!
The flowers appear—the singing time of birds
Is come—the turtle's voice is in the land—
Heaven's gates of pearl to-day will open wide
For thee to enter in—my love! my bride!'

At that dear voice she stood in spirit up,
And gave her hand with perfect faith and trust
To go with him wherever he would lead.
Again the bells of Kirby Wiske rang clear
Their aerial chime—and nearer than before—
A joyous peal as on a marriage morn.

Transfigured, purified, set free from bonds
Of earthly life, Eve, robed in blue and white,
Stood saintliest among the shining throng,
With one light foot upon the golden stair
Prepared to go with him who held her hand;
Yet looking back, with pity for the grief
Of her dear father, who her lifeless form
Held in his arms—of Hilda's anguish, seen
In tears, and cries and kisses of despair,
As she clung to the prostrate knees, once Eve's,
But her's no longer—in the evermore.
Confusion reigned in all that upper room—
With women's cries—until the pastor's voice,
In loving sympathy and power divine,
Invoked a blessing on the blessed one,
Thrice blessed in dying with the Sacrament
Of Christ upon her lips. A dove flew in
The open window—and a moment sat
Upon the table—as Eve waved adieu—
And hand in hand with Lionel went up
The golden stair, and vanished into light!

Above them shone a star, that led the way,
Like that the wise men led to Bethlehem,
While troops of shining ones in waving robes—
Before—behind—with harps and clarions
Attended them and sounded jubilees
Of silver trumpets, till the heavens rang—
Chanting the angel's song—when Christ was born,
Of '*Gloria in altissimis Deo!*'

With songs of inspiration always new,
In heavenly speech, which all the angel's know;
Not learned by painful iterance, as men
On earth acquire their mother tongue, but known
Through breathings of the Spirit—as with fire
Of Pentecost—all knew, and spake as one,
The tongue which all in heaven understand,
Which Paul once heard in vision, when caught up,
In words unlawful for a man to utter.

## L'ENVOI.

May closed the book. A mist was in her eyes
As when one, breathing on a mirror, dims
Its brightness for a moment; while her voice,
Respondent to her mood, was full of ruth,
That verged on wishing for a gracious death
Like Eve's, who fell at her Redeemer's feet
Crowned with the roses bloomed in Paradise.

'I knew,' she said, 'how that sweet story closed,
And never thought it sad!—To be beloved,
Betrothed and waited for—to leave the earth
Clasping the hand of one we love supreme,
Were life not death! O! to have waited long
For one in heaven, to find him when we die!
As I have learned from this old book of truth.
Quite sure of this, one would not care to live!'

'Why, May! you are too wise by half to-day!'
Exclaimed old Clifford, smiling. 'So much love,
In one who never had a lover! Nay!—
Blush not—nor be offended with me—What!—
"It is not so? and many love you?" Well!
I only jested. Sooth! It is that book
Of our dead poet makes you wish that he
Were waiting for you—for no other swain
Like him, will ever touch your heart and brain!

May pouted for a moment—blushing red
As salvias, to her temples—when she heard
Her secret fancies so turned inside out
By her rough uncle, whom she pardoned still
For truth of what he said. Yet, woman-like,
To show the contrary, and give him choice
To judge her either way, she answered not,
But pressed the book more closely to her breast,
And then began to sing in wilful mood
A ballad gay, that drew the Chorus up
To join in the refrain—the music too,
Refreshed by rest and mugs of ale, struck in,
And every thought of sadness brushed away
Like dust,—and so sped on the holiday.

# The Harvest Moon.

## INTERLUDE SECOND.

"Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida sylvas."

### BALLAD.

THE cowbell tinkled in the grass-grown lane,—
Bonny is the brier bush, bonnier the rose,
As I went singing the old refrain,
Bonny is the brier bush, bonnier the rose;
My milk-pail brimming upon my head,
Bonny is the brier bush, bonnier the rose,
I met my lover, and to him I said:
Bonny is the brier bush, bonnier the rose.
Just now, my lover! it would be unfair,
Bonny is the brier bush, bonnier the rose,
My lips to kiss them, if you should dare,
Bonny is the brier bush, bonnier the rose,
So let down the bars and I'll go through,
Bonny is the brier bush, bonnier the rose.
And do not kiss me or you may rue—
Bonny is the brier bush, bonnier the rose;
For you shall carry my milking-pail,
Bonny is the brier bush, bonnier the rose,
To the old farm-house in the lilac vale,
Bonny is the brier bush, bonnier the rose.
The moon was rising among the stars,
Bonny is the brier bush, bonnier the rose,
Before my lover put up the bars,
Bonny is the brier bush, bonnier the rose.
For he kept me talking till he made me say,
Bonny is the brier bush, bonnier the rose,
That where is a will, there is always a way,
Bonny is the brier bush, bonnier the rose;
And he carried my milking-pail for me,
Bonny is the brier bush, bonnier the rose.
As we walked home by the trysting tree,
Bonny is the brier bush, bonnier the rose,
Singing together a roundelay,
Bonny is the brier bush, bonnier the rose,
That where is a will, there is always a way,
Bonny is the brier bush, bonnier the rose.
That night my true lover plighted me—
Bonny is the brier bush, bonnier the rose,
His troth for ever and will marry me;
Bonny is the brier bush, bonnier the rose.

That was the ballad sung in wilful mood
By lovely May, that drew the chorus up
In the refrain. She laughed as girls will laugh
Who mock at love, unwitting of its power;
How to some happy ones it brings but joy;
To others, wounds of never ceasing care.
From youthful cheeks will brush the roses off
And downward droop the lips to smile no more.
Old Clifford laughed, "It was not needed, May!
Your milkmaid ditty we so often hear;

When all the west grows rosy as your cheeks,
And the short grass is soft with early dew ;
While from the pasture, comes the sweet breathed cows
Behind their shadows, walking slowly home."

He looked at May approvingly, and thought
With touch of pride—"She is of my own kin!
A girl compact of sense and every grace
That makes a woman dear—desirable;
She is my kin—my all—my bonny May!
Her mother left her orphaned to my care;
To love as my own daughter, for my house
Was daughterless, and dull my hearth, until
My winsome May brought to it childish talk
And girlish gaiety—then was my man's
Deep natural longing for a daughter's love
Quite filled and satisfied. For incomplete,
Unfurnished and unsoothed, is he who ne'er
Has childhood's secrets whispered in his ear.

My stalwart sons had all but one left home—
To seek their fortunes, easily found in this
Good land of plenty and of promise sure.
To all who earn the blessing, it is given!
To hear May talk of them was my delight ;
Their names andboyish histories—and me
She easily persuaded to tell more ;
And every word stored in her memory,
Idealizing it, in woman's way.

Six sober lads were mine, as true as steel,
Brought up in industry and fear of God ;
Some to the plough have gone to till new fields,
Won from primeval woods with lusty axe ;
Some stand the pilot's watch on our great lakes,
Or down the foaming rapids safely guide
The broad loose-jointed rafts, the yearly spoil
Of our vast forests—dense—illimitable.
My younger lads had drank with eagerness
My old time stories of the people's war,
When Brock unfurled our country's flag and called
For men in its defence, when all rose up,
And 'mid the dust and smoke of victory,
Smote down the invaders of the Forest land.
My two young lads to hear the tale would flush
With martial heat and pride ; and when our Queen,
God bless her! called for men to go and take
Sebastopol—and fight for England, who
So often fought for us : they joined the ranks
Of our Canadian regiment, and wreathed
The British colours with the maple leaf.
And now to-day they wear the royal red,
And sentinel Gibraltar for the Queen.

The old man stopped, and for a moment some
Unbroken words moved silently his lips—
"God bless the lads!" and then : "God bless the Queen!
I gave them to her service, willingly,
As I served her myself. Her future wars,
For Britain's honour and our country's need,
Will never lack Canadians of my kin
To guard her crown and empire evermore."

May's jollity was for a moment dashed
With seriousness—'twas but a moment, when
Shaking her long black hair, in sprightly mood,
Her rosy face, like sunbeams out of clouds
Disparting them, broke out in radiant smiles:
"And now, good uncle Clifford!" cried she, "Pray
Undo your censure of my want of power
To win and wear a lover like the rest
Of girls when pleases us. For men the best
And wisest of them are but simple things:
Unlearned in this, to read a woman's heart
Against her will—much more in her despite
To win her love who shuns the fowler's snare—
Some think it easy, who have never tried!
Although for women's wit, I ever say:
That where there is a will, there is a way!"

Old Clifford shook his head, "From high to low,
From queens to beggar-maids, 'tis all the same!
Your kingdom is your birthright in our hearts!
And through our hearts our heads, and heads and hands
You rule most regally. So now, dear May!
Rule whom you will, no one will answer: Nay!
Sit down and from our poet cull a tale
That fits this humour, if there be one writ
In that old book you worship. Is there one?
You know it, I shall warrant, bonny May!
A merry tale that suits this holiday!"

May flushed a little—frowned and smiled at once,
Her woman's wit was kindled in a flash;
That warmed her up to mischief. Down she sat,
With mock importance on the witness stone,
And bade her uncle listen with the rest.
Then ran she searchingly her finger down
The yellow pages; and three times she hemmed,
And from her forehead brushed her drooping hair,
While frolic humour glistened in her eyes,
And in the flashing dimples of her cheek
The tricksy sprites of merry laughter hid
And peeped alternately, like swallows' eyes
Out of their nests at watchers going by.
She first looked up, then down upon the page,
Then closed, then opened it—as if to say:
"I know by heart this tale that I shall read
And do not want the book: So list who may,
And you shall learn how, spite of yea and nay,
A clever girl of Croyland had her way."

# The Harvest Moon.

Cynthia Queen of the Harvest, in full-orbed autumnal effulgence!
Thou art the lamp of the reaper, the maidens who gathered the gleanings,
Twining blue darnel and daisies for coronal wreaths through their tresses,
Led by thee joyfully homewards, with spoils from the stubbles o'erladen,
Haste to the dew-spangled meadow, where under thy splendour, the dancers
Merrily trip to the measure of song and of pipe and of tabor.

PART FIRST.

WAS Autumn, when the days upon a time
Were waning from the summer's perfect prime;
And deep in August stood the yellow corn
Ripe for the reaper, on the morrow morn.
A mile of level wheat and waving maize,
And verdant pastures, met the eager gaze
Of two young yeomen, come to claim the hand
Of Ada Gay, the heiress of the land.
One north, one south, by different roads they came
On love's adventure, and to win the game,
Which farmer Gay had oddly set, to test
Which of them loved his lands or daughter best.

Now Ada Gay was born in Croyland vale;
A girl just perfect to the finger nail,
From top to toe of every charm possessed
Which woman wishes for, and man likes best.
A figure shapely—face a little round
With constant smiling; waist—a ribbon bound
It tight, two spans about; her skin was fair
As silver water lilies, and her hair,
Eyebrows and eyes were dark, of lustre full
And endless witcheries that never dull;
Her dress—not silk – was always modish, neat,
And showed at once and hid her dainty feet,
Well shod, well stockinged, ancles trim and clean,
And with a springing instep like a queen.

From morn to night, her lovers, half a score,
Said, "she was cold and cruel—nothing more
She heeded them than heeds the wind that blows
The chaff when winnowed, and away it goes!"
She was indeed a little coy and proud
Towards admirers of the common crowd,
Yet smiled on all sometimes, she was so good,
And never looked as if she understood
What lovers came for. With extended hand,
She turned the conversation on the land,
On cornfields, pastures, flocks and herds and all,
But on herself, not once, a word let fall.
If you were badly smitten and uncapped
When in her presence, as most likely happed,
She killed with doubtful smiles—you never knew
How mischiévous her eyes did look at you.
Yet was she no coquette, to flirt a part,
And cheat a lover gratis of his heart;
But generous as the sun that shines on all,
Her right good humour beamed on great and small.
With warmth of welcome gave her hand ungloved,
Many she liked but only one she loved;

And he the only one she seemed to shun
Encounter with. Although her heart was won,
She was so coy and shy, in very sooth,
She would not let him even guess the truth,
And yet beneath the snow of looks forbid,
The fire of passion was discreetly hid,
Till like a swift toboggan down the slides,
Into her fate at last the maiden glides.

Old farmer Gay by honest thrift was rich
In good broad lands, and sheep and cattle, which
Still grew and multiplied, in field and fold,
And year by year his stockings bulged with gold.
He trusted not in banks—they sometimes broke;
He was his own safe banker, yet when stroke
Of sad misfortune struck a neighbour—fire
Or flood, or sickness, ruined crops that byre
And barn left empty, he was first to aid,
And lent or gave as the occasion bade;
But rather gave than lent, for so said he,
All that I have is God's good gift to me
Wisely to use, but not to make my own.
The treasures of the field, the Lord alone
Is master of. And thus had farmer Gay
Enough to use, enough to give away,
And oft a round of proverbs he would chime
Like sleigh-bells' jingle in the winter time:

"Waste not and want not." "Sloth is Satan's rent."
"It is too late to spare when all is spent."
"The honest farmer who would live and thrive
"Himself must either hold the plough or drive."
"With seed to sow or harvest to cut down,
"Must eschew idleness, and jaunts to town;
"Nor gossip at the inn with Jack or Jill,
"And only tipple at the cider mill.
"A yeoman gets by industry and thrift,
"But he grows poor who tries the sorry shift
"Of laziness, to live upon his wits,
"A ragged pauper in the end he sits."
"Things got by honest labour stick and stay,
"And it is getting not to throw away,
"And yet in giving wisely is great gain,
"God's paradox—Old Gaius made it plain:
"'There was a man, though some did count him mad,
"The more he cast away the more he had!'"
And thus the jovial farmer, conscience clear,
Lived by these rules and prospered year by year,
A friend and councillor in word and deed,
Advice and help he gave to all in need.

He liked to talk about the good old time
When all the world, as he, seemed in its prime,
And life was worth the living, "For," said he:
"Canadians were like brothers frank and free,
Good men and true, in courtesy well met,
When'er they came together, for the debt
Of help they owed each other; none were strange,
And none unworthy, and in house and grange
Were welcome all, receiving welcome back,
However far we travelled, was no lack
Of hospitality at every door,

Where night o'ertook us, and our only score
Was not king's coin; but kindly words to stay.
Or, come again, when we should pass that way."

Thus farmer Gay lived on for many a year,
Rich both in wisdom and in worldly gear,
When like a prudent man his will made he:
And Ada his sole child and heiress, she
Was to inherit all, with pots of gold
Laid by for dowry, so the tale was told.
If she would marry one her father set
Of two to choose from, Ada was to get
One-half her fortune down, with house and land,
And plenishing, and all things to her hand.
In all the country round, the richest prize
Was Ada Gay, whose black and sparkling eyes,
Fair face and figure, men admiring swore
Were worth her dowry twenty times and more.

And so it happed when his intent was known,
This brace of lovers sauntered up and down,
All hours between the early and the late
And always stopped before the garden gate.
But not for sake of dower in truth did they,
But for herself, make love to Ada Gay.
Sometimes invited in, and sometimes not,
They talked with her and sighed, were cold or hot,
Just as she pleased to warm or chill them; they
Sat in her parlour often half the day.
While she played music, sang or laughing said,
All sorts of nonsense running in her head.
Hours flew like minutes in her presence, till
The one forgot his farm, the one his mill.
Their work, their workmen, while the harvests call
In vain upon them, they neglected all,
For sake of Ada, when they came to woo,
Till farmer Gay declared: "It would not do!"

"He hated idlers;" said he, "Men of sense,
Who with a woman make no vain pretence,
Will work their six days out, in day-time bright,
And only court by moon or candle light.
On Sundays only wear best coats and shoes,
And walk to church, where, cosy in the pews,
They turn their prayer-books over, and forget
The text, next minute whispering to get
The place from her, who turns a willing ear,
And only what the parson says, can't hear."

They were two manly fellows and good friends,
Who scorned to gain unworthily their ends.
They were in love up to their very ears,
And both had hopes, and both alternate fears,
For Ada Gay, although her mind was set
On which she liked the best, you could not get
From her a word or sign, to show the way
Her heart inclined, and neither night nor day
Could one or other of them feel assured,
Whether his fate was to be killed or cured.
When Ada married, which would be the guest
Or which the bridegroom? People said with zest
And tasteful lips, "The chance was two to one

That she might jilt them both, ere she had done,
And then look round the country everywhere
To find a better man if one was there.
Each prater saying this, drew up an inch,
With nose in air, and thought, "At such a pinch
Why might not I be he? In better hands
Could never fall the charming Ada's lands!
And I could spend her money with the best,
Were Ada Gay my wife and all the rest?"

But farmer Gay had other fish to fry,
And knew well, who was who, and what to try
To settle Ada's balancing, and make
Her steady as a rock for Randal Blake.
Now Randal Blake was active as a hare,
And strong of limb and purpose as a bear,
Good natured very, good at work or play,
And ready for adventure any day.
He was besides quite rich in house and goods,
Broad fields well tilled, orchards and noble woods,
Fat oxen, horses, sheep and all the clack,
Of feathered fowl, of which he had no lack.
Yes! Randal Blake deserved the blues and reds,
Of ribbons, won at fairs for thoroughbreds,
In bulls and horses, beating Smith and Jones—
A farmer to the marrow of his bones—
And all he wanted to complete his life,
Was Ada for a helpmeet and a wife.

But Ada had her fancy, and a will
To find a way to what she wanted, till
Sweet as she was, and affable in speech,
No lover's craft or art could overreach
The pretty heiress, who had formed a plan
To please herself in picking out the man
Who was to wed her; although farmer Gay
Was planning out for her another way.
"If Randal Blake be his first choice," she said,
"'Tis Simcoe Lake alone whom I shall wed!
Him and none else, unless I change my mind,
Which is the right divine of woman-kind."

Now Simcoe was a yeoman, handsome, slim,
Lithe as an Indian, and as straight of limb.
With hair brown as an otter's, foot as spry
As ever drew a girl's admiring eye,
Good natured, clever, rich in every way,
But he felt not quite sure of Ada Gay;
More deep than he, her secret Ada hid
In her own bosom, sometimes half forbid
His suit, and tried to look a little grim,
That he might not be sure she favoured him.
If too successfully she played her part,
And Simcoe took her coldness much to heart,
She prayed for thunder, or some odd event,
To show him, without telling, what she meant:
Wished she could tumble in the lake, about
Waist deep, when he was by, to pull her out,
Or wrecked together, each the other save
Upon a desert isle, where, in a cave,
A hermit lived, who offered out of hand
To marry them, soon as they touched the land,

And they complied, and so in that odd way,
Of day dreams, oft was married Ada Gay.

Now Simcoe Lake was of the good old stock,
Of true Canadians firm as granite rock—
Of purest blood without a single stain
That darkened by a drop his loyal vein;
Brought up and nurtured, as a sacred thing,
In fear of God and honour of the King;
In his forefather's day when rebels set
The Continent in flames, and fought to get
By rank secession—and the Empire's fall,
For their ownselves, the heritage of all;
And when the land was rent from Britain's side,
A hundred thousand of the pick and pride
Of all the Continent rose up and went,
New Pilgrims exiled into banishment.
A hundred *Mayflowers* sailed, and night and day,
The noblest of the country bore away
To newer Plymouth rocks—more blest by God
Than Puritan or Pilgrim ever trod.
Northward and Eastward went they bravely on.
Some laid the deep foundations of St. John;
Some planted in New Scotia's vales of gold,
A new New England, nobler than the old.
The broad St. Lawrence and the waters deep
Of blue Ontario welcomed them. While leap
For very joy Niagara's tameless floods,
To greet their coming to his ancient woods.
Wisely and well they laboured to create
The fabric of a vast and loyal state,
Confederate with the Empire—heart and will,
Through years and centuries growing grander still,
And thus did they restore a hundred fold,
In their new lands the losses of the old.

Of that good stock came Simcoe Lake. His home
Broad fashioned by his father in the combe
Of two lowhills, "The Place of Oaks" was called;
Broad windowed, and verandad, and well walled,
Upon its timbered gable, carved fair,
"Fear God, honour the King," stood lettered there.
Two generations had beheld the glow
Of fiery summer, turn to wintry snow,
Rude nature change her old primeval face
Of savage woods to cornfields—room and space
For flocks and herds to graze in pastures green,
Where ran a brook, out of a wild ravine,
And turned the wheel of an old dusty mill
That clacked and rumbled half way up the hill.

Though nature changed changed not the hearts of gold,
Who in the "Place of Oaks" kept as of old,
A roomy chamber for the weary guest,
Where none unwelcome came, who stopped to rest.
The roving Indian or the yeoman known,
Kinsfolk or strangers, all alike sat down
At the broad table diapered and spread
With linen white as snow, to meat and bread
Of purest wheat, and dainties such as none
But our Canadian housewives make alone.
Then after supper by the roaring fire

Of winter logs what tales and songs inspire,
Of Wolfe and Simcoe, and the ranger band
Who came with Butler to this forest land!
Or haply in the glorious summer nights
Before the bed-time stars put up their lights,
Stretched neath the oaks, they talked the hours away
With cheerful stories, mixed with rustic play
Of country humour to the occasion pat.
But oft in graver moods conversing, sat
In judgment on the present and the past:
And even the future, boldly they forecast.

Some had been pioneers who searched the woods
For their fresh treasures. Some had braved the floods
Of foaming rapids. Others from the cold,
Dense wintry forests, with adventures bold,
Bought spoil of mighty game, the elk and bear,
While others told of lands far distant, where,
Unroused as yet from their primeval rest,
Blue skies and prairies slumber breast to breast:
Lands which one day would wake as from the dead,
And feed the hungry world with meat and bread.

Their minds expanded thus with broad survey
Of our Dominion growing day by day,
And the still grander Empire throned and crowned,
Which links it to the world's remotest bound.

That old Canadian home, like many more,
Preserved its own traditions and the lore
Of history, related with a clean
And truthful tongue, of all things that had been
The pregnant cause of long and angry jar—
The revolution, and the spoil and war
That basely mingled in the great debate
Of principles in our Imperial state,
And making two, where one had been before,
Wrenched ruthlessly apart for ever more.

Old heirlooms valued in that house were found,
The father's sword hung on the wall new bound
With garlands once a year, in honour due
The loyal soldier who had worn it, true
To King and country. Deeds and papers grey
Of old Colonial lands were stowed away
In antique drawers. Commissions with the ring
Of martial life upon them, which the King
Had granted to their race, who one and all
Were ever ready at the trumpet's call
To go to battle, full of pith and power,
Stout yeomen who turned soldiers in an hour,
Who left the plough, and gun or sword in hand,
Met all invaders of their native land.
A flag of silk deep blue and crossed with red
Was draped with care, and in an alcove shed
The radiance of a glorious past that blent
Our country's fame with Lincoln's regiment.
The word "Oriskany," in broidered gold,
Recorded honours won in days of old.

Beside young Simcoe's desk were books a few,
Not richly bound but priceless, whence he drew

By frequent reading of the choicest lore,
The seed thoughts of the world, the garnered store,
Of new ideas that leap to life in time,
And fill the world with progeny sublime.
A century we may wait to see their power,
But it will come sure as the Aloe's flower.
In Shakespear, Milton, Bacon, and the Book
Of Books—God's own—whoever will but look,
Shall find the gold of Havilah, alone
Matrix of truth, Bdellium and Onyx stone.

A daughter of the house, with pencil rare,
Had painted skilfully some pictures there.
Simcoe and Brock, heroic men and grand,
The Founder and Defender of the land.
Her father's wise—her mother's comely—face,
Both full of kindliness and truth, and grace
Of old Colonial breeding in the days
Before the deluge came of antique ways.

A landscape too of that majestic gorge,
Where up and down the stream and eddy forge
Against each other past the rocky walls
Of wild Niagara's eagle haunted halls;
That savage solitude where foot of man
Walks warily, and seldom as it can.
For the fell rattlesnake still haunts the glen,
And broods and basks in many a stony den.

Another, was a Grecian girl, intent
With quivering lip and eye, on the event
Of some grand tragedy of Sophocles.
An ancient church in England, over seas,
Revered as the old cradle of their race,
Upon the wall found an abiding place.
The old French thorns donning their robes of green,
In rustic portraiture were also seen.
Another showed the verdure of the spring,
With millions of wild pigeons on the wing.
But, in the place of honour, was the King.

Now evening came which melted into night,
And that in turn was swallowed up by bright
And hungry stars, that silently looked down
In solemn judgment, without smile or frown,
Or sign or wonder, that might haply show
A consciousness of human life below.
The wind had fallen, with no leaf astir,
Yet was the air alive with endless chirr
Of insect life nocturnal, and the flight
Of fireflies flashing through the summer night.
These things provoke to sleep, and to their beds
Household and guests retire with sober heads,
Not fearing for the morrow, certain they,
God for the morrow cares, as for to-day.

## INTERLUDE THIRD.

Thus far May's tale. Some called a halt, to think,
Some looked quite wisely round, and with a wink
Of approbation said: "It is a tale
Quite homelike and as rustic as a rail."

"They liked," they said, "a story told so plain,—
About themselves, not castles built in Spain,
But picked up by the light of common day,
As treasure trove upon the king's highway,
Where they could share in every hope and joy,
The poet's song revealed, without alloy."

Old Clifford listened, as May's reading sped,
His ears took kindly in each word she said,
His eyes were steadfast, filled with deep content,
When she spake of the Lincoln regiment,
Where he had worn a sergeant's sash, and fought
As every true Canadian did, and ought;
But far too manly, he, for boast or praise
Of his own deeds in those heroic days,
You would have known him long and well before
You learned from him how many wounds he bore,
Some still unhealed and painful, yet no trace
Of discontent was on his manly face.
To learning, though he made but small pretence,
By nature he was gifted—full of sense—
Had studied, profited, and come to know
From life's experience, more than books could show.

He broke the thread of May's pretended tale,
And gaily cried, "You carry too much sail,
My pretty May! Your story's all afloat
And drifting seaward like a fisher's boat
Blown from the shore—to lose with long delay
The market for your fish. A single day
Will spoil its freshness—and your story here,
I don't remember it—with eye or ear.
I doubt our poet dreamt it—and that you
For our amusement only dream it too!—
Before it ends your hair will be uncurled
And Ada's wooing reach the other world."

May with a rosy blush unruffled said:
"Dear Uncle, do not judge why maidens wed,
And long or short the tale—slow, fast or coy,
Or labyrinthine as the walls of Troy—
You'll find as all roads lead to London, this
Will surely lead at last to wedded bliss.
And Ada Gay, and he who is her choice,
Will underneath the harvest moon rejoice."

May bit her lips in every pretty shape.
To keep the laughter in that would escape;
And spoil the mischief she was bent to do—
And set her crowd of listeners laughing too.
She stood upon her seat—the witness stone—
And made her husting what had been her throne.
"This tale," said she, "I read out of the book,
Out of it, mind!" and then she gave a look,
Half-mischievous, and tried in vain to frown,
And turned the page adroitly upside down,
"You now shall hear what poet never writ
Before or since, of woman's ready wit,
To win the man whom she resolves to wed,
And lose the one she wants not—spite of dread
Of guardian's preference. This tale will show
That love is his own judge—much better so;

And though blindfolded he can clearly see
Which is the pleasantest for him and me."

## THE HARVEST MOON.

### PART SECOND.

"Incultæ pacantur vomere sylvæ."

Old farmer Gay was jolly as his name,
Fresh-faced and always smiling, as became
A yeoman with two miles of well-cleared land,
Broad in the sunshine lying to his hand.
With other miles beyond of forest fair
That overran the slopes of high Belair,
Where bright Ontario's waters in full view,
Bound the horizon with a belt of blue;
Wheat fields and fallows, meadows, pastures green,
With flocks and herds at intervals were seen
Each side a brook, where clumps of sycamore,
Broad-leaved and shady, from its bank looked o'er
A shallow pool, where cattle to their knees,
Stood ruminant and silent at their ease.

The great old-fashioned house of farmer Gay,
Stood at the turning of the King's highway,
High pitched and gabled, with a broad Dutch stoop
That ran its length festooned with many a loop
Of climbing roses, blossoming and sweet,
With lusty chairs well cushioned for a seat
Of comfort, when midsummer rays struck hot,
And rest from work was sought in that cool spot.
A sweeping elm gigantic overhung
The entrance gate, that free and easy swung
Upon its hinges, turning either way—
Repelling none, where all were free to stay.
The very dogs that stretched upon the grass
Looked friendly when they saw the stranger pass.
A pretty garden climbed the sloping hill,
With orchards flanking it, and cider mill.
Great apple trees set out in rows and squares,
Past counting, intermixed with plums and pears,
Where trellised vines and peaches turning sweet
Might tempt a second Eve to pluck and eat.
The barns and byres were painted brown or red,
With weather vanes that rattled overhead,
The barnyards were alive with cheerful din
Of crowing cocks and clucking hens. Within
Were ducks and geese and turkeys, fatted calves,
And pigs in litters, squabbling, not for halves,
But all of everything. Plump, sleek and fat,
Were all, from stabled ox to dog and cat.
The very mice in glossy jackets run
About the corners, and enjoy more fun
Than any town or city mouse, away
In Newark or in York, where, people say,
The careful housewives have a frugal thumb,
That never drops or wastes the smallest crumb,
But sweeps all clean soon as they draw the cloth,
And not a scrap is left for mouse or moth.

The house and household stuff had been the pride
Of Ada's mother, when she came a bride
And helpmeet worthy of young farmer Gay.
Not empty handed either—as they say;
She had as had each daughter of the land
Her own fair dowry when she gave her hand;
The good King's gift—two hundred acres round,
To every child of loyal lineage found,
Born or adopted on Canadian ground.

Fat sheep and comely kine, her dowry swell,
A hoard of old doubloons was hers as well,
Won in the war, and saved by honest thrift
Of her good father for her wedding gift,
By wagonloads her household stuff came in,
Such things as maidens gather, to begin
Their wedded life—as natural as the bird
To build its nest are they divinely stirred.
She also brought soft feather beds like down,
And linen spun of flax, both bleached and brown,
Her girlish work, while dreaming of a time
The wedding bells for her would gaily chime.
Rugs, quilts and cushions—all that makes life soft
And easy for a man—with patchwork oft
Reminding her of kinswomen and friends,
Who wore the patterns of these odds and ends;
With lots of things besides, both great and small,
And Ada was the heiress of them all.

One night the friendly rivals for a bride
Had joined the farmer's cheerful ingle side,
Where each paid Ada tribute of his smiles,
Nor missed a word, as sweetly she beguiles
Them both a little, in a woman's way;
And will to neither signal yea or nay!
She takes their flatteries without other view
Than takes the Queen the homage is her due;
Yet to herself—in secret whisper said:
"I know 'tis Simcoe Lake whom I shall wed!
I like young Randal well enough, but part
With him for sake of Simcoe, who my heart
Has wholly in his keeping, though he knows
But little how I love him! I propose
To set my dear old father on a plan
To work against himself—and for the man
Whom I decide for, and the world shall see
That Simcoe Lake deserves a girl like me!"

She sat beside her father with her chin
Upon his shoulder—ran her fingers in
His grizzled locks and whispered in his ear,
And kissed him then, to make it plain and clear,
When she had told him all her pretty plan—
"Now don't forget!" she cried—and off she ran
Old farmer Gay looked grave, resumed his pipe,
Took a huge puff and then began to wipe
His brow in some perplexity—in doubt,
How Ada's odd suggestion would turn out
And yet—thought he—the girl is too discreet
To wed a man who keeps the lowest seat,
When he might take a higher one! and so,
As Ada will—I let the trial go!

"Simcoe and Randal, both!" he said, "come up,
And take with me a bright and brimming cup
Of wine—my own Catawba, cool as snow
Yet full of Indian summer's parting glow."
He laid his pipe down gently—brushed the crumbs
Off his broad waistcoat—where he thrust his thumbs:
His features beaming with a hearty smile,
Might have been seen or felt for half a mile,
"My boys! to give a preference I am loth,
And truly wish I had a wife for both!"
He said—and added "But with only one,
Half of my wish, of course, is left undone.
I will not choose betwixt you—and I find
My daughter too, is puzzled in her mind—
She vows that she will write and ask the Queen
What she shall do? There is no other mean
To find out her own mind, and what she wants,
And how to get it—ere she gives and grants
Her promise to a man, to love and cleave
To him till death! And truly I believe
The loyal little witch would gladly wed
A wooden gate post if the Queen so said!
But there's no fear of that! I trust that she
Will be advised and guided now by me,—
While I sat here to-night, a little plan
I rubbed into my head, which, if I can,
With help of you but carry out, we may
Decide which is to marry Ada Gay."

The young men looked with very open eyes,
As if expectant of some great surprise;
Half fearing it and doubtful, Randal Blake
Looked rather blankly—more than Simcoe Lake,
Who somehow caught a glance of Ada's eye,
As she ran off, and guessed the reason why
She fled so swiftly, like a boy at play.
Who throws a petard down and runs away.

Yet ran not Ada far—in love's duress,
She leaned against a tree with half caress,
Of elbow up, and palm against her head,
And listened eagerly to all they said.
When farmer Gay spoke up: "There is a man
In Smoky Hollow, makes a boast he can
Twixt morn and night, cut down and bind, and shock
Six acres good of wheat, and then will knock
The first man down he meets who dares dispute
His title to the name of best repute
Among all reapers, cutting fast and through
The best of them, however much they do.

"Now I mistrust a braggart's wordy noise;
Six acres are a man's work, not a boy's,
I grant—but I have seven acres shown,
Well shocked upon the stubble—and then thrown
The best man off his legs, upon the green
For sport—before my supper, and was seen
No boast about it. Everybody said:
That Roger Gay, in Lincoln, born and bred,
Could cradle wheat the most, and turn a man,
The stoutest of the Smoky Hollow clan
Upon his back, and oft on training day,

I put down half a dozen in that way,
With our old colonel looking at the fun,
Without reproof, if drill had been well done;
But if it had not—then beware to try
Such merriment, if he was haply by!
The men all liked him—but he would let out
A word or two that made you look about,
If you stepped awkwardly or dressed your ranks
Less straight than sergeant's halberds—or played pranks
When marching past, with drums and fifes in tune,
Upon the old King's birthday—fourth of June!
O! days of youth, the heavens were clear and blue!
We seemed to drink them—and our hearts were true,
And hands were strong to meet by night or day,
Or friends or foes, whichever came our way!
The wear of time as yet had touched us not,
Our country here was just the freshest spot
Of all the earth—and loyal to the core,
Our men were good and true—our woman more
Than angels in the house, where night and day
They never ceased with love to watch and pray.
Simcoe and Randal, I will make no vow;
But this I say, before I tell you how;
A winner, not a loser, he will be,
Who gets my Ada with consent of me!"

Simcoe replied,—"Well said! with youth and health,
He who gets Ada has enough of wealth!—
A treasure in a treasure house! for she
In her bare-feet were rich enough for me!"
He glanced towards the spot where Ada stood
Behind the tree, as red as Riding Hood,
"Simcoe," she thought, "looks at me with both eyes,
And thinks no other girl so fair or wise;
For said he not that I—how very trim!
'In my bare feet were rich enough for him?'
And barefoot I would wed him on the green,
And think myself as happy as a Queen!"

"But Randal! what say you?" the farmer asked,
"To choose one of you, Ada must be tasked:
And yet she will not drop the smallest hint,
But looks and laughs, and says, 'tis plain as print,
Which of you God ordains that she should wed,
If either, and then asks, 'What I have said?
What I should think? or what would haply do?'
If she should wed to please herself—not you?
If she should marry one from Hudson Bay?
Or where the west winds gather on their way
The smell of prairie flowers? And then she comes
And twists me by the fingers and the thumbs,
To make me tell—and vows in her old style,
She would not travel from her home a mile
For all the men she ever saw—but one,
And he won't have her. No, if she went on
Her bended knees! I doubt it much! and so
There is no telling how the game will go!"

Now Randal was the soul of honour, and
Would not have thrown a single grain of sand
Into the scale, to give it half a cast
Unfairly, but he rose and slowly passed

His hand across his forehead—as in doubt
How the old farmer's story would turn out.
He felt a coldish breath his face upon,
But bade him briskly with his tale go on!

"I have no tale at all!" he answered straight,
"The girl is full of fancies—'tis her right.
Ada's caprices, I account no fault,
You cannot catch her with a pinch of salt,
'Try all things, and hold fast to what is good,'
Is just the text, she says, for maidenhood.
But I have an odd fancy in my crown,
Which from her perch I think will bring her down,
And make her walk with careful measured tread
As when she bears a milk-pail on her head.

"Down in the valley yonder, where the stream
Meanders through it, flashing in the beam
Of moonlight—stand two fields of golden wheat.
Both ripe and ready for the reapers' feet
To enter them to-morrow, and cut down
The harvest drooping heavily and brown.

Simcoe and Randal, mark! What I intend
You two shall do, striving as friend with friend,
To reap those fields with cradles, as of old
Our fathers worked, like men of pith and mould;
Not with machines to rattle out our grains
When there is but one harvest for our pains,
There is no need why life should go so fast,
The whole year's work does just four seasons last,
But yeomen then won guineas by the plough,
For silver dollars they can boast of now?"

"I now say this; that reaping shall decide
Which of you two win Ada for his bride,
Those two fair fields of equal acres found,
Each one shall cut and bind, and on the ground,
Set up his sheaves, and he the prize shall win
Who reaps the fastest. Ada will give in,
I think, but would not swear it; she may say
She will have neither! with emphatic Nay!
And if she does, you understand that she
Must have her way, in spite of you and me."

Next day the rising sun came flaming up
The red horizon, and from out the cup
Brimful of Lake Ontario, seemed to sip
A moment as he rose, with dainty lip
The bright blue waters, sweetest that he found
In all the circuit of his daily round.
"Good-morning! maids and men!" he seemed to say,
As all woke up to greet the rising day.
The trees hung full of diamond drops of dew,
Which fluttering birds in glittering showerlets threw,
With gorgeous summer tints the garden flowers,
Purple and red and yellow, lit the bowers;
Dahlias and asters proudly take the room
Of violets and roses out of bloom;
The silver water lilies from their beds
Deep in the pools, wake up and lift their heads
To greet the sunshine, while the thrushes fill
The air with music, turn which way you will!

Before the sun was up, rose Simcoe Lake,
And promptly by his side was Randal Blake,
Bright as the morn also, rose Ada Gay,
To see the two young yeoman start away.
She blushed like a carnation as they passed,
Though neither saw her, for her blinds were fast
And curtained thickly, all but one small rift,
Where she peeped through, half slippered, hair adrift,
And one bare foot as alabaster white,
And eyes like stars that sparkled with delight.

A bosom friend she had, blue-eyed and fair,
Composed of all the spices, lovers swear,
They find in woman. She stood by her now,
With one white arm around her, brow to brow,
And stealing, when she could, a glance that hit
The narrow opening Ada would not quit.
When Molly Bland, half laughing, crying, spake:
"These are both men worth loving! I could ache
For one of them! though I should burn like fire
If either spake to me what girls' desire
Their one true love to say. But I forget,
One is my cousin. Randal is my pet
Of cousinly young men. But I confess
That Simcoe Lake is handsomer—in dress,
And bolder too, I think, for but last night
He kissed me in the forfeits with delight,
Seeming like preference, but it was not so,
For we are second cousins, as you know!
And should not marry, 'tis a thing forbid
In cousins whole or halves. So if he did,
He nothing meant of harm in kissing me,
Just in the forfeits kneeling on his knee,
With you beside him holding up the light,
To see the forfeit paid, and paid aright!"

Cried Ada, quickly, "Molly! do not pinch!
Say what you please, you cannot make me flinch,
The law in love is this, which you forgot,
That cousins you may kiss, half-cousins not.
For my own share, I give you Randal Blake,
I know you want him, I will Simcoe take,
Because that he wants me and he will now
The world before him, ere he lets me go.
Simcoe will win me, Molly! you will see,
The prize is his, for it depends on me.
I am, you know, a girl of no pretence.
To swim a river or to leap a fence,
Or climb a tree, or ride a ragged colt,
But I will give you leave to call me dolt
If I am at a pinch the least afraid
To help my lover win a willing maid.'

"What will you do?" cried Molly, quickly warm
With new emotions rising like a swarm
Of bees about her. "Tell me, dearest, do!
For I may go the self-same road as you.
I am a weak girl too, no heroine,
I can't do much, I was not made to shine.
I am not pretty even, no, nor wise,
I cannot hide my heart behind my eyes,
I like to be persuaded to give in

To those I love, who tell me 'tis a sin
To be hard-hearted, cold and rarely kind,
Nor twice alike in my inconstant mind;
And yet how little one would read me through,
Who thought me cold, hard-hearted or a shrew.
If Randal Blake would fancy me and say
He loved me, think you I would answer Nay?
I could not, would not, I would gladly take
My bundle and go shoeless for his sake
If it were needed, but it will not be!
For Randal is in love with you, not me."

The young men passed, the maidens quickly threw
The window open, and looked out anew,
With heads together, rosy chins apeak,
And breezy hair that swept each other's cheek,
They watched the reapers down the grassy lane,
Pass swiftly to the fields of golden grain,
Which overtopped the fences with a flood,
A yellow sea, that islanded a good
Thick clump of maples, left for shade and rest
For man and beast with work and heat opprest.

The girls half dressed, and Ada barefoot quite,
Knelt at the window, until out of sight
The reapers almost ran, as of intent
To win a bride before the day was spent,
But little thinking when the day was through
It would be found that they had captured two!
The batch of harvesters and farmer Gay
All ran to see them, some, with much display
Of knowledge, said, while looking wisely up,
"The prize they reap for is a silver cup,
Set by the farmers' club!" "A county prize,"
Some said it was, "or else a wager," cries
Another, "It is for a hundred pound
Of Halifax good money, round and sound;"
While others just as positively swore
They strove for victory and nothing more!

At morn the two began to reap the wheat;
Up to the nineties rose the quivering heat,
And still they worked, the scythe unwearied swung,
They laughed and jested, as they gaily flung
Fatigue aside, and so, hour after hour,
Cut down the fields to stubble, while the power
To work seemed equal, both in strength and skill,
In manhood, spirit and obdurate will
To conquer in the strife, nor would they rest
A single minute, but with fiery zest
Outwrought the sun, and when the day had flown
No one could tell which of the two had mown
Most acres, swathes or strokes, for to a straw
Their work was equal, and the match a draw!

The sun-tanned crowd of reapers sat that night
Upon the lawn out in the full moonlight.
Disputing, arguing, as each liked his man,
Split straws and hairs, ending where they began:
They argued it at supper and in bed,
They argued all the night till morning red,
And none gave in, but some for Randal cried,

And some as stoutly held to Simcoe's side,
And swore that on the morrow all would see,
He was the best man, his the victory!

When sunset faded and the world turned gray,
Strewn with the ashes of another day,
Beyond the elms rose up the harvest moon,
Broadfaced and magnified, kind nature's boon,
For busy husbandmen—to help them win
Their ripened crops and get their harvest in.
As sat the men disputing loud and long,
Came Ada out with cider brown and strong,
That sparkled like old wine, to keep them there,
While she and Molly for their work prepare.

They tucked their dresses up and 'kerchiefs brown
Tied on their heads, to keep their tresses down:
Well shod to brave the stubble, and aglow,
Each with a rake, the eager maidens go.
"I do not care," said Ada, "what men say—
Let them dispute, while we will win the day.
Simcoe will gain this match, and also me;
Randal shall lose it, but will then be free
To marry you, dear Molly! blossom crowned,
If you have wit to catch at the rebound
His heart—I tell you it will surely fall
Into your fingers like a bounding ball.
A year ago he liked you, Molly Bland,
Nor would have fancied me without my land.
He would not marry me just for my eyes,
And dowerless I truly were no prize—
Except to Simcoe, who would gladly take
Me for myself alone and true love's sake.
Besides 'tis Leap Year now, and girls, they say,
May ask the men to marry, every day
Of that good time. And so for me and you
The thing is right—and very proper too!

Red as a rose blushed Molly, with surprise
And pleasure sparkling in her deep blue eyes.
She thought the plan was perfect, and quite sure
Of full success to work a speedy cure
For all her heartaches. "Now I feel," said she,
"The honeymoon of a new hope in me!
If Randal loses, I shall win a chance,
Something must grow out of the circumstance!"
Molly, the more she turned it in her mind,
The more resolved the wheat to rake and bind,
And both set to the task with such good will,
They could not either of them work their fill;
Hour after hour their moon-light labour sped
When all the household else had gone to bed.
The sheaves they bound by dozens and by scores,
In yellow shocks they piled the precious stores.
"The prize is won," cried Ada. "All is right!
And Simcoe Lake shall be the lucky wight,
Who marries me—and then the world can say:
That, 'Where there is a will there is a way!'"

Next morning early, shouts of wonder greet
The waking house—that bound was Simcoe's wheat!
They all jumped out of bed and ran to see,

Half-dressed as happened, what the thing could be.
The lads ran first like deer—the men gave chase,
The dogs went barking after in the race.
Simcoe ran out, and Randal. In full view
Ada and Molly and the maids pursue.
And after them, the last, came farmer Gay,
Hatless and coatless,—for he guessed the way
The wheat was bound, and yet his jolly throat
Was filled with laughter, as he chanced to note
The look in Ada's eyes, brimful of fun,
Demurely asking him, "What had been done?"
He blamed himself for total lack of sense
In not foreseeing, that by no pretence
Can man deceive a woman's heart, and give
Her where she likes not—and expect to live.
Then heavily her father sat him down,
Quite out of breath, and feebly tried to frown
Stern as a judge, who with his finger points
At some poor culprit trembling in his joints.
He failed egregiously. As down the lane
He looked and saw her running back again,
"The witch has toes of quicksilver," said he,
"They are too nimble for the like of me!"
An instant more, his neck was in a yoke
Of two white arms—a shower of kisses broke
Upon his face like bubbles, ere he had
Time for a word—to utter—good or bad.

"I did it father," cried she, clasping tight
Her arms about him, "and worked all the night
To bind up Simcoe's sheaves, assured if you
Had been a girl yourself had done it too!
A woman's heart is not her own, to give
At others' bidding, else I would not live
An hour in disobedience to my sire;
But marry any one at his desire.
Try me with any ordeal that you know,
As touching red-hot iron, or in snow
Run bare-foot out—and wood and water bring—
To do your bidding in the hardest thing,
And this to my life's end would rather do,
Than marry one I love not—wouldn't you?
Nay, do not answer me, dear father, yet,
But let me wipe your brow of angry sweat.
O, I would gladly sit, and always wipe
Your face like this! and fill your evening pipe,
And mix your silver mug of punch, with spice
And lemons—everything to make it nice!
Or for your supper, toast and broil and dish
All sorts of dainties—squirrels, birds and fish.
Sing, play and talk, and then at bed-time take
Your loving kiss, and sleep or lie awake,
Happy in either as a daughter should,
Who loves her father rightly. O, I could
Consent to live forever in that way,
And never change my name from Ada Gay!
But if you will be rid of me, and try
To wed me where I love not—by-and-by,
My nature would be changed and you would see
The crossest of old maids grow up in me!
For till my dying day, a vow I take
That I will marry none but Simcoe Lake!"

The farmer grimly smiled; but word not one
Could he get in, for Ada's talk ran on.
"I do like Simcoe best, you know," she said,
"God made it so, for love is only led
By liking. Yet, dear father, if you scan
The country over, there is not a man
More worthy of a woman's love and life,
To marry and obey him as his wife,
Than Simcoe Lake, and if he will have me,
I'll bind his sheaves forever. So you see,
Dear father, I am done for, life and limb,
If you refuse to let me marry him!"

Old farmer Gay looked kindly on her face,
Red with her eager pleading—and a trace
Of doubtful tears—not many. Just a pair
Of diamonds in her eye lash, trembled there,
And when they dropped, the farmer bent his head
And kissed her for forgiveness, and he said:
"A woman's heart is lightly on the latch
For him to lift it who was born to catch
Her fancy. But to one unloved before,
She is a locked and double-bolted door!
That God has made it thus I rightly know,
And Simcoe's wheat is bound, no matter how,
So it is done, and you are well content,
My daughter, with the labour you have spent,
And count as gains all losses for his sake,
I give you leave to marry Simcoe Lake."

Think now was Ada glad? In her great joy
She could have danced, but suddenly grew coy
And very grave, struck with a chilling doubt.
Would Simcoe take her since she was found out?
Would he accept the work that she had done,
And claim the victory which she had won?
Poor Ada then began to quake, and knelt
Beside her father's knee. Until she felt
Simcoe's strong arms about her, who had sped
With all his might to claim her, blushing red,
As his own bride, so featly won and soon,
In this great reaping of the Harvest Moon.

Her father shrewdly guessed the sudden pain
Of anxious doubt that occupied her brain.
He nothing spake, but took her willing hand,
And into Simcoe's placed it. No command
Of arch magician wrought such sudden charms!
An instant more and she was in his arms,
Betrothed and promised, and the happy day
Fixed for their wedding. Then said farmer Gay,
As he among his reapers gravely rose,
"One thing there is which I shall now propose,
For our brave Randal. If I do not err,
He is far better off than having her
To be his torment! for my Ada here,
Has made her choice for Simcoe very clear,
And Randal truly, will more easy find
In Molly Bland a maiden to his mind!
What say you, Randal? and dear Molly, you
Will not say nay, for coyness? If you do,
Randal will make it yes. So let it be

A double wedding, and the world shall see
Two pairs of lovers crowned with golden wheat,
And such a wedding feast I'll give you, meet
For our King's daughter, if she wed this way.
A whole roast ox upon the lawn all day,
And all the fiddlers bring from Newark Town,
And tambourines, for footing up and down
The country dances, Moneymusk and Reels,
That put quicksilver in the dullest heels,
And such a feast of platter, dish and cup,
With pitchers all atilt and then filled up!
With all the country side to eat and drink
And dance all night and never sleep a wink!
Toasting afresh the bridegroom and the bride,
Wishing them health and wealth and all beside!

Randal took Molly's hand and whispered low,
Something that set her features all aglow.
What I know not, but shyly she looked up,
And drank his words, as from a silver cup
One drinks good wine. Said she, "I did not bind
The sheaves for Simcoe! Truly no! my mind
Was not on him, but through defeat to score
For you a victory which will ever more
Requite you for the loss of Ada Gay!
For I love you, my Randal, night and day."
She raised her rosy lips. He kissed her then,
And Randal Blake was happiest of men!

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## L'ENVOI.

May shut the book; it had been upside down.
She tried in vain to wear a little frown,
As in a study—whether to go on—
Or stop—or laugh it off. When every one
Clapped well their hands, and cried, "That is a tale
Worth all the rest! Read on! dear May! nor fail!
To finish it!"
"But it is done," she said,
"Love stories end with weddings! I have read
A score of them. That is—tales of delight,
That make one read in bed by candle light
To hours forbid, and very bad for eyes,
Tho' elders say we must be sage and wise
And stay at home and wait, and stitch and sweep,
And only dream of lovers while asleep!"

Old Clifford slowly shook his head. "I see,
My pretty May, you are too wise for me!
Your story, like a salmon fly, you cast
Into the river, and you take at last
The very fish you want, but never hook
Drew that gay story from the poet's book!
No poet made it! Though 'tis true as time,
And happened in my own young lusty prime,
For I danced at those weddings all the night,
And at the infares with renewed delight.
For one whole month the fiddles were in tune,
All through that famous harvest honey-moon.

It was the year before the war, I know,
When men began to get into a glow
Of angry heat, at rumours flying in
Like war birds, from the States. 'Let it begin,
They said in Congress, where in factious flood
Rose up again the old rebellious blood,
"Now England's mighty hands are full. At last
Her flag is half-way down upon the mast!
All Europe in her front with banded war,
And France to lead them, her opponents are!
Canadians are but few, and fight or not,
We are enough to sweep them off the spot
Of land they claim as theirs, gifts of the crown,
Which we will take when we have put them down."

Randal was brave and loyal to the bone,
A true Canadian, better man was none
Of all the thousands who together rose,
When Brock called out for men to meet the foes.
He had been wed to Molly but a year,
When she girt on his sword without a tear
Till after he had gone, when floods she shed,
Uncomforted, for in her heart a dread
Deep and prophetic lay. Thoughts come and go
We know not whence or whither. Signs of woe
Too oft they are. And all to Molly bore
This burden, "Randal will return no more."

The war broke out, with glory for our land,
And with the foremost Randal took his stand
In its defence, saluting with his sword
Detroit's surrender—while the cannons roared
For victory. Invasion's neck we broke,
And Michigan fell at one royal stroke!
But Randal's fearless eyes saw but the morn
Of glory's seeding, not the ripened corn.
Among the first he fell on Queenston rock,
Beside Macdonald and heroic Brock,
Willing to die that Canada might live
Its own true life of honour, and to give
Assurance of its pledges made of yore,
Our Empire never shall be broken more.

Young Simcoe bore him from the field of fight
Where he lay bleeding on the stony height,
And in his arms he died, nor lived to see
Our noble dead avenged that day, when we
The army of invaders headlong cast
Beneath the yoke, disarmed in crowds at last,
Till Newark overflowed, while through the town,
The flags half-mast for grief drooped sadly down,
And strong men in the street wept tears of woe
That Brock was dead though conquered was the foe.
O! Life was worth the living in that time.
When our great land was in its youth and prime,
When every man laid by his private feud,
And party rivalry at once subdued.
And all together struck blow after blow,
Until the land was freed of every foe,
And we at peace held all our own and more,
With fame to keep and conquests to restore.

Like music from the sea, there come from far
Dear voices hushed on earth, fair forms that are
Fair as the fairest that are here to-day,
The parents in their children seem to stay,
And from your eyes look out perplexing me
If they are you, or you are they, I see.

But what became of Molly? some began
To ask in whispers. O for such a man
She should have stayed a widow all her life.
So said the girls—not all. "To be a wife
Is always better!" others said. Therefore
One can't do better always. Thus they tore
Comment to pieces. Clifford then replied:
"Molly remained a widow till she died.
Simcoe and Ada are both here to-day,
With children, half a score, as tall as they,
To keep the name of their old loyal race—
The boys as brave, the girls as fair of face,
And all as good as gold, as true as steel,
In mind and body sound from head to heel."

When Clifford so far spoke, May knew that he
Forgave her girlish prank, for was not she
Herself grand-daughter of stout Simcoe Lake,
And Ada her grand-dame, whom she saw shake
Her finger at her often, as in tune
She told the story of the Harvest Moon?
May whispered to her uncle, "I was near
Forgetting why I made it, for I fear
I know too well what love is, like the rest,—
Although I kept my secret in my breast
Imprisoned till to-day; so, you can see,
How very wise untaught a girl can be!
And you will doubt no more that, yea or nay,
Where is a will there always is a way."

May stopped perforce. A rush of bounding men,
Some white, some red, together shouted then
For victory, as through the distant goal
They drove impetuously the flying ball.
Long limbed and picturesque, lacrosse in hand,
They played it well, each side a stubborn band—
But what they played for and what came of it,
Is quite another story, bit by bit
Interpreted out of the Indian tongue
To our young poet by a chief among
The stately Chippewayans, and as true
As wampum wrought with beads of white and blue,
That never lies, however books may do.

# Pontiac.

A. D. 1763.

KICHI Metig Komig, the great oak tree
Renowned through all Algonquin tribes and tongues,
So great that three men's arms scarce fathom round
Its massive trunk seamed by a thousand years.
So high, the rain clouds break upon its top,
And fall in showers of blessing on the land.
The home of Maniton in days of old,
Men say it was, whence holy voices came
To teach our warring tribes to live in peace,
And fixed the bounds of every nation fast,
By river, lake or lofty mountain range:
For all the land was ours in those good days,
With none to covet what was not their own—
The curse of riches was to us unknown.
Those days are gone, and still the old tree stands
In solitary state, king of the woods
Which from his acorns grew, and fence him round
With guard more stubborn than the fiercest winds
Which sweep in tempests o'er the Huron sea.

Up in the groining of its giant boughs—
Each by itself a tree—a hollow couch,
Spacious and easy, with soft mosses lined
By Nature's hand, framed ages long ago,
Had been the bed where our old Sachems came,
Worn out with age and travail, council vexed,
With a full gourd of water, all they craved
Beside them, as they calmly lay them down,
In their last journey to the spirit land,
With Manitou communing till they died.

Kichi Metig Komig, the great oak tree,
White Ermine said, and with his bronzed hand
Touched Clifford on the knee: "When fourscore years,
The fulness of our lives, have come and gone,
And soon for me the number will be full,
Glad I shall be to see the spirit land
Which all my life has been so near to me,
Unseen but not unfelt, as when the blind
Hold fast and know the thing they cannot see,
When from the womb of death a man is born
To his new life, to days more beautiful
Than those his mother in her joyous hour
Thought nothing better when her child was born—
When fourscore years have told their weary tale
And I become a burthen to my tribe—
My loving sons, who fain would answer, "Nay!"
Shall bear me to that ancient tree to die,
In that old couch—and place my best canoe
And swiftest paddle ready on the beach
For my departure to the spirit land.

With three days rowing—on, and on, and on,
Until the happy hunting grounds I reach,
Where dwell in peace and plenty, in a wide
Free land their own, beloved of Manitou,
The souls of all my people evermore."

Clifford replied and laid a gentle hand
Upon the chief: "I know the ancient tree,
Landmark of ages in the Huron woods!
And in its mystic couch I dared to sleep
Once, when beleagured, weary but not lost,
I sought the shelter of its rustling boughs,
Which all night murmured like a tossing sea.
I heard strange voices in the canopy
Of leaves above—a presence—and a life
That touched another world, while every leaf
Seemed animate with something that conveyed
A message full of strangeness from a world
More real than this—the cause of causes here—
As our young poet in this old book wrote,
Where life is in its primaries, and light
Creates the spiritual forms of things
Whose shadows only upon earth we see.

I felt profoundly in that haunted couch
The presence of the mystery—the sound
Of words I understood not, in the wind,
The sighing and the soothing of the pain
Of mortal life, no longer lonely, when
God's Kingdom touches us, and heaven's care
Is felt more close than our own thoughts. The world
Is all a mirror of humanity,
Reflections—our young poet wisely says—
Of things substantial, spiritual, real.
Man, mirrored in creation, everywhere
May see himself as in his soul he is,
In broken lights and images awry
That still bespeak his origin divine.
And so that great oak tree was said of old,
And still believed to be, the trysting place
For men and spirits—never far apart—
In that dim border land of dark and light
Flashed through with visions of prophetic sight."

Old Clifford spake with ease the Algonquin tongue.
The fullness of its soft, expressive words,
Linked in long syllables that in and out
Unfold a world of meaning subtle, clear
And fresh with native imagery, to him
Was like a draught of wine to stimulate,
As he the Chief's remarks interpreted
For sake of May and all the eager ears
That listened round, to learn the stirring tale
Of things not far that happened long ago.

Sometimes in English, broken, fragmentary,
The Chief addressed them, as they knelt or lay
Upon the grass beside the witness-stone.
The broad majestic river full of light
Flowed by in silence—where alone was heard
The refluent eddy, lapping on the rocks
Of narrow footing underneath the cliffs,

Where few go down—or venturing in the stream
Not all return. The stoutest swimmer fails,
Caught by the jealous current, should he chance
To cast aside the talisman of care,
And bare his breast to meet Niagara there.

The Chief sat very upright, his long pipe
Lay smouldering on his knee. His thin bronzed hand,
Marked with old scars, uplifted now and then
An open palm, or single finger, all
The gesture that accompanied his tale.

Said he: "Young men and maidens, hear me tell
A story nigh forgotten in a world
Where noon forgets its morning—save by us
Of Indian race, who will forget it never.
These tales are all is left us of the past
Of mighty tribes and vast confederacies,
Now sunk in dark oblivion and unknown,
Save to a remnant on the very verge
Of lands once theirs—a wasting number now
That melts like snow in April, in the sight
Of multitudes of men of every race
But ours, the ancient children of the soil.
In vain we plead, and give and still give more,
And pray for common justice—such as God
Has thundered in commandments to those men
Who say they worship Him, and violate,
For greed of lands, not theirs, His solemn laws.
Who force upon us treaties and before
The ink is dry upon them, with their names
Writ in dishonor—shame not to renounce
Their loudest promises and broadest seals;
Not sacred like the humble totems we
Uncouthly sign as witnesses of truth,
And which we never break to God or man.
In vain we plead their treaties—never one
Was kept by them unbroken; nor will be
So long as we have lands, or place to dwell,
Or graves where lie our kindred—which these men
Covet the more, the more we wish to keep.

"In this Dominion only—God be praised!
Old English law and justice, and the rights
Of every man are sacredly maintained.
Here conscience lives, and the bright covenant chains
Were never broken with the Indian tribes.
We grow and prosper, and unenvied rise,
And in the social race win many a prize,
Our wigwams change to houses, wood and stone;
Our forests turn to fields, our gardens glow
With fruits and flowers—our barns are full of corn;
The cattle in our pastures well repay
The mighty game we hunted with the bow
In our wild days of freedom long ago.
Now casting off the skins and mantles rude
Of our old life, we don the seemly garb
Of Christian men and women, worship God,
And make the laws that govern us, and stand
Not wards, but freemen, of this glorious land.

"Now listen to my tale and you shall hear
What happened in that great eventful year.
'Twas in the warlike days of Pontiac,
When all the Western lands, forest and stream,
Prairie and lake and mountain, all were ours,
With undisputed right. The Ohio—
Which, drinking up a hundred streams, rolls on,
Proud of its fullness, the great river called
In all our tongues—it westward led the way
Towards the happy hunting grounds, beyond
The far horizons of the sunset land.
Alas! with wider knowledge we have found
Them never nearer than the western seas,
The ocean deep and cliffs where ends the world.
But all the land was ours—from Erie sea
To the great lake where roved the Chippaways,
Fishers and warriors they, whose bark canoes
Of flexile birch danced lightly on the waves,
And shot the rapids of the Sault that swarmed
With shoals of silvery whitefish all the year.
The roving Chippaways in summer loved
The pictured rocks and bays, where looking down
Five spears in depth beneath the crystal wave
They saw the moving shoals of glistening fish
Fanning their shadows on the silver sands.

In that sad year, the latest of our life
Of forest freedom, there was heard a voice
Out of the Great Oak Tree. A roar of leaves
In all its boughs, like tongues foreboding woe,
And war and tumult in the Indian land.
The ghosts of warriors in the midnight woods
Cried wildly: 'All is lost! Down by the sea
Onontio rules no more! And proud Quebec,
The wall girt city long besieged in vain,
Falls now in English hands, the prize of war.'
It was not long ere came with breathless haste
Our Indian runners, laden down with woe.
Quebec had fallen! and then Montreal!
And then Onontio and all his men
Were prisoners of the mighty Saganosh,
The red-coat warriors of the English King.
The King of France had sealed a peace of shame,
Not daring he to die, as Kings should die,
Without dishonour, but had yielded up
Our tribes, our lands, our all, for sake of peace,
To save himself and nation from the sword
Of England's vengeance striking everywhere.

We scorned the King of France for giving up
What was not his to give—this land of ours,
Ours from uncounted centuries, yea ours
Since first our fathers from the hardy north
Came down upon the soft luxurious race,
Corrupt with riches and unmanned with vice,
Who built the altar-mounds upon the plains
And offered sacrifices foul, of men
And boys and maidens, till our fathers came
With spears of justice, and in storms of wrath
Drove back the impious race to their own land,
Down by the Gulf and Carribean Sea.
The King of France gave up our land, not we,

And when the English and our ancient foes,
The Iroquois, came up to old Detroit,
And on its ramparts with salute of guns
Displayed the colours of the English King,
And pulled the white flag of the Bourbons down,
Then rose a storm of wrath within our tribes.
Chief Pontiac in secret fanned the flame,
Held midnight councils to retake Detroit,
And all the forts throughout the western wilds.
Master of eloquence, his tongue could charm
The beasts in human breasts; his bitter foes
Of hostile tribes he reconciled and brought
To fight his battles and their own, against
The English garrisons which held them down.

All change of time and seasons were alike
To Pontiac. He travelled far and wide
To bring the tribes into his schemes of war.
The distant nations of the prairies heard
The summons, and on horses bridleless
Came with their feathered spears and twanging bows;
The strong-armed Chippaways, whose bark canoes
Skim the great lakes, and far as water runs
Encamped beside the rivers of the north;
The tribes of varied moccassin and name
Whose war paths cross Ohio's turbid stream,
Miamies, Delawares, and proud Shawnese—
Tribes hated of the Iroquois, and held
In thraldom, now revolted in the hope
To find their freedom under Pontiac.
With shaven heads the Sacs and Foxes came,
Their one defiant lock flaunting in pride;
The wild Sioux with long dishevelled hair,
And brawny breasts and arms and shoulders bare.
Band after band the various warriors came,
And seated in the woods beside Detroit
In solemn council, in his mother tongue,
Each heard the warlike words of Pontiac.

"A chief of ancient lineage, might have been
Descended from the Gods, so full was he
Of thoughts and aspirations elevate
Above the level of the herd of men;
Yet sharing all their passions, pride, revenge,
Love of their own, and jealousy of all
Whose shadows crossed the boundaries of the tribe.
The vacuous wilderness of empire theirs.
Implacable, ungenerous to a foe,
Yet full of softness by his own lodge fire
And in the councils of his tribal kin,
Was Pontiac—but nervously alive
To every touch his bare, bronzed bosom felt
Of inborn hate against the Saganosh.
His half shut eyes were full of angry fires
Implacable, his features aquiline,
Clean cut from brow to chin, and hard thin lips
Compressed habitually and locked to speech,
Marked Pontiac. Even in the council dumb,
Until with lights volcanic flashed his eyes,
And then the long pent flood of words broke forth
Like the upbreaking of a winter stream,

Swelling and bursting through its icy bonds,
And carrying all before it in its rage.

"Master of eloquence, right well he knew
By nature all the rhetoric of the heart.
Suiting his theme, his hearers and himself,
His words in native imagery fell
Like showers of fire from burning pines, or else
Like drops of dew upon the grassy mead,
Persuading men to all things as he would.
The eagle winged and soaring Pontiac!
Even better than he knew spake Pontiac,
In words the wreck of an Archaic age,
Words cut and polished like the sculptured stones
Of mystic import found in sandy heaps
Of what was Ninevah, the ancient lore
Of nations and of tongues before the flood
For when the old world vanished by degrees
Of slow milleniums, and the parent race
Of this the oldest continent of all,
Once civilized and great, a noble tongue,
Rich, full of meaning, copious, silver-hinged
In its articulations, and with sounds
Harmonious in its vowels, as the bells
That chime in old cathedral towers at home,
In York or Canterbury's holy fane.
This ancient speech was nobler than the thoughts
Of the degenerate race who speak it now,
And in a hundred languages express
Their thoughts in words Demosthenes had loved
Had he but known it—the Atlantis speech.

"The nations met in council and were filled
With Pontiac's hot foaming eloquence.
They leaped in eager hope to his full height
Of bold assurance, that the Indian land,
By the encroaching English seized and held,
Would be retaken, and with such revenge
As would the furies of the wilderness,
Their wildest women, glut and satiate.

"Then to a chosen few he showed his plans,
Revealed in dreams, he said, to more impress
The inborn awe that makes the Indian race
Of easy faith to men of cunning mind
Who practice on them in the name of God.
'It has been told me by the Manitou
Who made this world and gave us here to live,
That all those English forts throughout the west,
Detroit and Mackinaw, with all the rest,
Shall on one day be taken and destroyed,
With every living thing, man, woman, child,
And not one left to breathe our native air
Which they suck up from us—our breasts with it
We cannot fill. Crowded on every side,
We die for want of freedom and of air,
Like buffalos empounded on the plains
With hunters spearing them on every side.

"Niagara's stony walls had haunted long,
Too long, with their pale shadows looking down
Into thy depths and shoals, Ontario!

While Fort Du Quesne sat masterful upon
The parted head of fair Ohio's stream.
Ohio fair—our own dear stream no more!
The land of ancient truce, and constant peace
Where every nation came to chase the game,
And eat together from the ample dish
Of linden wood made by the Manitou,
And in a lodge of peace was set for us
To feast in brotherhood of all the tribes—
A quiet land before the white men came.

"'These English forts and settlements—Detroit,
Venango and Presque Isle and Mackinaw—
Shall first be taken, and on one set day
Shall be played for and won—and in this way.'
Then Pontiac held up in sight of all
The wondering warriors, and tossed up, a ball,
Black-flecked with red. He whirled it in the air
And caught it nimbly ere it touched the ground,
And cried, 'When I shall toss this fatal ball
Upon the green before Detroit to play
For all the lives of all the Saganosh
In that great game of ours, Bagataway.
When through the open gates this ball is driven
A thousand warriors armed into the Fort
In sudden rush, shall follow it, and raise
Their wildest war cry—and above, below,
And everywhere throughout the startled fort,
From deepest trench to highest rampart, loose
Upon the garrison suspecting naught,
Our armed tribes shall rush by thousands in
And smite and spare not until all are slain.
Those English forts shall vanish off the earth
And in their place our quiet lodges rise.
The grass shall grow again—our blue soft grass,
And flowers, not those we know and cannot name,
The weeds that follow on the white man's steps,
Strange to our soil as he—but those our girls
Delight to plait into their sable hair,
Our trilliums, violets and rosy bells
Will reappear and fill our woods and dells.

"'Be cautious then, and don't yourselves betray
By word or look—your faces as of wood
Shall not reveal a trace of what's within
The bloody purpose of that fatal day.
Detroit, in strength of walls, cannot be won
Except by guile, caught in a thoughtless hour
Of false security. The grand old play
That tests men's speed and vigour, must be played
While look the unarmed soldiers idly on,
And none suspect the prize for which we play.'
A calumet was filled, and then in clouds
Of curling smoke from hand to hand was passed,
And all together planned the scheme of war;
And every English fort throughout the west
Was doomed to dire destruction. One by one
The chiefs took up the sable belt and pledged
Each one his clan to follow Pontiac—
Accepted as their own the bloody plot,
At every post to play Bagataway.

"Then all dispersed, each to his several tribe,
And for a time a solemn silence filled
The expectant forests with a creeping awe!
While the fell plot was hatching, not a sign
By look or word betrayed to eye or ear
Of the confiding English, over bold
In their own strength and scornful of their foe,
The great impending danger they were in."

White Ermine stopped his narrative and spake:
"I care not to recite in Indian tongue,
And English less, what followed on the day
When all the nations rose throughout the west
To slay the Saganosh and all their kin.
'Twere better read out of the poet's book
Who learned from you and me the bloody tale
Of Mackinaw, Venango and Presque Isle;
And of the things that happened at Detroit
Where Pontiac himself, for one whole year
Raged like a war-god round the garrison,
Foiled by the stubborn English, and their chief
The gallant Gladwyn, warned in timely hour
Of his great danger by an Indian girl,
As you shall find in those true pages writ."

"Well say you! dear old friend!" Clifford replied,
"The girls would rather hear the poet's tale
Than our hard prosing; for we should not spare
A word for sake of sentiment or love.
To round a story in their hearts to fit
Would not be like the honest Indian speech,
So we will read the tale the poet wrote,
Blown out to full proportion and perfumed,
Like a June rose the girls delight to wear
In the thick tresses of their comely hair.
But you look grave, White Ermine! It were best
Not read this tale of blood from old Detroit.
Your father was a chief among the rest
Who thought it right to follow Pontiac.
But you more luckily lived to see the day
Of peace and happiness 'neath England's sway."

"All that is true of me," White Ermine said,
"I only doubt the praise your friendship gives.
I doubt myself full often, and I ask
Help of my Lord to keep me what I am.
I was a warrior once, and do not know
How far I could be generous and deny
My Indian nature, for we are not made
Like you too lavish English, who forgive
Your bitterest foes, who unrepentant live
And seek your noble nation's overthrow.
But I am what God makes me, and I know
His grace has lifted me above myself,
And taught me mercy to a fallen foe
Once merciless, and love of open ways
Learned from you English. It was once not so,
When in our native savagery we fought,
Loved secret blows and ambush in the woods
And cruel vengeance on our captives. Then
We thought it honour in the dark outside
A midnight lodge where dwelt a hated foe,

To strike him dead as he came out the door,
Suspecting no one near, and heedless quite
Of danger to himself and children dear.

"I tremble when I think of what we were
Before Christ's teaching in the Gospel came
Like sunrise streaming o'er our Indian land.
And now I feel humility—not pride—
Put off old haughtiness and strive to bear
Christ's yoke with patience, and I trust with love
And ever humbly pray my gracious Lord
To lead me not into temptation's path,
But from the evil to deliver me.
When you and I were young, and side by side
Fought in our land's defence with gallant Brock,
You were more choice of methods—I of ends.
We both together won the silver prize
We wear for old Detroit, a second time
Possessed by conquest under England's sword
Wielded by Brock, and brave Tecumseh's spear,
Which never failed him, striking far or near.
But you care not for praises ; nay, you flinch
Before my words," the Indian said, and smiled.

"Nay, good White Ermine, I did scarcely flinch ;
A fly just bit my ear, and that was all!
But we will read the story if you wish
Out of the book. Search for the page, dear May!
But on it rests your finger, I'll be bound!
I safely might have guessed it would be found
Just where he wrote it on one summer day.
Your mother sat beside him, and his name
In his bold hand, at her request he traced,
And not a letter of it is effaced."

May flushed up rosy red, and gave the book
Wide open at the page, began the tale.
"I care not for it," said she, "in the way
You speak of, Uncle! Only I admire
The Indian girl who saved Detroit and all
The precious lives within it—not I hope
For love of one alone, but for the sake
Of her dear Lord, and Saviour, and mankind."
And yet, and yet! May whispered to herself—
If 'twas for love of one who honoured love
And gave in golden measure back again,
Making a woman rich in self esteem,
To think her love in vain had not been given,
I, too, could be as brave as she—I, too,
Could give the world or lose it, all for love!

Old Clifford guessed her thoughts, but nothing spake.
He took the book and with a finger raised
Impressed upon them silence, and the tale
Of Pontiac began. How on the eve
Before the day set for the fatal blow
A thousand warriors came before Detroit
And pitched their lodges by the river side.
Their stalwart limbs like statuary bare,
Agile as antelopes and strong as stags,
Lay stretched around their fires awaiting day
That was to open with Bagataway.

The careless English, scornful in their strength,
Took little heed of treachery : all slept well
Within the fort, except the vigilant
And moving sentinels upon the walls.
But none suspected danger—least of all
Was Pontiac suspected or his plot.
And so they slept and dreamed but of the play
Was to be played upon the green next day,
For stakes the greatest ever set, they said;
Great piles of furs worth thousands, and a girl
The loveliest of all the Indian maids—
Of kin to Pontiac—with face and eyes,
And figure like a goddess cast in bronze.
They sighed to think it was for some red hand
And not for them to play for such a maid
As dimmed the sunbeams in the forest glade.

In one far corner of the Indian camp,
Out of a lonely lodge at midnight hour,
An Indian girl, evading eyes that watched
And ears that listened sharper than a wolf's,
Under the cloud of night, from brake to brake,
Silent as her own shadow, swiftly ran
Towards the walls of old Detroit, where slept
The English commandant who held her heart
Fast in his keeping—faster than her love
For Pontiac or all her dusky kin.

The sentinels upon the walls "All's well!"
Cried out from one to other as she ran
From bush to bush unseen, without a sound
Of breaking twig or rustling leaf, so light
And noiselessly she passed and almost touched
The heedless sentry on his midnight watch,
Who naught suspected, wishing for the morn.

She knew the path that led to Gladwyn's tent,
Escaped all challenge, and beside his couch
Her slender form, by all the graces shaped,
Unmantled stood before the commandant.
She woke him with a touch, and he beheld
Full in the light of pine-knots heaped ablaze,
The maid in robe of blue and scarlet, gay,
Close fitting, beaded and with knots to spare
Of golden fringes, from her dainty foot,
Well mocassined, up to her braided hair,
Of ebon blackness reaching to her knees.
Her brilliant eyes illuminate with love
Shone out in stolen glances, never full
But shy and modest, as upon a bough
This way and that, half timid and yet bold,
A restless squirrel eyes you through and through.

"Gladwyn!" she cried, "you sleep unto your death!
Unto your death and mine, for Pontiac
Will set to-morrow morn a thousand men
To play Bagataway for all your lives!
And I shall be set up, just as you see,
With all these ornaments, to be the prize
Of him who first shall strike the bounding ball
Into your open gate, and lead the rush
Of armed warriors in to seize your fort

And kill all living creatures of your race.
To-morrow morning when the game is set,
And all your men are out to see the play,
False Pontiac, with feigned smile, will say :
"Come, sit by me, great chief of Saganosh !
And we will watch the game, while all your men
Recline in peace unarmed upon the grass,
To see the sport, and wager, as they will."

The commandant stood up, "My Indian girl
Will not deceive me, for I know her well !
I have not perfect faith in Pontiac,
But his deceit is deeper than I thought,
If he has brought this plot to such a head.
I would not and I do not fear him aught."

"But O believe him not ! my Gladwyn, no !
I know his counsels long and long ago !"
She cried in anguish. "It is all a lure
To draw you from the walls—*you* are the prize,
You and your men they play for ! Be forewarned.
Keep shut your gates, for when the fatal ball
Is hurled into your midst, the warriors all
Athirst for blood shall seize their weapons, hid
Beneath the women's mantles, and at once
The war cry will be raised by Pontiac.
And you will first be slain, then every one,
Till not a pale face will be left to tell
Where stood Detroit. No pity will be shown
To woman, man or child, and only I
Of all the Indian women of our tribe
Will weep for you and mourn until I die !
Which soon will be, altho' I am the choice
Out of a thousand envious Indian maids
To be the prize of him who wins to-day
This game of blood and death—Bagataway."

The commandant with many fervid thanks
Embraced the girl, believing all she said
With eager tongue and eyes aflame, for he
Was sharp of observation, and the truth,
Hot winged with love, flew straight into his heart.
He knew the subtilty of Pontiac,
The rancour of the tribes, and he had turned
The ball play over in his mind and said
To his few officers, "Be on your guard !
This Pontiac is treacherous to the core
And means us mischief with the play, I fear.
Shut not the gates, but watch, and half the men
Keep under arms within the walls, and trail
A field piece on the meadow where they play,
For there is treason in the air to-day."

He kissed the girl, but would not let her rest
So near the break of day. She left the tent
And crept back to her lodge unheard, unseen,
Before the dawn had paled the morning star.
Her heart warmed in her bosom with a glow
Of joy, as she remembered Gladwyn's words ;
She felt upon her cheek his warm kiss there,
And glowed the more, the more she hoped and prayed
For his deliverance wrought by her true hand.

"He now will love me always!" murmured she,
"If I shall save Detroit and save his life,
Far dearer than my own, as one rescued
From fire or water by a friendly foe,
Though I may perish or become the prize
Of one I hate before I know his name—
The warrior who shall win me in the play,
The prize set up in this Bagataway.
But on my Gladwyn's heart I placed my hand
And by it swore to leave my kith and kin
For him alone, with love no woman else
Could give in equal measure all for all,
Serve, honour and obey until I die.
Master of Life! O! Kitche Manitou!
And God, which dwellest in the Book! I pray
You both—altho' our black robe teachers say
You both are one and father of us all—
Preserve my Gladwyn's life, this coming day,
And all days after. Love is naught unless
It wills to die if need be to preserve
The life it lives for—for all human hearts,
However vary language, eye and skin,
Are of one tint with love and all akin!"

The river fog lay thick upon the stream,
When the bright joyous sun next morning shone
On fort and flagstaff, and the leafy woods
Were wet with dew drops, each a sparkling gem
Distilled out of the eyelids of the morn.
The Indian lodges stood along the shore,
Mid smoke and mist. The birch canoes in rows,
Like sleeping greyhounds, drawn upon the beach.
Out of the camp a ceaseless hubbub came
Of barking dogs and women's tongues, and shouts
Of children waked untimely. Men in groups
Spake to each other savage words and few,
In accents harsh that deep and deeper grew,
About the chances of the bloody game,
The plunder of the fort, and great revenge.

The morning gun fire filled the ambient air
With loud reverberations, as the flag
Of England rose upon its mast and flew
In proud defiance. Pontiac, the chief,
Sprang from his couch of skins, and viewed the fort
With savage, wistful eyes, while other chiefs
Drew round him, and confirmed what yesterday
Had been resolved in council, to draw forth
The English garrison to see the game,
Unarmed and unsuspecting aught of ill.

Already on the plain the warriors sat
In still expectancy, la crosse in hand,
Their women stood in groups, with axe and gun,
The weapons of the warriors, underneath
Their ample mantles hid, to arm them all
Soon as the signal came—the bounding ball
Hurled through the open gate and war cry raised
By Pontiac, repeated o'er and o'er.

Upon a scaffolding of poles and boughs
Of dainty spruce, a floor was thickly strewn

With furs of price and robes imperial,
Ermine and sable, glossy, soft and rich,
With savage splendour, sat the Indian girl
In nature's loveliness half bare, half clad,
Flashing unstudied beauties all around.
Her eyes looked scornful, only when the thought
And sight of Gladwyn in the numerous throng
Drew out glad glances ; then she proudly smiled,
Else like a statue sat she, beautiful
From nature's hand, whose art conceals the art
By which she works ideals of the Gods,
As when, in bronze of Corinth, Phideas
Moulded the image of the Paphian Queen
For the world's admiration and despair.
Or when the Indian, hungering in long fast,
Dreams of the lands beneath the setting sun
And graceful maidens bearing bowls of food,
Themselves so lovely that he cannot eat
For gazing on their loveliness ; while birds
Sing on the trees around, and flashing streams,
Silvery with fish, roll through the happy land
Where in the chase he twangs the sounding bow,
And rides knee deep in prairie grass and flowers
That know no frost but blossom all the year.

The commandant, a soldier, gallant, brave
And well forewarned, knew all his danger now,
And thanked the girl with many a lightsome glance
That made her heart rebound with tenderness,
Still fearing for his safety. He now
Quite loved the girl whom he before admired,
For by her timely warning they were safe
Against the crafty wiles of Pontiac,
Who sat beside him with a twitching hand
Upon his hatchet, waiting for the game.

In two opposing bands the players stood
All naked, save the blue cloth round their loins,
Their heads and bodies painted red and black—
Death's colours, as by chance, or mere caprice,
Not unobserved by Gladwyn as they stood
Waiting the tossing of the fatal ball.

Well sworded by the side of Pontiac
Sat Gladwyn, calm and wary, as he plied
The chief with idle talk that little meant,
But watched each motion of his eye and hand,
And all the players waiting for the ball,
And all the dusky tribes at either goal,
Whose eyes like lynxes fixed on Pontiac
Devoured him with hot glances—might be felt,
So eager were they for the bloody game.

But Pontiac was ill at ease. He sat
In moody silence, for in Gladwyn's eye
He caught a look directed to the fort,
And saw the soldiers in their ranks and heard
The clash of arms, and words of sharp command
Half whispered, and a gun wheeled in the gate,
Black muzzled, pointed on the crowded green.
He rose upon his feet and scowling said—
As Gladwyn also rose :—"My brother fears

To trust the peaceful tribes who come to-day,
La crosse in hand, to play Bagataway!"

"What makes you think that I distrust you, chief?"
Gladwyn replied: "I feel quite safe to-day."
He smiled and on his sword-hilt placed his hand
And leaned upon it carelessly. "You see
As many of my men as can be spared
Are out to see the play upon the green,
And envy you the game for such a prize
As never filled a winner's arms before."
He glanced towards the girl, who bowed her head—
She knew his thoughts if not the words he said.

But Pontiac replied, "The Saganosh
Stand in their ranks inside the open gate,
With bayonets fixed; and at the windows, lo!
I see your women looking out. Not so
They used to watch our ball play on the green.
The women of the pale faces are keen
To show themselves the foremost every day
When men go out to row, to ride, to play."

The commandant smiled grimly, "That is true,
O, Pontiac! Our gentle women fear
To match themselves with your well mantled squaws,
Each one of whom beneath her ample robe
Hides axe or gun as I can plainly see.
I have an ointment made for me by one
Of greatest medicine. Rubbed on the eyes
It lets one see beneath those ample robes
The treacherous weapons and the secret heart
That harbours knowledge of the cursed plot,
Of you and your false warriors on the green!
The prize you hope to win is Fort Detroit,
With all our lives a sacrifice—the lure,
That girl upon the platform! only she
Shall now be played for—and be won by me!"

Astounded at the sudden charge, so true,
So fatal to his plot, the subtle chief
Stood mute for minutes, looking here and there,
Counting the chances still—dissembling deep
The while he lied, and hoping to deceive,
At least to crave some mercy for his guilt.
"The English chief I call my friend," he said,
"We were but children and talked childish things
When we for our amusement one dull day
Made riddles and cast dice, and some one said—
A fool among us he—let us go play
A game of ball and win Detroit that way!

We had well drunken, and we drank still more,
And talked and planned how we could take the fort
At ball play, and send all you English home,
Not hurting any, but as guests who long
Had overstayed with us, ate of our dish,
Till all was done, and then departed full.
And so we talked and planned, and all the chiefs
Thought it most droll to beat the English thus.
But sober grown, we found in sore amaze
How we had lit a fire we could not stop,

That chased us all before it, like the flames
That sweep the prairies, when 'tis death to stay.
And every living thing in maddest race
Each for itself, out of the fiery spray
And rolling smoke seeks to escape by flight.

And so we planned this game for your delight,
And counted on our fingers nine to one—
As foolish as the girl we have set up
To be the victor's prize. No good hap comes
When women leave the lodge and gad about,
Revealing secrets with loquacious tongues.
I hate them all, and never gave a gift
To woman, nor received one, for they keep
Nor time nor measure in their love or hate,
And mix their fancies up with all they do.
Life is but dreaming with weak woman kind.

And now to prove my friendship, Gladwyn, brave!
Accept from me a gift. That girl, the prize
Of my young men who stand to play for her,
I give her up to you, with all her gauds,
In token of my friendship now confirmed,
And peace between us both forever more!"

Gladwyn, contemptuous of the crafty bid
For peace and pardon from the guilty chief,
But eager for the rescue of the girl,
Said, "Bring her hither quickly, I consent
To let you off with all your treacherous tribe,
Whose lives are forfeit by the laws of war,
For all is known to me! Your subtle plot
To seize this garrison and, one and all,
Torture to death the trusting Saganosh,
Lured by your ball—play out to meet the doom
Your foolish council spake. Now tell your men
To bring the girl to me, and with all speed
Decamp with all your lodges! Leave not one!
Lest I repent the mercy I have shown,
And open on you those great guns you see
With matches lighted on the ramparts, full
Of grape shot to the muzzle, which, like hail,
Will sweep your tribes into the shades of death.

"Nay, do not argue, nor deny, nor say
Your warriors are free men and won't obey!
You fear them? Well! I know a reason why
They will obey you, and if not you, me!
Mark, Pontiac! your men will me obey
Without beseeching!" Gladwyn made a sign
With his uplifted sword towards the fort,
And in an instant there arose within
The sound of bugles and the roll of drums,
The shouts of captains and the clash of arms,
The ramparts grew into a serried hedge
Of flashing bayonets, and a cannon ran
Out of the gate, full pointed at the crowd
Of startled warriors, who with sudden fear
Stood mute and trembling, and then turned and fled,
Not one by one, but altogether, like
A herd of buffaloes stampeded by
A troop of hunters on the western plains:

So they ran yelling to the distant woods,
Nor stopped to see their frightened women throw
Their hidden weapons over all the field,
And screaming follow their unlucky lords.

The girl was left alone, not one of all
Took note of her, as she leaped down and ran,
Throwing her mantle off, as nothing worth,
And stood with panting breast and pleading eyes
Before the commandant whom she had saved.
She sought protection from him not in vain,
For Gladwyn on her shoulder laid his hand,
Gently and lovingly, and with kind words
Set her before them all, and kissed her cheek,
Declaring her the saviour of their lives,
Whom they were bound to thank forever more.

Then Pontiac stood still in silent rage
He dare not manifest, but mad to see
The flight of all his warriors, and to hear
How by a girl his plot had been revealed.
Calm, with enforced duplicity he spake,
"Brother! May I go now? I have fulfilled
My promise of this girl; the prize is yours,
My men fly masterless in panic fear,
Which when they stop will turn to rage and blood,
And one will blame the other, and each chief
Will smite his fellow for this shameful rout;
Then with the taunt of cowardice they will,
Out of revenge for this frustrated game,
Attack this fort in earnest, not in play;
And now, my brother, pray let me depart
Ere they go mad like wolves athirst for blood,
And bring them to a council to renew
The broken wampum of their peace with you.
I then will send them to their distant homes
Each tribe of warriors, and will leave Detroit
Unchallenged in your hands for England's King,
Whom we shall serve and honour ever more."

The commandant saw through the wily words
And craft of Pontiac. The girl looked up
And whispered softly in his ear, "Beware!
He only seeks permission to depart!
Believe not Pontiac! Those fugitives
Dare not go home without a battle. He
Who promised victory the least of all!
For every woman in the land will cry,
'Where are the lodges garlanded with scalps
And prisoners for the torture from Detroit?
We longed to try the Saganosh with fire!
And you had promised it, false Pontiac!
And now return with empty hands, the scorn
Of every woman in the Indian land!'"

"I know it all!" the commandant replied,
And drew her shoulder to his manly breast.
"Thanks to your love for me, Detroit is safe;
But Pontiac I fear not: he shall go
To mix in the disorder of the tribes,
Whose deep mistrust of him will never cease
After the failure of the plot to-day."

He turned to Pontiac, who moodily
Stood mid his English guards, a prisoner,
And said to them, "Release him! let him go
In safety to his tribes, and bear to them
Our stern defiance if they still want war.
Peace only if they crave it, and return
Forthwith each band of warriors to their homes.

The chief glared savagely, and eye to eye
Looked at the commandant, and then the girl
Transfixed he with a glance of hate. "'Twas you!
You who betrayed me for the white man's sake!"
He spake in his own language. For reply
The girl said nothing; but with both her hands
Clasped Gladwyn's arm, looked at the chief and laughed.
He stamped upon the ground in mortal wrath
His well moccasined foot, and stalked away
With proud slow steps towards the distant camp,
Where all was wild commotion, fear and noise
Of thousand voices, like the mingled clang
Of caweens gathering for their vernal flight,
Migrating from Niagara to the floes
And icebergs heaving in the Arctic seas.

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## L'ENVOI.

Old Clifford closed the book with much unread,
For still its pages told of Pontiac—
How he rejoined his scattered warriors,
And with his fiery eloquence inflamed
Their spirits with fresh courage to return,
Besiege Detroit, and slay the Saganosh,
And burn the traitorous Indian girl with fire.

It told how they returned, and how Detroit
By land and water hemmed on every side,
Endured a hungry siege a year or more:
Till came the slow relief, fighting its way
With bloody oars impelled, the barges, full
Of men and food, through fleets of swift canoes
Made fiery lanes, and how Detroit was saved!
The victory! the landing! the relief!
Bread for the starving, powder for the brave,
Were carried in mid wildest shouts of joy
Of men and women—Gladwyn in the front,
Beside the Indian girl, to welcome them
With one last sally from the opened gates
Upon the savage hosts, which in dismay
Fled from the field to seek the forest shades
Of distant Wabash and of Illinois.

All this, too long to read, was left unread,
But Clifford added, "In my father's days
The tale was fresh, for he had pulled an oar
Through the red waters in the gallant barge
That bore the King's broad banner at the prow,
And led the way through lanes of blood and fire
And overturned canoes, and drowning men,
Until, with victory, they reached Detroit.

Thereafter, in the solitary woods
A wanderer and a hater of his kind,
Lived Pontiac, his one great end in life,
The expulsion of the English from the west,
In failure broke his spirit – broke his heart –
He drank the fire water until he died.
A boon companion, or, as some relate,
A vengeful foe with murderous knife or axe
Slew the unhappy chief in drunken brawl.

One made for greatness, in the name of good,
And half believing it, he fired men's souls
To share his passions and obey his will.
A born disturber, never rare when men
Are led by strong delusions in the name
Of justice, which is but a vain pretence
Of gains dishonest, with a lie that fills
The land with clamour, till the voice of God
Pronounces judgment on the evil age.

The hand of God alone—the Truth, the Life—
Can mould into an image of Himself
New men out of these stubborn natures. He
Alone regenerates the savage heart,
And spreads the table in the wilderness
For the communion of the bread and wine,
His blood and body, truth and love to all
Who worship him in spirit and in life :
Our godly missions are not all in vain.

# Bushy Run.

A. D. 1763.

WAS late in Autumn when the kindly sun,
Ruddy as with new wine, through golden mist
And incense smoke of Indian summer, shone
Like an illumination and a dream.
Upon the broad and shallow Muskingum
A row of giant sycamores, broad-leaved,
Piebald and bent with age, looked darkly down
Upon their shadows in the silent pools
And reaches of the river, now half dry
With summer drought, that waited for the rains
To turn its shallow stream to full-banked floods
That go to swell Ohio's turbid stream.

A broad Savannah where the waning grass
Seeded its seed, and tufts of golden-rod
Mingled its yellow with the azure blue
Of gentian, latest blossom of the year,
Lay like an oasis mid surrounding woods,
Through which there ran a path down to the bank,
Where women's voices singing mournfully,
And children's glee that will not understand
The elder's trouble, and the noise of dogs
And lowing oxen, spoil of war, uprose
On the still air, with smoke of wigwam fires,
That marked an Indian village sheltered there.

Out in the gracious sunshine of the day
Before the lodges idling, or at work
Easy as idling, which free nature loves,
Sats groups of women sideways, half disrobed,
But clothed with modesty from head to foot,
Bronze statuary of living flesh and blood
Such as the artist loves to meet afar
In native wildernesses, out of ken
Of life in cities and of haunts of men.
Amid the groups of red-skinned women sat,
Commingled with them, maids and children pale,
Of English blood and colour, with brown hair
Flowing upon their bosoms, covered with
Their innate modesty of sex and race—
Captives of war upon the rude frontiers,
The children of the daring pioneers.

Youth, ignorance of themselves and usage kind
In their adoption, had rubbed out the mark
And memory of their native homes, or left
A fleeting dream of it, as when we wake
And striving to remember, soon forget.
Yea, even their mother tongue forgotten, they
With long drawn liquid syllables conversed
In Indian speech together, or to sleep
Hushed the bound babes upon their cradle boards,
Knowing no other happiness than this—
Their very freedom in captivity.

Upon the river bank, and on the dry
Warm stones projecting from the shallow stream,
A score of tawny boys leaped in and out
The rippling water, or in deeper pools
Dived headlong in, and calling out by name
Each other in their language full of mirth
And laughter, which alone to man belongs
Of all God's creatures, mingled in their play
With white-skinned lads, who, like their sister girls,
Knew nothing better than the forest life
They led upon Muskingum's savage stream.
They loved the forest as the native born!
Relapse is easy, easier than to keep
The vantages we win. Our tree of life
Roots deep in earth, and still we love the broad
Old woodland solitudes. Our nature once
Was wild, and revels in its freedom still.

A lofty mound rose midway on the plain,
With five huge trees of ancient growth thereon,
Old oaks of centuries, landmarks, so they say,
Of false religions dead and passed away.
A broad flat summit with great ruined stones,
Fire-eaten, black and grim with age, was seen—
An altar of the old Aligewal,
The mythical mound-builders of the past,
The long forgotten nation, which has left
In the great valley of the west these marks
And sole memorials of their ancient race—
High places of idolatry and rites
Of bloody worship to the rising sun,
Where, on high festivals before the tribes,
Young men and maidens, purified and cleansed
By long lustrations, were brought forth to die
And on those altar stones were bound and slain.

At last there came a time which never fails
To come in judgment upon evil things.
The savage Iroquois, in mighty league,
Whose scanty virtues held a germ of faith
In justice and commandments once revealed
By Hiawatha to the banded tribes,
These like a tempest storming from the east
Came down upon the soft Aligewal,
And swept them with their cruel rites away,
Leaving these mounds, enigmas yet unsolved
Of the dumb darkness of the voiceless past.

Beneath the five huge trees a flashing spear
Showed where a watchman stood upon the mound,
Who listened eagerly to catch the sound
Of voices bringing victory in their cry.
But all was silent yet, although the air
Was thick with rumour, brought no one knew how,
Or where or whence. The birds unseen that fly,
Of woe forerunners, had already flown
Through the scared villages of Muskingum.
For rumour was, a battle had been fought
In the dense forests of the Bushy Run,
With victory for the tribes; but some said, "No!
The Saganosh had won!" and sounds of woe
Out of the sighing trees the dark night long
Were heard, bewailing as for warriors slain.

All was expectance in the Indian town.
The old men trembled doubtingly. They knew
The power and valour of the Saganosh.
The women, sure of victory, prepared
A feast of welcome for the warriors brave,
And tortures for the hapless prisoners brought
Into the camp, the gauntlet and the fire;
Or haply, if their woman's nature claimed
The right to ransom any, 'twas their due,
And sacred privilege, in all the tribes.

And now all ran together, as the news
Passed in and out the lodges, old and young,
None knew whence came the rumour or inquired.
It was enough it came, and was believed
With simple faith, the spirits of the slain
Had brought the news, as doleful ravens fly,
Through the blue expanse of the Indian sky.

The watcher with the spear upon the mound
Was seen to raise it fluttering aloft
With streamers, as a signal some one came;
Then vanished suddenly as he leaped down
Its scraggy sides, while distant sounds of woe,
Singing a death chant, struck the hearers dumb.
The wail was oft repeated, cry on cry,
Denoting loss on loss of warriors slain
Past count, and lost the reckoning of death.
All! all! the brave Miamis who had gone,
In flush of hoped for victory, to war,
Were killed or captive, save the very few
Wounded and fugitive from Bushy Run,
Who, with the death cry on their fevered lips,
Returned with messages of dire import
To all their nation from the Saganosh.

The village rushed to meet them, and ere long
A score of weary fugitives, unplumed,
Disarmed and spent with many a grievous wound,
Emerged from out the forest, and their cries
Were taken up and answered note for note
By all the women, as they rushed to learn
The bloody tidings, staring wildly through
The countless vacancies and broken lines
Of them they loved, the warriors of their pride
Left dead or captive on the battle field.

The watchman's spear came foremost of the rout,
The only spear was seen, and led them in,
The stricken warriors to council seats
In a great circle, where upon the ground
They sat surrounded by the women, men
And children of the town, who gathered in
As custom bade, to hear the direful news.
In solemn silence, motionless, except
The wringing of the hands unto the bone,
Bursting with sobs repressed the women stood
With all their children hanging to their robes.
In wondering ignorance of what it meant,
This sudden change of joy to deepest grief,
Learning the early lesson of despair
Which waits their race throughout their native land.

At last one rose among the fugitives,
A wounded chief, neck-circled with the claws
Of bears, a cloth about his loins, nought else
But war paint on him, as he left the fight
Of Bushy Run, where, taken captive, he
Was spared to bring the message that he brought
From the commander of the Saganosh.

"O, women, listen!" cried he, "and you men
Who are too old for battle. We have come
Through the dark forests, dragging painfully
Our wounded feet, to tell you all is lost!
Our western warriors, numerous as the reeds
Upon the river bank, bent all one way
Before the blast of war, fought till they died
To the last man almost, at Bushy Run!"

All gave a start, and as a passing wind
Upon the reeds had bent them all one way,
Their heads bowed to their knees, their bronzed hands
Outspread despairingly, clutched at the air
As if to grasp at something was not there.
But none cried out, except a few in pain,
Whose bursting breasts could not their grief restrain.

The chief grew faint, a warrior by him stood
Upon whose tawny shoulder he reposed
His wounded arm, and rested, and went on:
"Twas at the break of day, the English host,
Weary with marches and continual fights
With all our allied warriors, struck their tents
And stood in line of battle, one to five
Of our opposing tribes, who hemmed them in
As when our hunters drive the furious herds
Of bisons on the prairies of the west.
So hemmed we in the Saganosh that day,
When they broke camp amid the treacherous woods
And dark ravines and rocks of Bushy Run.
Our prophets prophesied a victory sure,
And the blue mountains in the distance stood
Uncapped of clouds to see the battle won
And all the host of Saganosh undone!

"The soldiers of the King who wear the red,
Had crossed the mountains, making roads to come
Where never foot of whiteman trod before,
With guns that roll on wheels, and horses backed
With warriors with long swords—Kitchi Komung—
And men bare-kneed, with bonnets eagle plumed,
And kilted, with their ponches worn before;
With drums and war pipes sounding down the line,
Of valour and of victory the sign.
So the white soldiers of the King. Our chiefs,
Boiling with valour from their frequent fights
And scalps with honour plucked from pioneers,
Far from the camp, grew overbold and rash,
Despite good warnings that to grasp a nest
Of angry hornets is not safe. Our chiefs,
Intoxicated with the feast and dance
And war drum's beat, madly resolved to storm
The English camp, and in one rush, slay all,
Spare none except the prisoners doomed to die
By torture at the stake, and death by fire.

"But they had wary chiefs those Saganosh—
Bouquet, the wisest, who commanded all—
And when the tribes bore down upon the front
Of his encumbered camp, with horses, men
And wagon trains in dire confusion mixed,
When victory was yelled from Indian throats,
And scalping knives plucked from their ready sheaths,
He turned the storm upon our flanks and rear!
For while we fought the Saganosh in front,
His savage Highlanders, the men in plaids,
Bare knees and bonnets, with a round of fire
And flashing bayonets and those great broadswords,
And shouts more terrible than Indian yells,
Ambushed us, where we hoped to ambush them!
By hundreds fell our warriors! No escape
From English bayonets and those Highland swords;
No quarter gave they, and we asked for none;
None we had given—none expected. I
Was wounded, as you see, and dragged headlong
Before Bouquet, who bade them spare my life.
A noble man, as generous as brave,
He spared and sent me on a message home
To all the tribes at war against the King.
He offered peace to all our tribes—alas!
I read upon his features ere he spake
The stern conditions of his grant of life
To those were spared, how few, I need not tell!
The old, old story followed hard upon
His victory. A hundred leagues of land
He took as fine and forfeit to the King,
And there was none to say him 'No!' Our best
And bravest warriors lay before his feet
Dead and unburied, on the Bushy Run."

The old men listened speechless, while a groan
As of despair struggled for utterance
In their bronze bosoms; for of yore they too
Had been brave warriors who defied all foes,
And never cry of anguish left their lips.
The women, heeding less the loss of lands
Than of their loved ones slain, rose to their feet
With outstretched hands and shrieks of wild despair;
But he continued the stern message sent
Of superadded woe to all the tribes:

"The great chief of the Saganosh proclaims
That on a day, upon the Muskingum,
He will march in his army to receive
All English captives, taken far or near,
Of every age and sex, however long
They have been held or joined by Indian law
In marriage or adoption, bond or free,
Made of one blood and household; every one
From every corner of the Indian land,
From every nation that has ever warred
Against the English, shall be given up
To be returned to their own native homes,
To learn again the language of their youth,
The customs of their fathers, long forgot;
To hate, may be, the kindly Indian life
And Indian love without hypocrisy,

Which made them one with us, and they returned
Our love, and in the freedom of our woods
Would willingly be left to live and die.

The English army with their chiefs, and men
From all the Provinces, who write with pen
And paper things which we, with memory
That never fails, remember, or record
With wampum in our councils—will encamp
A year and day from now, to gather in
The captives theirs by birth, by breeding ours.
All must be given up! not one be left
Born of an English mother—men and boys,
Women and girls, the fair haired rosy ones!
Who twine like vines about our Indian hearts
And love their foster fathers as their own.
All shall be reft from us and given up
To those who know them not, and cannot speak
The kindly language of the forest tribes.

The Saganosh will grant no peace, except
On these conditions; that our captives all
Be gathered in, restored and given up,
Weeping, may be, but sent to their old homes,
Forgotten now by them, in vales beyond
The blue ridge of the Appalachian hills.
Yea, to captivity a second time,
Among strange kindred who will hate them for
Their Indian speech, and ways, and love for us,
And love them only when they learn to hate
Us and the free life of our forest homes."

The Chief, his message ended, and forespent
With wounds and weariness, upon the grass
Dropped like an eagle by the hunter hit,
When his high nest is tumbled from its crag
And all his eaglets scattered on the ground.
The captive children scarcely understood
The message he had brought, but joined their cries
With those of their adopted mothers, who
The children's frightened faces held and pressed
Close to their bosoms, and with mantles hid
The sorrows which they knew not to assuage.

A word devoid of meaning Freedom seemed
To them who revelled in its native home;
And restoration to their natural kin
Seemed banishment to strangers, long forgot,
Who came to claim them with the anger spot
Of vengeance on their foreheads for their crime
Of loving love, more than estranged kin.
The freedom of the woods was dear to them—
Part of their nature. Earth and air and clouds,
And flowers, and waters, and all things that lived
And lay about them, seemed a part of them,
To be the expression of the life within,
Respondent each to other, as the eye
Responds to light, the heart to warmth of love.
With love warm as the fountains that spring up,
Bubbling with health amid Virginian hills,
The captive children said they would remain
And never see their English homes again!

## THE DELIVERANCE.

The English colours, first for freedom ever,
Flew for deliverance in the Ohio woods.
A year and day passed since the war begun
By Pontiac was closed at Bushy Run.
It was a time of mad confusion. Woe
Among the forest tribes, and those afar
Out in the sunshine of the treeless plains,
Who drank the waters of the Illinois.
A hundred Indian runners to and fro
Carried the English General's stern command,
On pain of death to bring the captives in!
However far, however many, few,
Or age or sex, to bring the captive in!
After a year and day the English camp
Would pitch in permanence at Muskingum,
Until the last white captive was brought in.

Upon the morning of that Autumn day
The army came upon a King's highway
Cut through the savage wilderness, and pitched
Their camp, row after row of snowy tents,
In the Savannah of the Muskingum,
A goodly sight; line after line it stretched
In true diagonals, with entrenched flanks
And sentries pacing round on every side.

The drums and trumpets filled the savage woods
With martial music—since the world began
Not heard before upon the Muskingum.
Bold horsemen first and scouts of nimble feet
Broke from the forest skirts, and led the way,
Followed by rank on rank of Saganosh,
The red coat soldiers, veterans of the war,
Now plumed with victory, and Highland men
From the wild Grampians, stalwart, bare of limb,
And terrible with battle cries, and pipes
That screamed in fight as wild as Indian yells.

In the autumnal month, the last that holds
The Indian summer in its bosom, ere
The wet soft snow falls gently on the earth,
A year and day from Bushy Run, the tribes,
Warned and forewarned, dared not to disobey,
But brought their captives in, to earn the price
Of their deliverance, pardon, rest and peace.

A camp beside the soldiers' camp was set,
With rows of empty tents, and dainty food
By loving hands prepared, such as of old
Had spread their fathers' tables; clothing too,
To dress the captives, and exchange the garb
Of savage life for civilized, to meet
The expected kindred they had lost so long,
And hear again their native English tongue.

A train of wagons drawn by twos and fours
Of lusty horses of the pioneers,
With men and women, followed hard upon
The English march. From all the waste frontiers
The kinsfolk of the captives come to claim

Their own lost children of the years of war.
Beneath their palms they looked with eager gaze
When near the camp, to see a pale face child,
A prattling voice that spoke the English tongue,
A voice—yea, one child's cry—had been enough
To fill their throats with sympathetic tears.
Rough though they were, in farmers' dress, with hands
Hard with the helves of axes, years of grief
Had softened their rude nature, and refined
The manly faces of the pioneers.
There is a beauty born of tender love
And sorrow for the lost, with faith in hope
That time will right all wrongs, in God's own way.
That beauty on the mourners' faces sat,
As they awaited, silently and long,
The signal gun of the deliverance,
To summon them to come and claim their own.

West of the English camp, the Indian tribes
Had pitched their lodges in the shady woods,
Now turned to gold and crimson with the leaves
Fast dropping over them. Kind Nature's hand
Was strewing all the earth with emblems sear
Of her compassion for the dying year.
Of many tongues and moccasins, allies
In the great war of Pontiac, the tribes
Conquered in battle at the Bushy Run,
Waited the signal of the midday gun.

They stood and scowled, reluctant to come in,
Shorn of their war plumes, and unpainted, sad
And loth and angry that they had to yield
Their captives, now their children, who upon
Their foster mothers' bosoms clung and wept,
And wondered what would happen them among
Their strange white kindred, who came to enfold
Them in their arms—perhaps with scornful gaze
Would thrust them from them and in a speech unknown
The youthful savages refuse to own.

But vain their fears, for human nature strong
In their dear kindred who had come so far
To claim the captives, never would debar
One from its just inheritance, the love
Of fathers and of mothers, who bewailed
Their lost ones, and of kinsman of their blood
And that mysterious knot of brotherhood
Which makes a people and a nation one.
The mighty love of a strong hearted race,
Compassionate as giants, for their own
Would never fail, forsake or leave to die
One in the wilderness, however far,
Without a thousand lives for one well spent
For honour, duty and love's sacrament.

Their dreams for many years had filled their arms
With images of sleeping babes, which morn,
Envious of night, turned into nothingness,
Leaving them more bereaved, still more forlorn.
But when the thunders of the Bushy Run
Were echoed for a thousand miles and woke
The fears of all the forest tribes, and more,

The hopes of the despairing pioneers
For rescue of their kindred and return
Of peace and safety to their ravaged homes,
The fresh grass timidly began to grow
Upon the war paths, as the order ran
And overran the desolate frontiers,
That all should follow and reclaim each one
Their long lost children and their captive kin.

Before the General's tent a lofty mast
Cut from Ohio pine bore proudly up
The old red cross of England in the breeze,
For freedom and deliverance and return
Of all the captives to their native homes.
The General, leaning on his sheathed sword,
Grave, just and full of pity, foremost stood,
To grant, refuse, or order what was right,
With patience, justice, and an equal ear
To every pleading, or from red or white.
Upon a rough camp table by his side
Lay papers, books and lists of every tribe,
With all their captives claimed, and pen in hand,
Sat secretaries, quick to hear and note
The questions, answers, and the judgments given,
While true interpreters, with gift of tongues
Stood ready to interpret all was said,
In many languages, which, wide apart,
Still spoke as one to every human heart.

The sun shone brightly out upon the throng
Of broken Indian warriors who came in—
Not slavishly, though conquered—grave and sad,
Their women blanketed in blue, with babes
Tied on their cradle boards, and clutching hard
With bronzed hands as loth to let them go,
Their children by adoption, girls and boys
Blooming with health, blue eyed and flaxen haired,
Who to them clung, and gazed with awe and fear
Upon the red coat soldiers' rank and file,
Who formed a spacious square, with ordered arms
And glittering bayonets, round the council board.
The Indian warriors entered one by one
The martial court of judgment, every man
With his own bunch of sticks of every size,
The number of the captives he restored.

Upon the General's right the eager throng
Of jostling kinsmen were by sentries checked,
That no unseemly act disorder bred,
When they beheld with eyes of filling tears
Their children lost to them for years and years.
Upon the left the captives stood in rows,
Bleached white with fear, holding the robes or hands
Of their fond foster parents, who behind
Them whispered words of comfort as they could,
Words of farewell, and sorrow and despair.
Fierce were the looks and angry, which were cast
Upon the Indians by the pioneers,
Inflamed the more as often as they saw,
With jealous eyes, the signs of love that passed
Between the foster parents and the rows
Of captive children dressed in Indian garb
Of choicest work of love from head to foot.

They brought the captives in by ones and twos,
For recognition by the eager crowd
Of kinsmen waiting with such open eyes
As never in the world were seen before,
Eyes blue or black, the shape of nose or chin,
Figure and face and forehead, tint of hair,
Each trait and form and motion, gestures full
Of old familiar memories of their homes,
Were scanned, and when discovered, suddenly
A woman's scream was heard, a rush to see
If she was right—a name, of all names dear,
Cried wildly from the unforgotten past,
A grasp of hands, a kiss, a fond embrace,
An old pet name of long and long ago,
Repeated and repeated, till it woke
Response out of the widely staring eyes,
A flash of recollection, like the sun
Returning on the long dark polar night.
And then a cry of Indian women rose
Oft as their foster children turned to kiss
Their natural kinsfolk, and then bade farewell,
Farewell forever, to their forest life.

Each captive as delivered came to touch
The General's hand, whose clasp was liberty,
Whose word was law, and by him kindly given
Each one to his own kinsmen; but alas!
Many unknown and knowing not themselves,
The General called *his own*, and these into
His hospitable tent with others passed,
Where all were cared for, comforted and clad
In English garments, and with wondering ears,
Not understanding, heard their native tongue.
The crowd of captive children stood amazed,
Shrinking, defiant, frightened at the press
Of fathers, mothers, and of all degrees
Of kith and kin they knew not, looking oft
With weeping eyes towards the Indian throng,
Who with impatience heard the interpreters
Slowly explain the mutual words were said.

One came and stood before the General then;
Led by the chief, still halting from his wound,
Who brought the message home from Bushy Run.
A fair haired blue eyed girl, lovely of face,
Slender and supple as the rush that stands
Out of the mirror of the placid pool
Among the water lilies, not less fair;
English, they said, but no one knew her birth,
Or blood or breeding in her cradle land,
And every word of language she had known,
Except the Indian tongue, was lost, and blank
Was every memory of her native home;
An Indian girl in heart and heart's desire,
Her white skin glistened through the Indian robe
That opened as she lightly trod the ground.
Clasping her foster father's hand, she came
Before the General modestly, and looked
With calm indifference at a woman's face,
Who scanned her closely with devouring eyes,
With hands outstretched, and foot advanced, as if

To spring towards her, but who stood in check
At sight of the repulsion in the looks
Of the white captive girl, who gave no sign
Of wish to know her; nay, indignantly
At last, turned from her with a glance of scorn.

Was she mistaken, this fond mother? No!
The girl was like as young could be to old,
In form and feature, and spectators said
This must be Gertrude, who was rudely snatched
Out of her baby cradle in the raid
Made by the wild Miamis and the French,
When Braddock bravely chose to die among
His gallant soldiers ambushed in the wood
Beside Monongahela's rocky flood.

The captive girl again disdainfully
Looked at the group, not knowing what they said,
And with aversion turned from them and clasped
Her foster father by the arm, and cried,
Somewhat impetuous, as her nature was:

"I will not leave you, father! nor your lodge!
The only home I love, or wish to know.
I will not leave it as the swallows leave
Their nests when summer fades and leaves turn brown.
I am your daughter and none else I know,
Or wish to know; I have no kndred left
With whom the memory of me remains,
Or whom I can remember. Vainly I
Have ransacked all my thoughts of infant years
To recollect one face, one word, one thing
That ever looked at me out of the dark
Oblivion of my babyhood—one look
Of loving eyes, one place of home of mine,
Other than in our lodges where we dwell
Beside Muskingum's peaceful, placid stream."

As spake the girl, not far away a flute
Down in the bushes of ripe alder full
Of clusters, sounded plaintively and low
And sweet, yet sad and hopeless, as the note
Of whippoorwill reiterated oft
In the soft gloaming of a summer eve;
Such airs as fill the Indian maids with ruth
And pity for their lovers calling them
With scrannel notes made music to their ears.
The maiden knew the air and whose the breath
That filled the flute with sad refrains of love,
And for a time forgot the passing scene,
Forgot the staring eyes, the trembling hands,
The whispered words or loud, from lip to lip,
Of her white mother and her kinsfolk near,
Who stood in growing certainty, as if
Ready to rush and seize her as their own.
But something checked them in the girl, a look
Of proud repulsion kept them back; but she
Who was her mother would not yield her faith.
She came and drew with eager hands the hair
Back from the maiden's forehead, held her cheeks
Between her trembling palms, and looked into
Her eyes and face with steadfast look and long,
As if to take her image in, to death.

The girl gazed at her mother and repelled
The touch upon her blushing cheek, and said,
"I do not know you!" in her Indian tongue,
"This is my father, and my mother, this!
I know no other, I have no wish to know
And want no other." Then she seized the hands
Of both her foster parents: "These I love,
With these I live, with these I hope to die
In the free forests of the Muskingum!"

As word by word her speech passed through the lips
Of the interpreter, and met the ear
Of her true mother, who had one by one
Seanned in her features every line and mark
To full eonviction that this was her child,
As one caught in a snow storm in a wild,
Dark, misty night, and choked with whirling drifts,
So was her mother strieken with the cold,
Defiant breath of her she knew her child,
Who loved no more her mother, nor her kin,
Those lips that from her tender breast had sucked
The milk of infaney, whose smiles had caught
From her fond eyes a glimpse of open heaven—
Forgotten! O forgotten, every trace
Of reeognition of her mother's face!

Her kinsmen stood, half angry at her words,
And doubted strongly what they had believed.
"This could not be their Gertrude!" cried they, No!
Some wilding shoot of lawless life was she;
For nature's self eould not so ehange the blood
Of one born of their name that she preferred
The Indian lodge, the Indian garb and tongue,
To life at home and civilized attire.
She was no daughter of the house that stood
With open door for many and many a year,
Awaiting one to come who never eame,
The child out of the cradle lost, and now
Forever lost, for this eould not be she!

They all stood silent then and knew not how
To reaeh this heart, obdurate to them all.
Then spake the General gravely, as his eyes
Rested with pity on the mother's faee—
He read thereon the secret of the truth:
This was her child! and he himself would try
To find the meaning of the mystery,
And bring the girl to knowledge of herself,
And recollection of her mother, whom
He questioned then most searchingly, to tell
By whom and where and how she lost her ehild—
Rent from her struggling arms that lurid night
When every roof-tree blazed, and tracked with blood
Were all the settlements of Shenandoah.

Then turning kindly to the captive maid,
Who stood as eold as snow, with frigid eyes
Indifferent to all was said or done,
With one hand pressed she down her mantle's edge
Upon her bosom, and one foot withdrew
Not to approaeh too near the woman, who
Had elaimed her daringly as her own child.

Shrewdly the General thought, "Although the eye
Is surest witness of the things of sight,
The ear is surer to recall the tones
And catch the voices of the long ago.
Words still work miracles, as when the world
And all things in it, by the Word were made.
Words stir the memory of our earliest love,
In winged words of a forgotten lay
Back to the dawn of childhood's farthest day."

Then to the captive maid, and with a smile,
"Sit down," he said, "upon the grass and rest
Your hands and face upon the woman's breast,"
And to the mother, bade her sit beside
The captive girl, who half obeyed his words
And half refused, but wondering out and in
What meant the Saganosh? what meant the look
That fascinated her and held her bound
Beneath her mother's eyes? what meant the sound
So musical and sweet that from her lips
Fell like an incantation on her ear?
A melody as of a happy dream
Recalled she knew not whence, or when or how.
The wise old General knew the secret springs
That move the heart to ruth, and as he bade,
Her mother sang her cradle song again,
The long forgotten strain of long ago.

"Hush! my babe! lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed,
Heavenly blessings without number
Falling gently on thy head!"

With faltering voice and quivering lips she sang,
So full of love the sweet and saintly hymn
First heard in infancy from mother's lips
Of all our English race, upon the ear
Of the young girl; it held her spell bound, while
She listened wonderingly to words and sound
That opened long shut doors of memory,
Like one awakening from a night long sleep,
And sent a thrill so sweet it felt like pain.

Again her mother's voice, weak in its fear
Lest this last trial was in vain, went on.
Clutching her daughter's hands while ran the tears
From their hot fountain down her withered cheek,
She trembling sang, like one that fasts and prays
And scarcely hopes for answer to her prayer.

"Soft, my dear, I do not chide thee,
Though my song may sound too hard,
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee
And her arms shall be thy guard."

The mother bent and kissed the passive cheek
That lay upon her lap, no longer turned
In hot resentment, but subdued by love.
Music and words surged through the maiden's soul,
Her heart was striving with new consciousness
Of long forgotten things, as in the waves
Of shipwreck, faces that we know are seen

Emerging from the deep, and hands lift up
Their prayer for help—so lay the sobbing girl
In agony of knowledge. She, upon
Her mother's knees, looked upward and her eyes
Were caught as by a talisman and held
By something she remembered to have seen;
A silver bauble, set with coral, hung
Suspended on her mother's breast, a toy
With subtle thoughtfulness of mother's love
Placed there; she knew it! touched it! kissed!—and as
The cradle hymn flowed in her eager ear
The words less strange and still less strange appear.
One word of it she caught and in her heart
Interpreted, and rising on her knees
Flung both arms round her weeping mother's neck
And kissed her, and with voice all heard cried out,
"My mother! O, my mother!" nothing more,
She knew but that one word of childhood's lore,
That comprehends all love of earth and heaven—
Yes, she remembered now her English tongue!
"Mother! my mother!" and it was enough!

All looked with tears of sympathy upon
This scene of Nature's own enacting. "Yea!"
Exclaimed her kinsfolk one and all, "Tis she!
She knows her mother!" "Yes, and I know her!
My long lost Gertrude! now again my own!"
Replied the enraptured mother as she pressed
Her to her heart, and with her hands caressed.

The Indian foster parents with dismay
Watched all her movements, and knew but too well
Their loved one lost to them, as she embraced
The mother she confessed before them all!
The General raised his hand to clear the mist
That gathered in his brave and steady eyes.
Pleased with his stratagem, he bade them go,
The girl in her new freedom, and the rest,
With words of kind advice. Her Indian kin
With gifts were loaded, and all sent away,
To make place still for others, for a throng
Of captives standing waiting to be free.

The gaunt old Chief showed no emotion, but
Stood up before the General, "You," said he,
"I know to be a man, as I am one,
For you have conquered fairly, and I yield
My arms to you. When hopeless is the field
And all is lost, 'tis good to bury deep
The useless hatchet, when a noble foe
Whom we can trust and know to be a man
Shall offer peace and friendship to our tribes,
As he who conquered us at Bushy Run.
Take our dear girl! Although our hearts are sore
At parting with her; it is right and just
That I who took her captive, when a babe,
Return her now a maiden, pure and good,
Trained in the virtues of our forest tribes.
Permit me only to fulfil one wish,
To give her gifts—broad lands of hill and dale
Beside this river, which she loves so well.
Lands of our nation which we will not sell

We give to her and hers, while water runs
And grass grows on the prairies ever more.

A time will come when those who follow here
The Saganosh, the soldiers of the King,
Will not regard the treaty you have made,
Nor any treaty with our Indian tribes,
But hold us less than wolves, a common prey
For all who choose to take our lands away!
But all is ours as yet. I lift my hand
And close it in the air—I grasp the wind:
But standing on the solid ground, my feet
I press upon it, all is firm and hard,
And by this wampum belt I give to her
Ten thousand squares of acres high and low,
Upon Muskingum's bank, as she shall choose,
To be her portion, near or far away,
Which while a red man lives of all our tribe
Will be held sacred to the end of days.
And you shall be her guardian, Saganosh,
To see that none of your own race and hue
Take from her what I give in trust to you!"

The girl with many tears and loving words
Embraced her foster father, whom she kissed
On hands and cheek, and all her Indian kin,
With sad farewell; held fast her mother's hand
As if she feared to lose it; then retired
Into the tents set for the captives who
Were that day freed upon the Muskingum.

The business of the day went on. The rest
Of all the captives were delivered up,
Claimed and unclaimed—the last, alas! not few,
And most unhappy, with no friends to greet,
No homekept memories, no love to cheer,
Save the rough pity of the Saganosh,
The soldiers soft of heart though rude of speech,
Who cared for them as if they were their own.

All were delivered up—man, woman, child,
To the last one; and then the books were shut.
A loud salute of cannon and the roll
Of English drums that beat for Justice ever
Filled the wild air with glad triumphal noise.
The troops marched to their camp, to end the day
With feasting fit and merry, while a sad
And slow procession of the Indian tribes
Entered the gloomy forest whence they came,
To mourn the loss of their adopted ones
And brood upon the doom hung o'er their race

The General to his tent with heart to feel
For both, that all were human and alike,
Were equally God's creatures—white and red—
Sat down and with his friends fared temperately,
And talked far in the night of good deeds done,
And less of slaughter than of lives were saved,
And most of all the triumph of to-day,
The great Deliverance of the Bushy Run.

## L'ENVOI.

Old Clifford closed the book, and read no more;
But mused and smiled by turns, like cloud and sun
Upon an April day of mottled sky,
Prefiguring the summer by and by.
"What think you of it, brother?" to the chief
He spake, beside him. "Full a hundred years
Have come and gone since that deliverance:—
How is it with the prophecy of doom
Was spoken in Muskingum's forest glades,
When yet the pioneers, afraid to cross
The mountain barriers to the pathless west,
Held back their multitudes until the way
Was opened by the soldiers of the King?"

The chief turned sadly to him and replied:
"I know full well that prophecy of doom.
In all our tribes we count a hundred years
Of fraud and force, and all those western lands
Have been rent from us with a fatal curse
That will not leave them to the end of time.
'A century of dishonour,' more than full
Of broken treaties, exile, hunger, death,
Has raged in cruelty against the tribes
Whose evil fate it was to own the land
The pale face coveted, and seized and kept
With unclean hands that dripped with Indian blood.
Not so with us in happier Canada,
Where right and justice 'neath the sceptered rule
Of her whose natal day we celebrate,
Prevail in all your dealings with our race,
Where never covenant chain was broken yet,
Nor treaty torn, nor foul disparagement
Done to our people, who, in war or peace,
Are therefore true to you forever more.
With quickened souls we learn from you who know,
Things wise and good, and by degrees throw off
The robe of skins and dress ourselves like you,
And lay aside the bow, and till the soil;
The plough, and not the hatchet, in our hands.
Thus love we our dear country and rise up
To the full height of subjects of our Queen."

"Yea! 'tis well said!" cried Clifford, "and a day
Will come of recognition, gratitude
And pride in the achievements of your race.
Your noble chiefs, Brant and Tecumseth, both
Will stand in bronze in our great cities, with
The honours of our annals, as of men
Who helped to keep this land, nor feared to die
For Britain's Empire in the Western World."

And now the games were ended, and the play,
In which both sides had lost and won the day,
Finished with feasting, music and a dance
Upon the lawn of Paradise. The sun
Set in the western woods, kindling a blaze
Of glory like a bonfire of the world.
By twos and threes and tens, a merry train
Wended their way to town, across the plain
Of old Fort George; their moving shadows stretch

To lengths portentous on the glistening grass.
The sunlit tower of old St. Mark's still shone
Above the sombre pines, while all its bells
Broke out in harmony – a charming peal
That filled the air with music all the way
To close the revels of the Queen's Birthday.

SPRING.

# Stony Creek.

"For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime:
Young Lycidas, who hath not left his peer;
Who would not sing for Lycidas?" *Milton.*

## PART FIRST.

SHAMEFUL and ungenerous war, at best,
Waged ruthlessly despite the wise and good,
Too few to hinder it, had been declared
Against our King and country, in the name
Of that false Liberty, whose Phrygian cap
Set up on naked poles, proclaimed a birth,
Servile and alien to our kindred blood;
To all the great traditions of our race
In Freedom nurtured, as her true born sons.
Spring came, and wolfish winter fled amain.
Not unregretted; for thick rumours ran
Of armies gathering to invade us, when
The snow-drifts melted and the ice gave way
That long had barred our coasts. The savage war
Had been suspended by a truce, while lay
Our foes in frozen camps, sore stricken down
'Neath Brock's victorious sword that won Detroit,
And, flashing out again on Queenston Heights,
Passed them beneath the yoke, a captive host,
Making the red earth redder, where he fell,
And gave his own pure life that we might live.
Our Country's tears had fallen copiously
From hearts surcharged with sorrow, o'er his grave
Ungrassed as yet, 'mid guns and piled up balls,
Within a rugged bastion of Fort George.
There lay our soldier statesman, whose brave words
Had rung in trumpet tones throughout the land,
Bidding us rise for country and for King!
No vain appeal! For, like a forest fire
That makes its fuel as it rages on,
It seized all hearts—made each Canadian ten,
In strength and valour to resist the foe,
And guard from spoil their homes and native land.
The sun ascending the clear heights of May
Flooded the sky with silvery splendour, while
The earth stirred warm beneath the vital heat
And woke to life the flowers, to joy the birds—
The birds that come in flocks like happy thoughts
To happy hearts—singing from tree to tree,
Mate answering mate, or fluttering two and two
In shady bowers secluded build their nests.
The tinkling cow-bells far within the woods,
With hum of insects many, caught the ear,
Beneath the young-leaved trees, all pale as yet
With pure and virgin freshness. The lush grass
In every glade and meadow, ankle deep,
Sprang up spontaneously—the gift of God
To His clean creatures made for use of man,
Besides great things and small, in varied forms
All for our sake created and called good.

Where Lake Ontario lays his stately head
In the broad lap of hills, that stretch away
To the long slopes of Flamboro', forest clad
With oak and beach, and many a spiry pine
Fast rooted on the crags, in high survey,
There stood a country mansion, broad and low;
Its walls, hewn from the forest, were well seen,
In neatness, purity and taste, to be
The home refined of some true gentleman.
Amid the broad surroundings of a farm,
Cleared from the wilderness in bygone years,
Were marks of culture and of woman's hand
Outside and in, that pleased the passer by.
Its trellised roses, clumps and shaven lawn,
With bowls to play the good old-fashioned game
Played by our ancestors, denoted ease,
Good humour, and good neighbourhood. And more:
A fair girl's face, so lovely and refined,
Canadian of an English stock—you knew
It was no other—from the lattice looked
Down the long sloping meadows, where a brook
Brawled loudly 'mid the stones that checked its course;
A cold, clear stream, where oft at early dawn
The lightfoot does would stop and slake their thirst,
Then lead their fawns back to the grassy nooks
Of glades well hidden from the hunter's eye.
A girl's face, still a woman's; her dark eyes,
Made for all joys, were moist with tears. Some grief
That comes to loving hearts had come to hers.
But newly come, in sooth. Her maiden cheek—
Wild roses not more delicate of hue—
Had paled a shade or two. Her sunny smile,
The brightest ever flashed from woman's face,
Was for the first time ousted of its right
To dance amid the dimples. While a sigh,
In place of laughter, unreproved escaped
Her sweet, half-opened and expectant lips.
Her hands, more shapely than the sculptor's art
E'er carved on Parian marble, were close clasped,
And only sundered, as from time to time
She swept her dark hair back, to catch again
A sound like distant thunder in the air,
While moved her lips as if in silent prayer.
Her eyes were fixed upon the placid lake
That lay in its immensity of blue,
Enlarging ever broader from the hills
And tree-clad promontories. On the top
Of one a beacon smoked—a mighty cloud,
Thick, black and startling, rose to heaven's height—
The signal of invasion! While the boom
Of distant cannon shook the silent air;
A heavy, deadly sound, that gathered up
A train of solemn echoes—passing o'er
The woods and waters of Ontario.
"O, mother! mother! listen!" cried the girl,
With anguish in her face, and upraised hands,
While fell her hair down in a sable flood:—
"Another day of battle! O, Great God!
Who gives us fathers, brothers, for our love,
Who cannot die for them, as they for us!"
Her mother sat immovable; a pain,
As of old wounds re-opened, rent her breast,

For she had seen the storms of war before,
Sweep down the Mohawk vales, where she was born,
Amid the castles loyal to the King.
"God give them victory!" the mother said,
"And spare those lives far dearer than our own!
It sounds like battle, but may only be
Rejoicing in the camp."
"Nay, but it is!
There's iron in the air!" the girl replied,
And clasped her mother round the neck. "I know
The sound of battle from rejoicing; since
We heard them both on Queenston's bloody day.
O, for a messenger to bring us news
That all is well!"
Some men who passed in haste
To their alarm posts, told her: They had heard
"Old Newark was assailed. The hostile fleet
That erewhile ravaged York, but failed to hold
The capital, had sailed again, to land
An army of ten thousand on our shores!
Our men were few and overmatched; but yet
The cannon booming faster, faster, told
A tale of desperate resistance. Not
Till all lay dead on the Canadian shore
Should Dearborn land his host," the men averred,
And forthwith hastened to their rallying place.
The boom of distant cannon—peal on peal,
Kept on with ever-shorter interval,
The tremor shook the house, still more the hearts
Of its lone inmates—that fair girl we saw,
And her fond mother—as they knelt in prayer,
And wept and pleaded for God's help to aid
Those near and dear to them who had gone down
To fight their country's battles with their foes.
For father, brothers, one—for husband, sons,
The other—prayed. Five from that happy home
Had joined the camp at Newark, days ago;
The yeomen of the land, well trained and ranked
With royal troops, a choice but very few,
Assembled there to meet the multitude,
Who, rumor said, were coasting up the lake,
Ten thousand strong, to take the loyal town.
No man had flinched. It was not in their blood
To yield to any—least of all to those
Once ranked as rebels to the Crown; and still
Friends of its foes, and foes of all its friends.
And there was none to tell how went the fight;
No news that all were safe for whom they prayed;
If all were spared they loved; and Isa clasped
Her hands in anguish, for full well she knew
Where hottest raged the battle on the shore
Would one be found who loved her, in despite
Of maiden coyness and reserve, that feared
Herself far more than him. Her love was gone
Forever to young Basil of "The King's,"*
Who won her, ere she knew how weak her heart
In secret was for Basil; though, in sooth,
For reasons good, she trembled to avow
The love that should not be; that takes the eye
Of woman, ere she asks the reason why.

* The 8th, or King's Regiment, famous in American warfare.

The beacons flamed and smoked with gathering wrath,
Far down the coast on point and headland grim,
And still the distant cannon jarred the air
With dull reverberations—sounds of woe
To loving ears that listened—raised fresh prayers
Of anxious women, after each discharge,
For those whose lives were dearer than their own,
For their dear country, dearer still than all,
And victory upon their nation's foes—
For loyal to their very garments' hem
Were our Canadian women in those days;
As they are now—and will be evermore.
The sun shone out, nor hasted to go down,
However eager eyes longed for the hour,
To end the battle with the shades of night,
As once on Gibeon, where he stood all day
'Gainst prayers of stricken men, and would not set,
To save the Amoritish host, that fled
Before the sword of Joshua, and still
More terrible, the stones of heaven that fell—
(God's truth that smites rank falsehood on the brain)
To save the humblest servants of the Lord,
Who only do His work, and ask not why,
Bring wood and water to His altar; they
Are His peculiar care, His Gibeonites,
Although not children of His covenant;
For them His greatest wonderwork was done!
The broad grey sky stretched endlessly away,
Without a cloud to dapple it, save one
Long purple bed that lay low in the west,
Befringed with gold, lifted from under heaven
To make the glorious couch of setting day.
The apple trees, asnow with blossom, stood,
A revelation of the inner world,
Whence comes their beauty, to the eyes of man,
Too often slow to catch the half it means.
The green grass in the meadows glowed more green
As fell the sunset rays athwart the land;
The crocus, daffodil, and cowslip pale,
The violet, that shyest babe of Spring,
Peeping and spying from its tufts of leaves,
Together mixed their perfume with the breath
Of evening, while the bushes were astir
With new-come summer birds, that flashed their wings
And sang so joyfully it wrought a pain
To hearts untuned to hear their gladsome lays.
For very desolate to-day appeared
The land, and deaf to music were the ears
Intent to catch the tidings no man brought,
"How went the battle?" and the women stood
Pale-lipped, with eyes that just held back the tears,
Like Sisera's mother at the lattice, far
Gazing along the hills, crying in pain,
"Why come no tidings? Have our men not sped?
Our loyal men who went down to the fight
With hearts brave as their love was tender? Oh!
God give them victory, whose cause is just!
Defending hearth and home 'gainst ruthless foes—
For King and country dying, if they must!
While their true women hope, and fear, and trust,
And deck their chambers with the freshest flowers,
And spread the couches soft for their repose,

Sharing their weal and woe unto the end."
The cannon ceased. They knew the fight was done,
And now the silence seemed more terrible
Than sounds of battle. Evening came, and night,
And still they watched; those faithful women all,
Till morn returned, when every flower and tree
Watered the earth with dripping dew, like tears,
As over some great sorrow that befell.
Then horsemen spurring came, all blood and mire,
With news: "The foe had landed! Newark town
Was in their hands! Its shores strewn with the dead
Of hundreds of our country's bravest men
Who fell in its defence, and hundreds more
Of foes on land and water. Everywhere
Was reaped Death's bloody harvest, and the town
Was filled with dead and dying. Sullenly,
Retreating mile by mile to Burlington,
Our troops fall back, to rest and spring afresh
Upon the host that follows them—perchance
To its destruction: and so may it be!"
"And so it will be!" said the men; but who
Were safe and who had fallen they but knew
In part, yet glad to answer cheerfully
The agonizing question from the heart
That plucked reply, and would not be denied,
Till every name, but one, was mentioned o'er.
"The men of Flamboro' were safe," they said,
When last they saw them rearward in retreat,
Fronting the enemy with blow for blow.
But one name was unmentioned. All the while
It trembled on the lips of that fair girl,
Like moonlight on a ripple. Could you read
Love's language in its own true syllables,
As angels speak it, or as men once spake
The speech of Eden with one tongue ere they
Fell into discord upon Shinar's plain,
You might have read that name on Isa's lip—
The name beloved of Basil of "The King's."

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## PART SECOND.

Next day the army came in slow retreat,
With stubborn ranks, like the ten thousand Greeks,
Though scarce ten hundred, numbered man by man.
They pitched their camp, and turned and stood at bay,
Across the Isthmus sheer on either side,
Amid the marshes (more than mountain tops
The refuges of freedom in all time),
And there bade stern defiance to the foe,
Who followed with wild fanfare of parade
And banners, drums, and proclamations thick
As snowflakes when the flocks are driven down
The mountain side—a noisy rout—nor know
What doom awaits them in the lowland plains.
The father now, and brothers, for a day
Had leave to quit the camp to visit home,
To fold and be enfolded in the arms,
Beloved and loving, of the dear ones there,
Who met them at the gate far down the lawn,
With tears of joy and kisses. One short hour

Of such a meeting to those loyal hearts
Repaid them for all toils and dangers run.
And one more came and joined the eager group
Upon the broad verandah, where the theme
Was of the war, its losses, glories, gains,
And all the incidents of land and lake,
With sighs of tender pity for the maimed
And dead of their defenders, whom they knew;
With many a heart-throb of a hope assured
Of victory ere long, upon their foes,
Now drawing nigh to meet their sudden doom.
The one who came was Basil of "The King's,"
And Isa blushed, and dropped an instant down
Her dark, soft eye-lashes, in hope to hide
The light within. She felt a flash like pain
Of some great joy. Nor could her hand keep down
The sudden heart-beat as she welcomed him
With hard enforced composure. He had been
A very Paladin in deeds of arms
Throughout the bloody fray at Newark. None
Had been more brave and helpful in the field,
Playing the deadly game like chess, as cool
And wary to withhold, as prompt to strike.
A soldier with the seed in him that grows
With time into a hero of the age.
A handsome youth, indeed; strong, straight of limb,
Tall, tawny-haired, with face that got its bloom
Where salt sea-breezes overblow the shores
Of that fair land of old,—Deira called,
Whose children in the Roman Forum stood
When Gregory passed. "*Hi Angeli!*" said he,
"*Non Angli sunt!*" and looked amazed. "They are
Too beautiful for heathen, lost to God!
Angels, not Angles! Were the Gospel sent
Among them, they were chiefest of the earth!
The world's great rulers in the times to come!"
Of that fair race was Basil of "The King's."
A man to love, and Isa loved him well;
Nor guessed her love's immeasurable height.
A man to fear; for if he went astray
With his great intellect the gloomy road
Of doubt, denial, lack of faith in God,
A soul perverted, which, if guided right,
Had been a morning star to men that wake
In the third watch the dawning of the day,
To show the world a new and better way;
Like him who fell like lightning from the stars
Of knowledge into darkness, so at last
Would fall young Basil, like a temple struck
In all its parts, pillar, and arch, and roof,
Tumbled in heaps on its foundation stones.
Nature had moulded him a form for use
Of all things good and true, and yet at heart
He was a heathen. Only things he saw,
And felt, and weighed, and measured by the rules
Of science, and what seemed philosophy,
Believed he. Perfect in the sense of things
Material; but in things above the sense,
That man has common with the birds and beasts—
The suprasensual, spiritual, divine,
Discreted in the soul of man, and fenced
As was Mount Sinai, when God spake the law,—

In these believed he not. To all the grand
Preludes of immortality that fill
The universe and heart of humbler men,
Basil was blind and deaf—insensible,
Though touch divine did touch him in the eye
And ear, without response; for he had framed
A labyrinth of vain imaginings,
Axioms of cold negations, winding stairs
That led to nothing and from nothing sprung—
As true to seeming as geometry;
As empty too of substance, being but
A shape without a body—nothing more!
Or body of mere dust without the breath
God breathes in it to make a living soul.
A quaint old manor-house upon the wolds
That overlooked the Northern Sea, his home,
And home of a long line of ancestors
Inherited by him, an orphan left,
Without a mother's lips to teach him prayer,
Or father's lessons, mightier to mould
The plastic mind than all in after years
Can do or undo. For the primal truths
Of home and its affections in the heart,
Set like the stones of Jordan in the ford,
Remain for ever; although covered oft
In after life with floods, they still emerge
At the subsidence, firm, and broad, and safe,
For life's departing footsteps, as they cross
The darksome river to the shores beyond,
Where stand the beckoning angels, crying "Come!"
At thousand paths, to lead us up to dwell
With those that we love best, for ever more.
With heedless guardians, who gave little care
What wrong or rank opinions he imbibed,
Young Basil, with a soul susceptible
As crystal to the lights and hues of truth,
Absorbing darkness too, when light was gone,
Plunged in a sea of books. A fearless lad,
Breasting the breakers like a dolphin, glad
To sport on sunny waves, or diving down
In reckless venture of youth's hardihood,
Into the depths and darknesses profound,
Where dwell the old leviathans of doubt:
Lucretius, Hobbes, Voltaire, and Bolingbroke,
With others still more earthly of our times,
Who rake amid the dust of mundane things,
To prove the bestial descent of man.
Their boldness caught the boy at vantage, then,
Even as a whirlwind to its vortex draws
Loose and unstable things, in sunless gloom
Of cold materialism, taught him fast
Knowledge of good and evil, plucked the fruit
And gave him and he ate; and deemed it good
To teach himself, and not be taught of God;
As once in Eden man ate, and was wise
In shame of self: but all unwise to Him
Who walks amidst Life's garden in the cool
Of twilight, calling: "Adam! where art thou?"
Oh! happy he who hides not from that voice
In his transgression! but will hear the Word
Of Life in life—without which all is vain,
Philosophies are nought, and science dead.

But strong was Basil's nature; underneath
The gorget of a loyal soldier beat
His heart with all the instincts of his race:
Courage and honour, love of truth, and more
Than common love for his dear country. He
Was proud of her renown in arts and arms,
Empire and Freedom, crowned from ancient days
With regal splendour "by the grace of God."
No empty formula! he granted that,
And liked the phrase, expressive of a thing
Needed for human governance. If law
Were without sanction greater than the man's
Who made it, greater than or King or State,
And without power that in itself is right,
As warrant for authority—why, then,
Justice were nought; obedience, policy;
And moral good but selfishness refined,
Earthy in all its elements, and vile.
Young Basil's bark struck on this dangerous rock,
That lay mid-stream in all his reasonings,
Threatening destruction to them, as they sank
Loaded with logic of false premises
And Godless arguments. In vain he strove
To catch them sinking, by the floating locks,
To rescue them, but could not. One by one
They ever would escape his strongest grasp,
And leave him struggling in the turbid flood
Unanswered, angry at himself and them,
Blinded with sun-glare.
Art alone for him
With its ideal, like a living soul
In things material, the flash and warmth
Of spheres supernal, sometimes raised the veil
Just for a glimpse, and let it fall again
Before he caught the vision's perfect form.
For earth and heaven compose God's oldest book,
By His own fingers writ in hieroglyphs,
Significant of meanings all divine,
Which none interpret but the truly wise
Who learn in God's way, not in man's, to read.
Whence comes the bright ideal, flashing through
A skyrift in the heavens, when we feel
That nature's pulses synchronize with ours?
Whence? But that nature is our outward self,
And all her parts but portions of the whole
Grand harmony complete in perfect man!
The soul as in a mirror sees itself
Reflected in the universe of things,
As God in all that's good and true. We catch
A glimpse as of a distant summer sea,
Glowing like glass beyond the thunderous clouds
Of this life's tempests, till with eager oar
We launch our boat and seek the evermore!
Sometimes, in better moods, young Basil felt
The stirrings of a Spirit, not his own,
That wrestled with him till the sinew shrank
Of his strong self-hood; as in Peniel once,
A stronger man than he was overthrown
Contending with the Angel all night long,
And by God's truth was vanquished.
Basil thus
Felt oft his powers of reason halt and lame,

In the vast presence of life infinite,
And overwhelming forces above man's.
He cried for light—more light!—as Ajax prayed
For light, to fight life's battle in the day,
And not to die in darkness! Who can live
Upon loose sand-hills of negations, blown
By arid winds for ever to and fro?
Not Basil! too clear-eyed and full of heart
To live *in vacuo*; "For something is,
And must be!" said he; "What, I know not! but—
Those wretched buts! that tangle up the skein
Of our existence on the reel of life
The wrong way winding!—Isa! canst thou help?
Women alone, methinks, these riddles solve!"
The roses flushed upon her damask cheek:
"Yes, Basil!" said she, "if we pray in love
For truth to live by it,—'tis not withheld!
It comes in ways unseen by us, but sure
As day will follow with the risen sun.
There is a cliff that ends the world—the which
We talk of in our childhood and believe,
And find it when we die. Upon its top
Philosophy and Science, be they wise,
Will wait in faith the rising of the sun—
God's light that comes enlightening the soul.
"When men with crucible and glasses rare,
Have analyzed creation to its dust
In search of primal life, and find it not,—
Upon that cliff they too will take their stand,
And gaze disconsolate at the abyss
Of roaring seas, the vast beyond, to them
Unknowable; nor boat nor Charon find
To cross the ocean of the infinite
Divide, that separates them from the true,
The spiritual, the immortal life."
Her face angelic glowed as she went on
With heart-beats quicker—"Yet, O Basil! know
Amid that flood is easy pathway found!
When the wise virgins come with lamps alit,
To lead night's pilgrims through the wastes of doubt
To life beyond the boundaries of the dark!
The triune mystery of the universe
Gives up its secret and its sign to those,
And only those, who know the name divine,
And speak it as their password at the gate,
Where all who ask receive, who seek shall find,
Truth, knowledge, peace, and rest for souls perplexed.
The Lord of light and love denies us never!"
Her words struck Basil forcefully. He turned
With wilful indirectness of reply,
While beamed his face a glad and sunny smile—
"Yes, Isa, darling! On an eve like this,
Of balmy May, with all the west aglow
In gold and crimson glory, with one spot
Triply resplendent where the sun descends,
Broadening upon the horizon, full of peace,
With all things beautiful and beautified,
One well may grant your postulate; and when
I look into those wondrous eyes of thine,
Beaming with light seraphic, as the moon
Floods half the heaven until it dims the stars

In thy dear presence, I can truly feel
The immortality of love."
"Methinks,
Most things die duly in their time. When ripe,
Their uses end stored up in seeds and husks,
For new beginnings of th' eternal round
Of earth's existences. A grain of sand
In little is an image of the world;
It has its axis and equator, all
The primal forces in it are the same
As rule the universe. A higher law
Lifts man above the level of the rest
With heart and intellect; nor is he doomed,
I fain would hope, to vanish at the last,
Like morning mist that melts into the blue."
Beneath the stately pines, shot through and through
With slanting rays, they sat, and Isa's eyes
Beamed with soft lights; but all of love and joy.
Some dawning thoughts, half-risen, flashed along
Her heart's horizon, and she felt and knew,
As every woman knows, love's lightest touch,
By her divinest instinct to be true.
"I cannot reason, Basil, if I would"—
Her voice was low and laden with her love—
"Can only think, as woman thinks of one
Who sways her being, as they say the moon
Draws all the tides of ocean in her wake.
I cannot give thee reasons, I have none,
Save that my heart knows it unerringly.
The weak, untutored infant in the arms
Of its fond mother, from her speaking eyes
Learns things ineffable; but no less sure,
More sure, than after-reason ever knows,
With painful questioning and high debate,
When men build up a Babel to the skies.
"My Basil!" said she, pausing as she spake,
And wondering if he deemed her overbold;
With gentle hand she wished to touch, not pierce,
Those stubborn thoughts of his and soften them.
She thought upon a scene one summer day,
When she, with troops of maidens bearing flowers,
And wreathing them in garlands as they passed,
Greeted the gallant soldiers of the "The King's."
Love that day smiled upon her, as she gave
The roses she had gathered, dreaming not
Of what would happen her; caught by his looks
And gentle thanks, she blushed, confused to feel
Her cheek was all aglow, and blushed the more
Of some vexation conscious in herself,
Hoping her weakness had escaped his eye,
Yet knew it had not, and she fain had quenched
In ocean depth the sudden fire that burned
Her cheek as she abruptly turned aside.
"My Basil!" said she, "in what wondrous way,
Not Chance nor Fate—these are blind things, indeed;
But God's own providence it was that led
The vergent currents of our lives to join!"
Young Basil smiled as one at rest and ease,
Nought lacking to him; for as yet his doubts
Were robust, healthy, ignorantly wise,
Because sincere, but faith in God, a stone
Laid on his back and borne uphill with pain.

Yet full of youth, a hardy mountaineer,
He stretched his limbs and tossed his tawny locks
On crags of doubt; abysses under him
Were unregarded as he dashed amid
The thickening mists, nought fearing, life or death.
But one more fair than Hero held the torch
Above Abydos now. The Asian shore,
God's continent, seemed nearer than before!
"Yea, granted all, my Isa! if nor Chance,
Nor Fate, blind forces, witless what they do,
Brought me this happiness, this sense of rest
In full assurance of thy love; why then
An overruling God it was who led
The vergent currents of our lives to join.
And when I look into those eyes of thine,
Veiling their glance of tenderness and joy,
I make acknowledgment, and mutely own
That when that mocking master said: '*Si Dieu,*
*N'existait pas it faudrait l'inventer,*'
He spake more truth, and better than he knew."
"Thank God for that, my Basil!" she replied;
"'He spake more truth, and better than he knew,'
And yet a good man said it not. His speech
Contained no reverence. Not so taught he
Who teaches us, as children, to believe
In God above all worlds and things therein.
That primal truth, Science must postulate,
Or wander blind throughout the universe
With groping staff—a beggar asking alms
Of all creation sooner than of God!
If such the law, that law we must accept.
God's words and works fitly conjoin in one
True harmony. When rightly understood
We may discern the inner side of things,
Reflected here in grand respondencies
Of truth, and love, and beauties manifold.
Nor less, alas! in vile deformity
Where evil mixes. Thus in part we see
By what is made, the things unseen—the end
And meaning of ourselves and of the world.
As in the mount of God the prophet saw
The types of all things sacred, that should be,
So Art sees its ideals, yet unborn—
The groups that on the uncoloured canvas glow,
The shapes that hide within the unchiselled stone;
And Science grasps the fitting key, unlocks
The secret of the universe to man.
Thus reach we Wisdom; not with painful search,
Treading a flinty path with naked feet,
But pleasantly, as loitering on the grass
Of verdant meads!
"The concord that we feel
Of nature with ourselves in higher moods—
Men call it art, or poety, or taste,
Or sympathy with what is beautiful—
Springs from the one humanity, pervades
All things, as the true outcomes of ourselves.
Thus all Creation images the man,
As man his Maker.
"But, my Basil! oft
Our thoughts are in eclipse of our own selves,
As in the West at evening to our gaze

What comes between us, and the sun seems dark,
With its long shadows stretching to our feet."
He gravely smiled as not incredulous,
And touched her cheek with gentle finger-tip,
As one sure of her answer, not afraid.
"What just conclusions draws my Isa hence?
I think I know."
"And I know not," she said.
"I draw conclusions none. Such thoughts to me
Come without speech, they come spontaneously,
Flow past me like a brook, and I but dip
My hand to catch some drops up to my lip,
In full assurance of clear light above
Life's doubts and darknesses, just as one knows,
In winter's gloomiest day above the clouds
The glorious sun is shining in his strength.
My Basil! listen! Sitting here at ease
Upon this height, amid the waving grass,
With pencil in my hand but idly used,
And looking not *against*, but *with* the sun,
The landscape's full embodiment I see.
A sunbeam must be followed where it falls,
And then all things appear to order due,
Distinct in figure, true in line and hue.
'Tis wise philosophy to think with God,
Most wise to orient our lives with Christ."
He grasped both hands in his, as one who loves
A woman doubly, and with reverence kissed,
And she withdrew them not; but gently said,
Her dark eye softening, as in search of pain
She found not: –
"Basil, Christ hath touched thy heart,
Not I! Not I! His humblest instrument,
Without a reason other than my love
To offer thee. 'Tis womanly, they say,
Our gift, to know without a reason what
To man comes reasonably; merit none
Have we in this. Nay, haply more have you
Who seek by tortuous quest to solve the doubts
Made clear to us, who only sit and wait,
Like children holding fast the garment's edge
Of Christ, believing Him, and ask no more."

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## PART THIRD.

The sun was sinking on the verdant hills
Of Ancaster, thick wooded to their tops.
The English camp lay visible afar,
Like snow-drifts whitening the woods of Spring,
And as the breeze of evening rose and fell,
The banners fluttered; while the bugles rang
At intervals the calls preceding night.
For stout old Vincent, of war's counsels sure,
Wily as Nestor, and as grey, resolved
To stop retreat, turn back, and strike the foe,
Drunk with success, a quick and deadly blow.
The broad, hill-girded bay afloat with light,
Barred with red shafts of sunset shooting through,
Lay rippling like a valley, diamond-strewn,
Of Wonderland, more beautiful and true.

The burnished headlands of Ontario,
Sun-tipped, in long succession couched at rest
Each on his shadow, grim with silent wrath
Of smouldering beacons, while the sandy shore,
Fringed with white breakers, as a picture, seemed
Of silent clamour and of powerless rage,
Seen in the distances but all unheard.
A fleet of war-ships the horizon filled,
Steering a western course in close array,
To flank their army's march along the shore
Where it pressed inland, with loud beat of drums
And waft of banners—as of conquest sure.
Some fearless fisher boats that watched the fleet,
Their sunlit sails all leaning to the west,
Flew on before like sea-gulls in a gale,
And at the close of day brought tidings in :—
"The ships had anchored and the army camped,
And with the watch-fires kindling for the night
The woods of Stony Creek seemed all ablaze."
Young Basil scanned the ships with soldier's eye
That flashed expectant of the coming fight
He knew was imminent. A gaiety,
More than of love's contentment, Isa saw
Was bubbling up fresh sparkles in the wine
Of his discourse, which she had drank all day,
Intoxicate at heart, yet sober still
In all a maiden's sweet reserve, who hides,
Even from her lover, half the joy she feels.
"This night will make a record for the morn !"
Said Basil, quietly ; as one who breaks
Some tidings that may startle those who hear.
She looked at him intently—pride and fear
Upon her cheek, alternate flushed and paled—
For well she comprehended all he said ;
And all he left unsaid was audible
Enough to love's high wrought and subtle ear,
That sixth sense of a woman in the heart,
That knows instinctively the truth beyond
Man's utmost reasoning.
Isa half rose ;
"Thon meanest, dearest Basil! that to-night
Our troops will march to meet the enemy."
She faltered.
But he gaily took the word—
"And I go with them, Isa ! 'tis most sure !
Yon fleet has come to anchor, and their camp
Will riot in security to-night,
And threaten us with Caudine Forks at morn !
But I mistake our grey old chief if he
Before the dawn returns, or cease the stars
To twinkle in the lofty roof of night,
Bring not the doom of judgment on the foe,
And out of their dead hands a victory wrench,
Will give to Stony Creek historic fame."
A cold, quick shiver through the maiden ran,
As when they say, "One walks upon our graves."
It shook her for a moment's space, the while
The foolish superstition crossed her mind.
"My Basil !" said she, holding fast the hand
That clasped her to his heart, and closer pressed,
"Would that I were a man ! one of 'The King's,'
This night to march beside thee ! It is worse

Methinks for women to be left behind,
To weep, and pray, and wait for tidings sad,
While all the world without is gloritied
With victory—forgetful of the cost."
"My Amazon that would be!" he replied,
With sunbeams on his lips. "Most worthy thou
Of those brave German women, who of old
Went with their men to battle, bearing gifts
Of love to recompense, or words of blame,
More dire than death, for all faint-heartedness!
But I am most content and glad to know
My priceless jewels are all safe at home!
But Isa! thou, perforce, wilt welcome me
On my return to-morrow, famishing
As any hungry soldier of The King's,
Rewarding me as I may have deserved
After the busy night work that shall be."
She tried to smile, but failed; as when the sun
Whitens a mist opaque, without a ray
That pierces through the blank and ghostly gloom,
Her eyes filled fast, no glance of gaiety
Responded to his cheerfulness. The fear
Of some misfortune crept into her heart
And droned incessantly a dirge of woe.
Then rose they up to meet a messenger,
A bold, blunt soldier, by the Colonel sent,
To summon Basil to the camp at ten.
The man knew more than by his message came—
"If Captain Basil leads the forlorn hope,"
Said he, respectfully, with hand to brow,
"May I be one of them? the first of all
The hundreds who will volunteer with you?"
"You know more than a soldier should, I think,
At least to speak of it!" and Basil smiled
Good-naturedly. He liked the frank address
Of manly men like this, who thus replied:—
"O, sir! one does not need a pair of eyes
To see the hour of battle close at hand!
We soldiers, lying down upon the grass,
Smoke and converse among ourselves, and judge
Of this and that—just as our betters do—
They say in camp, to-day will end retreat;
And knowing our old General is of stuff
That will not warp nor shrink—they hold it sure
That Stony Creek will be attacked to-night."
The man stood up at strict attention while
Young Basil answered him—"Go now and tell
The Colonel that I shall report at ten
To take his orders, and if I want men
I'll not forget you, friend! So now begone!"
The orderly remounted, and like fire
His red coat flashed between the lofty pines
A minute, and then vanished down the path
That seemed to run into the throat of night,
Where dragon Darkness swallowed up the day.
The evening star shone bright upon the hill,
Love's beacon guiding, when they turned to go.
Twilight drew round their feet, its fairy web
By night-elves woven in the darkening grass,
As down the hill they loitered slowly home.
The house stood sharply outlined in the faint
Pale, silver gray of evening, and each tree

Was pencilled on the clear but fading sky,
In inky tracery to its finest bough.
The curtains were undrawn, the lamps unlit,
But on the windows played a lambent glow
Of cheerful firelight from the open hearth,
Where blazed the maple logs, and crickets sang
The music of an old and happy home—
While, now and then, a face against the pane
Was pressed, as if to look for their return.
The sound of tinkling bells rose on the air,
With bleat of sheep, barking, and voice of men,
Shutting the folds up safely for the night
To guard the flock from ravage of the wolves,
Which, near at hand, howled in the hungry woods,
Or bears that prowled up from the dismal marsh,
Thick set with jungle of wild tamarac,
In search of prey upon the Flamboro' hills.
Not speaking much, too full of what she feared
Might happen ere to-morrow—Isa said,
While clinging to the arm she knew must soon
Leave her fond clasp, to mingle in the strife
And clash of steel and dreadful shouts of death :—
"O! Basil mine! I cannot tell the thoughts
That weigh me down to silence. If so be
The man spake truly, I can only pray
For thy return, unharmed, with victory
Upon thy sword, and boundless joy for me.
I would not, if I could, dissuade thee! Nay,
Would rather share thy dangers, if I might
Do aught to save our country from its foes,
To live for it or die, as God dispose."
"There spake a Queen of Amazons, indeed!"
Replied he gaily, with a cheerful smile,
To raise her spirits to the height of his,—
"But life, my Isa, is not easy lost
With love's immortal ichor in our veins!
Did not Æneas, stricken by the blow
Of fell Tydides, live by grace of love?
So I, with more than he to live for, far;
My king to serve, my country to defend,
And thee to wed and worship—shall not die!
My world of life and love is just begun!"
Great tears stood in her eyes. He saw and said:
"Forgive me! Isa! What a fault is mine!
With this untimely mirth that keeps not step
With thy angelic gravity, that fain
Would smile with me but cannot, for my sake.
Alas! if God's or woman's love should cease
Because of faults in man! Then lost, indeed,
Were he, without a hope to gild his lot!"
The phrase struck on her ear, as when the pipe
Of Spring's sweet harbinger, the bluebird, sounds
With sudden music in the gloomy woods,
Still leafless and embanked with winter snow,
That lingers in the swales and sunless shade.
"O, Basil!" said she, gently, "Woman's love
Is not her own to give or take away!
There comes a time of times, brings to the heart
Its vernal equinox—when happy they
Who know the season of the seed divine
To plant it in all worthiness—to grow
And blossom into everlasting life!"

He raised her hand with reverence to his lips.
"It comes to me," he said, "that vernal time
Of light and love! The blessed angel thou,
Of its annunciation! Thou art sent—
God-sent, it may be—with this message now!"
Thus, slowly, home they reached, and at the door
The household gathered, and a soldier stood,
Young Basil's orderly, who held his horse,
That champed his foaming bit and tossed his mane,
Pawing the ground, impatient to be gone.
The watch-fires of the English camp were lit
Down the hill sides and on the level beach,
With crafty purpose, to deceive the foe,
When Basil, with a kiss and brief good-bye
Left Isa, smiling in her tears, with grasp
Of friendly hands of others—rode away
In joyous spirits to rejoin "The King's,"
And share with them the glory of the night.
One secret Isa kept, of all she knew,
From Basil—one of all her thoughts that day—
A resolution of her woman's heart,
Moved to its depths, to aid the gallant men,
Wounded and dying in the fight to come.
With Basil foremost in the danger, she
Must succour them, and would.
"For what," she cried,
"If he should fall, with none to care for him?"
And some must die, she knew—the price of blood
Must needs be given for the victory—
For, strong in all the courage of her race
She faltered not in faith that they would win.
So she, with high resolve, would seek the field,
To help and comfort, as a woman might,
With gentle hand, and not unskilled to heal.
For war had rudely taught her not to faint
At sight of wounds and sickness in the camp;
Nor flinch from woman's part, beloved of Christ,
In deeds of mercy shown to friend and foe.
When Basil reached the camp, "Good-night! All's well!"
The sentries cried; while cheery bugles rang
Their last sweet call to set the watch, and rest
The war-worn soldiers for another night—
A ruse to cheat the enemy, he knew!
He smiled, and rode straight to the tent, where sat
The gray, old General, with a chosen few
Bold leaders, ready, at the order given,
To march with all their men to Stony Creek,
Amid the darkness, and with one stout blow
Strike down the enemy, and free the land.
The General greeted Basil with a smile,
Not without seriousness; as one who weighed
The chance of life and death in his commands,
As he assigned the duties of the night
To each and all, with carefulness, and gave
The post of honour, as of danger, due
To Basil—whom the General fitly called,
"The bravest Paladin of all 'The Kings's,'"—
To Basil gave, to lead the forlorn hope;
Thrust forward like the spear-point of the march,
Forbidding all, on pain of death, to speak,
Before they reached the enemy; then strike;
Strike home at once, in every vital part!

And seize his guns, and storm his startled camp
As with a hurricane's resistless might !
  Proud of the post of honour, Basil bowed
His thanks to his commander, and retired.
While one explained to him—"how that same day,
Resolved to risk no life except his own,
Bold Colonel Harvey,* in a farmer's garb,
Driving an ox-team, with a load of hay,
Had visited the camp at Stony Creek,
Explored its strength and weakness, and laid down
A plan for its destruction ; and, to-night,
The General says, 'the bold deed must be done.'"
  And it was done ! A gallant feat of arms !
Not looming large in story ; but a stroke,
As daring and decisive as the best
Man ever struck for country and for King.
A great two-handed blow that freed the land,
And made, thenceforth, all hope of conquest vain.
  Not mine, of choice, to tell of war's alarms,
Of battle's carnage, of the woods, strewn thick
With men shot through and through, or gashed with steel,
Or in the furious onset pinned to trees
With ruthless bayonets and left to die.
While shouts of soldiery, and Indian yells
From Brant the younger, emulous of his sire,
Leading his Mohawks racing to the fray,
Commingled fearfully with roll of drums,
And trumpets' blare, and rallying cries in vain,
And cheers of victory, and groans of death.
Nor will I ; but in pity sigh to think,
The blood of friend and foe like water spilt,
Was thick with kinship—alien in nought
But a divided destiny—the rust
And rancour of those evil days that broke
The old love of the olden time—like that
Which madly rent God's kingdom into twain,
When Israel rebelled and Judah stood !

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## PART FOURTH.

There was no reveille of drums next morn,—
No enemy at Stony Creek—no camp—
But a wild wreck of all things that had been :
As of a great ship shattered on the rocks,
And strewn in fragments on the fatal shore !—
And all was flight that could fly of that host,
Through highways, by-ways—everyway in haste !
As when a roost of pigeons, at the dawn,
Breaks up with crash of wings, and streams away
In thousands all day long—so fled the foe !
  The dead and wounded lay in lanes of blood
Where rushed the column of attack, and most
Where Basil led the forlorn hope. Dense groups
Of prisoners, with guns and colours furled,
Arose out of the dim light of the dawn ;
And in their midst the grey-haired Vincent stood,
With Harvey, leaning on their sheathed swords,
With chivalrous hands outstretched, and kindly words,

* Afterwards Sir John Harvey, Governor of New Brunswick.

To greet the captive Generals* of the foe,
And soften thus the cruel fate of war.
Then, looking keenly round him, Vincent said:
"I see not our brave Basil, though his work
Is plainly visible on every side!—
No harm has happened him, I trust! Who saw
Young Basil last? Go quickly, seek and find
The bravest Paladin of all our camp!"
Then rose a rumour low as rustling leaves,
Stirred by the south wind rising in the night:—
"Basil has fallen! wounded, in the dark,
Just as the camp was carried, he was seen
By every man the foremost of the ranks
That led the assault. Amid the hot melee
He must have fallen, no one yet knows where!"
And so it was. But Basil had been found,
Even in the dark, by Isa, who had come
With woman's strength of purpose born of love,
Impelled by fears that seemed to cry with tongues
Prophetic of the evil that befell.
Ere wholly ceased the battle, Isa knew
Basil had fallen, and without a thought
Of her own danger, bearing in her hand
A lighted fackel,† plunged into the wood
Through which had streamed the conflict; sought and found
Beneath a barberry, that still hung red
With last year's corals, like fresh gouttes of blood,
Her hero lying in his gore. His head
Rested upon the knee of that brave man
Who begged to follow him in the attack.
His eyes, whose glances had so thrilled her soul,
Were closed like sleep; for he awaited death
With quietness, as throbbed his life away,
Unconscious of the world and all its pains.
The man was vainly trying with rude hand
Of a rough soldier, yet with tenderness,
To staunch the scarlet stream that would not stop;
And through the darkness called for light and help,
Till Isa heard him, and thus Basil found.
The maiden gave a gasp of pain,—one such
Comes in a lifetime only; when a stab
Of worse than death strikes home, and still we live.
She knelt transfixed, but cried not for her pain—
For noblest natures only inly weep—
And kissed the pallid cheek that seemed to her
To turn as if half conscious she was by.
With trembling hands, yet firm, she closed the wound,
And rent her garment's softest lawn to bind,
And sent for instant help—a litter—men
To bear it, with the burden of two lives—
Her own and Basil's, to the nearest tent.
Help came at once—good help! men of "The King's
And officers, begrimed with powder. They
With pity as of woman's tenderness,
Laid Basil on the litter. Shoulder high
They bore him softly, safely, to the camp,
While Isa walked beside them, watchful that
No stone to stumble at lay in the way.

* Generals Winder and Chandler, both taken at Stony Creek.

† A torch made of thin strips of hickory bark tied together—so called in the Niagara District. The word is German.

And Vincent came, heroic Harvey, Brant—
And all "The King's" looked on with softened eyes
As he passed through the ranks, amid the guns
And captured flags that dropped in sad salute
Before the dying hero of the fight,
Before the gentle girl, whom many knew
Betrothed to Basil, and each head was bared
In silent sympathy. For every one
Loved Basil, and admired the faithful girl,
Whose grief and beauty touched each manly breast.
Hours, days, and weeks passed by of hopes and fears
For that dear life, that seemed a grain of dust,
So light and loose, a breath would blow away;
And still he lived—a gift to Isa's prayers,
Who never ceased her watch beside his couch,
And welcomed his awaking to himself,
His recognition of her, with the joy
The angels of the resurrection feel,
When they raise up to life the happy dead.
In heart, in intellect, and speech, at length
Basil was all himself—yea, more; his soul
Had been caught up to higher planes and seen
The summits of the distant hills of God,
Sun-tipped with heavenly light, and in his dreams
Had flashed the garments of the shining ones,
Who bide with man to ease life's miseries,
Or comfort him with anodyne of death
When God, the merciful, shall so decree.
But he was maimed forever! Rise or walk,
Without man's help or woman's, never more
Would Basil—once the swiftest in the race,
The foremost in the battle or the dance—
The gayest gallant e'er took woman's eye,
Or with his manliness won woman's heart!
The summer waxed and waned, till turned the leaf
Red as the war-bird, on the maple tree,
The storm of strife rolled back upon the lines
Where devastation reigned. No husbandman
Had time to labour twixt the clash of arms.
The land was left unploughed, the fruit unplucked,
Except where faithful women went afield—
Last to despond of their dear country's cause,
The first to arm their sons in its defence
And send them forth. Each man was at the front
In the last grapple with the foe, before
Returning winter made a Truce of God,
Enforcing peace upon the rage of man.
Back, ever back, they drove the enemy,
Till Newark was retaken—what was left
Of its poor ashes and the blackened heaps
Of its once happy homes, its people all
Cast houseless forth amid December's snow.
But terrible the Nemesis of war!
When Justice sternly cried: "It must be done!"
What could they do but follow in the track
Of the destroyers of fair Newark town?
With torches kindled at its smouldering fires,
They crossed the broad Niagara; stormed the forts,
And with the besom of destruction, swept
The frontier clean and clear from end to end!
Then from war's miseries full hard to bear,
The land had rest and breathing time again.

Hope born of resolution not to fail,
Was cheered by royal words; and England's aid,
Lavish as nobly promised, was at hand
To conquer in their trials yet to come.
Basil was not forgotten all those days.
No courier ever passed fair Isa's home,
Where he lay lingering, but message brought
Of kind remembrance from the gallant "King's."
His heart was with his comrades, and repined
He could not share their struggles in the field,
Nor pluck at victory with his own right hand.
Isa alone could wean his thoughts away
From what could never be! taught him instead
To look for better things than this world's fame—
Not much when won—not oft untimely lost!
After earth's disappointments, still to look
With her to heaven in faith for their reward:
Where love, however crossed, so it be true,
Is sure of happy consummation there.
Sometimes, wheeled to the window, Basil lay
And watched the wind-swept pines and azure lake,
Or gazed on quiet nights at starry depths,
As if to pluck their secret from their hearts,
And found it not; and then to Isa turned,
Who constantly sat by, with work, or book,
Or wise converse, that healed with softest touch
Some sore of false philosophy, or moved
Some doubt and stone of stumbling from the way.
His thoughts were loosened from their former bands,
As Lazarus from his grave clothes, when the Lord
Recalled his spirit back to mortal life.
In Isa's eyes he saw a light not born
Of earthly ray—a glimpse of love divine.
He recognized the secret he had sought:
Hid from the godless wise—revealed to babes,
How to Judean shepherds angels sang
Of God made manifest in flesh—the Son:
The Word, that all things comprehends and fills—
The Alpha and Omega, First and Last,
And all that sacred letters can express,
In languages and tongues, of God to man.
Said Basil: "Now I know three things above
High mark of worldly wisdom,—Isa's love
For me the helpless one!—a thing divine!
And next the love for truths above our reach,
Above the reach and earthly needs of man.
And last: those yearnings that possess the soul
For immortality and life to come!
To apprehend the infinite, no less
Than an eternity we need. Some sphere
Where love shall blossom to its perfect flower,
And full fruition, beautiful, complete,
The complement of what is here begun,
And left unfinished—broken in the stem!"
His voice grew tremulous with tears suppressed.
"As mine is now a useless burthen thrown
Upon thy love and labour."
Isa turned,
As when with soft reproach the risen Lord
Looked upon Magdalene, and "Mary!" said;
So one word uttered she—she could no more—
"Basil!" and knelt and raised his pallid hands

So thin and wasted, to her lips, and pressed
Them long and lovingly, while fell hot tears
Upon them. "Basil!" that was all she said.
The sweet reproof dropped like a blessing down
Of manna, on his hungry soul. He knew
That all the seven labours poets feign,
Were nought compared to this true woman's love!
Some weeks of mortal pain with patience borne,
As manly natures bear them, left his life
Receding like a wave at ebb of tide,
Without reflux, and running out to sea.
The unknown shore loomed up not far away,
And each day nearer. In his eyes was seen
A strange expectancy; and Isa marked
The change from day to day, foreboding all,
And doubling her sweet services of love,
More anxious ever with the greater need.
All books henceforth were laid aside, save one,
The living Word, whose proof is in itself;
As Eden's trees have in themselves their seeds,
Or the Shechinah shines with its own light.
And if, like Jews, men ask a sign: behold!
The Word is its own sign and miracle!—
A greater wonder than the sun in heaven;
As greater is the fount of living truth
And goodness, than the lifeless orb of day!
He listened, and he learned because he loved:
Read by those gentle lips and wise, he caught
Some glimpses of the glory, darts without
The veil, in cloven tongues of fire, that speak
In everlasting Pentecost to men.
Then weeks drew into days, and shorter arcs
Measure the hours of Basil. A great calm
Fell on his troubled spirit, such as stills
The ocean waves at sunset, when the storm
Has overpast, and all the west aglow,
Is ribbed with golden cirri, bar on bar,
Above the crimson orb that slowly sinks
And ends the day.
Then Basil was at rest,
Her loving voice had reached his heart, and made
An easy way for truth to enter in.
The Gospel now was read of choice. St. John,
That witness true whom Sophists rage to kill,
Of God revealed in Christ. The Word made flesh,
The Way, the Truth, the Life. The mystery
Of man insoluble, but now made plain.
These formed loved themes of converse to the end.
Then days to hours, and hours to minutes close
Round dying Basil. A few friends he loved,
His comrades of "The King's," surround his couch.
But, nearest, Isa kneels by him and takes
With sacred kisses from his loving lips,
His parting words inaudible to all
Save her, his fondest love and last farewell.
Then kissed he Isa's hand, and softly placed
It o'er his eyes, that saw the light no more!
He breathed her name and died without a pang!
A hero born, and worthy of the race
From which he sprang. A race ordained of old
With peace or war to rule with right, and win
The love of women worthy of such men.

Upon the heights of Burlington, among
The grassy graves in ranks of comrades dead,
Who side by side had stood in ranks of war,
They bore young Basil with slow march and sad
Of muffled drums, and trumpet's wailing sound,
And laid him in the soft and kindly mould
With ringing volleys for a last farewell—
An honoured soldier in a soldier's grave!
His General followed him and all "The King's,"
With honest grief for one so brave and good,
Who led the storm at Stony Creek and fell,
Willing to die for sake of what was won,
The victory that saved the Forest Land.
So Basil died, and Isa loved him still.
In years to come, and many came, ere she
Rejoined him in the mansions of the blessed,
The grassy grave at Burlington she kept
With her own loving hands, that never tired
To deck with flowers. As every season came
She silently renewed her heart's young vows,
And waited till Christ called her to come in!
So Basil died, and Isa loved him still.

# Dead Sea Roses.

## PART I.

THE Dead Sea Roses; have you seen them bloom?
A knot of withered roots, plucked long before
In Jordan's shallow pools, were given me
By a swarth Syrian, in quaint attire
Of red tarboush, striped gown and ankles bare.
I saw him standing in a bustling crowd
Of summer tourists from the world's four sides,
Going to see Niagara Falls one day
Of that centennial year, made jubilee
By half the continent—"for freedom won."

"For freedom won"—that is the current phrase
That slips like smooth-worn coin from hand to hand.
For freedom that was neither lost nor won.
Canadians deem it but a servile plea
For what was done; for none of English race
Were freedmen; but, like Paul, freeborn. Too great
Perhaps for quiet living, they forgot
To render each to other honour due,
Found cause of haughty quarrel in a straw,
And struck the blow, that in their kindred flesh
Left the red sword mark for a hundred years.

"Put them in water, sir! and they will grow!"
Said the swarth Syrian. These withered roots,
Now looking dry as desert sands at noon,
When the faint camel crouches in the shade
Of some hot rock, his driver by his side,
Longing for the cool oasis far away.
"They need but water, sir, and they will grow,
Shoot forth green leaves and burst at last in flower,
How long 'soever they have dried and spent
Their strength in waiting for the master's hand
To give them water. Give it. They will grow,
And leaf, and bloom, as I have seen the pools
Of Jordan white with them the summer long."

The man was like a picture I had seen
Of Oriental life, in look and garb,
Old, grey, and aquiline, with eyes as black
As ebon, and lank hands that held a tray
Filled with outlandish trinkets—filigree,
And goldsmith's work from Smyrna's old bazaars,
With amulets of olive wood, and bits
Chipped from the pavement of that dolorous way,
The last one trodden by the Son of Man,
Dragged for our sins, to die on Calvary.

But the dry roots with roses in them, hid,
Like life in sheath of death, I fancied most.
"Put them in water, sir! and they will grow,"
Repeated as by rote the Syrian.
His English words were few, but they did stir
Me strangely, as I touched the withered roots

That blossomed once in Jordan, where the voice
That spake on Sinai spake again: "This is
My Son beloved, in whom I am well pleased."
And feet of priests bearing the ark of God
Had brushed these roses in the river bed,
When Jordan's waters stopped their downward flow
And Israel's host passed over dry-shod. "Lo!"
"A miracle!" the scientist exclaims,
With fine Pyrrhonic sneer upon his lip;
"Believe you that, against all nature's laws?"

"I do, my friend, as I believe in God.
Not against nature's laws, but in accord
With higher laws that link them to their Lord.
The law of nature is God's rule on earth,
In hard, fast lines, that He alone can bend;
And miracles the common law of heaven,
Where all is spiritual flux and flow
Not bound by earthly elements, but free,
Like thought, creative of its own rare forms.
At times and seasons, and for fitting ends,
The law of higher life descends, enfolds,
Not crushes, nature's laws, but lifts them up
Plastic to moral forces, till they take
The shape and pressure of the life within.
God lifts the veil sometimes. We look therein;
And miracles are not miraculous,
Except to him who doubts God or denies.
To such, creation seems an empty show,
Self-moving blindling, whither, whence, or how,
All his philosophy shall never know!"

"Put them in water, sir! and they will grow!"
Rang in my ear the Syrian's old refrain.
I thought of life's sweet aftermath, that comes
Like the lush grass on fields that have been mown;
Like second love to hearts sad and forlorn.
With softest rain and sunshine of the eyes,
Making the waste affections bloom again
With flowers autumnal of imperial hues,
Shedding their perfume in life's evening dews.
The splendour of the setting sun doth fill
The heart with longing for Edenic rest.
The fruit of knowledge is not happiness;
Far otherwise, alas! But I could bless
A quiet seat beneath the laden bough,
That bends with fruit, rich, ripe and golden, all
My own to feast upon; a rambling vine
That overruns my wall, no longer bare;
A child's, a woman's love, to sooth my care,
And friends to sit with me my cup to share.

"Put them in water, sir! and they will grow!"
How many suffering souls are in sore need
Of pity, sympathy, and helpful hand
To ease their burthen? Footsore and forlorn,
They tramp life's rugged road, outcasts of men,
But not outcasts of Him who died for them.
He bids His servants go and bring them in
From hedges, by-ways, lanes, to fill His house
With guests to eat the supper He prepared,
Which those first bidden did reject with scorn.

"Put them in water, sir! and they will grow!"
Few heeded the old Syrian's pleading words;
Few cared to see the roses bloom again
Which Christ had looked upon in Jordan's pools.
The throng of tourists idling on the quay,
Impatient for the signal of the train,
Gazed oft towards the south to catch a glimpse
Of the white cloud that hovers o'er the Falls,
Or strained their ears, thinking they heard the sound
Of rumbling waters falling leagues away.
Both were illusions of that summer day;
But there were grand realities in sight;
The lake, the river, and the ancient town,
Mother of towns in broad Ontario,
Green woods and plains; Fort George in ruined heaps;
Niagara's lofty walls, and both renowned
In stirring legends of the days of yore;
A story worth the telling were it told,
One that would burnish up like well rubbed gold.

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## PART II.

Niagara's stately river, wide and deep,
Swept into Lake Ontario's inland sea,
That lay upon the earth one summer day,
Broad in the sunshine like the shield of God.
Its waters to horizons stretched away,
Rimmed with the firmament—as deeply blue.
Quiet as love's content, it lay and slept
In dreamy happiness—a sea of glass.

No cloud was visible in all the sky—
'Tis often thus in our Canadian land.
A snow-white sail that haply lay becalmed,
Wooing coy winds that came not, touched the verge
Of the horizon—half beneath it sunk,
Nor was aught seen to stir. The wing, perhaps,
Of the great northern diver slowly flapped,
And that was all—or chance a glittering fish
Leaped up with sudden plash and sank again,
Getting strange glimpses of an aerial world
Above its watery sphere, unknown before
And all undreamt of by its finny kind.

So men, immersed in seas of unbelief,
Fish-like, will reason of the higher life,
Denying all above them—although much
God's kingdom presses on the purblind eye;
And sometimes opens with a sudden flash
Of spiritual light, that fills the soul,
When truth obtains fresh vision in the world.

Two grassy points—not promontories—front
The calm, blue lake—the river flows between,
Bearing in its full bosom every drop
Of the wild flood that leaped the cataract,
And swept the rock-walled gorge from end to end.
'Mid flanking eddies, ripples, and returns,
It rushes past the ancient fort that once
Like islet in a lonely ocean stood,

A mark for half a world of savage woods ;
With war and siege and deeds of daring wrought
Into its rugged walls—a history
Of heroes, half forgotten, writ in dust.
Two centuries deep lie the foundation stones,
La Salle placed there, on his adventurous quest
Of the wild regions of the boundless west;
Where still the sun sets on his unknown grave.
Three generations passed of war and peace ;
The Bourbon lilies grew ; brave men stood guard ;
And braver still went forth to preach and teach
Th' evangel, in the forest wilderness,
To men fierce as the wolves whose spoils they wore.

Then came a day of change. The summer woods
Were white with English tents, and sap and trench
Crept like a serpent to the battered walls.
Prideaux lay dead 'mid carnage, smoke and fire,
Before the Gallic drums beat parley—then
Niagara fell, and all the East and West
Did follow ; and our Canada was won.

A generation more. Niagara's stream
Scored a deep line that severed kindred lands ;
Of one made two ; both from th' heroic loins
Of England's greatness—one, the elder born,
Esau-like cast his heritage away
In English freedom, ancient as the race
And crowned upon the stone of destiny ;
The other, fast and true, impassioned stood,
In love and loyalty, for brotherhood
And unity of empire—every rood
Of which was consecrate to noblest ends,
Worthy a patriot's love, a soldier's steel,
And all men's fealty. The two-edged sword
Struck both ways, and for seven long years it smote
The nation's life—cutting the heart in twain,
Draining of truth and charity the brain,
As each judged other for a hundred years.

Their wounds bled long—the bare and quivering nerves
Shrank at a touch—a word. The kindly tongue
Both learned upon their mother's knee, was turned,
'Gainst nature, into sword-points - every stab
Of syllabled invective drawing blood
From hearts made of one flesh, too proud to show
The tears that welled in unseen depths below.
Their severance was wider than the gorge
That shows the sundered strata face to face
Upon Niagara's cleft and frowning sides ;
A bridgeless chasm for long and weary years!

A generation passed, and still they drank
The bitter waters of the fallen star,
Called "Wormwood," by St. John ; and many died.
The sword was drawn again ; and many fell.
The blood of Brock, made Paschal in defence
Of our dear land entrusted to his care,
Reddened forever Queenston's hoary height—
His liberated spirit filled the air
With breath of victory. October winds
Still freshly sing the requiem of the brave.

Turning our grateful thoughts towards his grave,
Made monumental by a people's love.

Then shook Niagara fort to topmost tower,
At dead of night the wild alarums rose,
The grey old ramparts rang with sudden cheers,
Such cheers as mark an English fight begun
Or ended, when 'tis won. The gates were stormed,
All her defenders captive made or slain,
While her loud guns pealed forth the tidings far,
To friend and foe,—Niagara was ours.

The cannon thundering all one summer's night
At Lundy's Lane outdid the cataract's roar.
'Twas harvest time; death plied his bloody scythe
And men lay thick as sheaves, when morning dawned.
Gathered in heaps, the funeral fires ablaze
Burned up the dead, the fair-skinned Saxon dead,
One kindly race, unkind through hearts estranged.
Men fit to guide the world to wisest ends,
Fed full the fires and with their ashes strewed
The blood-soaked field on which they fought and died.

Then God and man in either land, cried "Shame!"
That wanton war should spill such kindred blood!
The mercy seat that covers freedom's ark
Was shaken, and the voice divine was heard
Between the Cherubim—pure consciences
Of right and wrong, which judge in truth and love.

"O! Men of England old! Of England new!
Throw down in peace these fratricidal arms!
The world is yours to make and not to mar,
To teach by your example how to live
In freedom worthily; to guide the thought
Of nations to a hope of better things;
You are your brother's keepers, each of each,
Not deadly foes sworn to eternal feud.
'Tis yours to lead th' immortals in the van
Of men contending for God's truth and right;
Shield touching shield and hand supporting hand,
For freedom, progress, peace, in every land!

They listen to the voice with cold disdain,
Their stubborn wills ungraciously obey.
Pale Peace returns with timid, faltering step,
With leafless olives and without a smile,
For sorrow of the hardness of the race
That would not yet condone its bitterness.
All kindly trust was withered to the root
Like Dead Sea roses parched with heat and drought
Of angry summers that withhold the rain,
While Jordan's springs flow sand from their dry mouths,
And in the deep cleft Ghor, 'mid rocks unwashed,
His swellings narrow to a purling brook.

But, lo! a wonderful unravelling
Of right and wrong, which men call judgment, came—
The end of old things and the birth of new.
God wrought a marvel no man thought to see:
The stone hewn from the empire broke in twain,
And in the strife that rent the Union,

And filled the land with blood and wail of woe,
Warring to keep unbroken all their States,
Men learned to honour the old mother land,
Who fought like them to keep her empire one,
For sake of all the hopes were set thereon.

And when a hundred years to their last dregs
Of bitterness ran out, the hidden springs
Welled from their stony hearts. A might flood
Swept down the valley from the urns of God!
For He alone had struck them with His rod!
Such flood the prophet saw in vision pour
Into the Dead Sea, making all things live.
Christ's fishers fishing for the hearts of men
Caught them with mighty draught and drew them in!

Then came the change! Thoughts long suppressed found speech,
Their opened ears drank in the kindly words
Each spake of other, wondering how long
Their hearts had hardened, and their hate so strong,
That only God could right the mutual wrong.
The healing waters flowed on every side;
The hills with sunshine laughed, the vales with flowers;
The Dead Sea roses bloomed! And as the night
Melts into day, the old, old love returns,
Waking past heart throbs from the sleep of years;
When all on earth who spake the English tongue
Were one imperial people, justly proud
Of England's empire, worthiness, and place
Upon the world's high seats—where still she sits,
Ruling in justice, with her sceptered hand
Outstretched in mercy, making wars to cease
In name of Him who is the Prince of Peace.

AUTUMN.

# The Hungry Year.

## PART I.

THE war was over. Seven red years of blood
Had scourged the land from mountain-top to sea:
(So long it took to rend the mighty frame
Of England's empire in the western world).
With help of foreign arms and foreign gold,
Base faction and the Bourbon's mad revenge,
Rebellion won at last; and they who loved
The cause that had been lost, and kept their faith
To England's crown, and scorned an alien name,
Passed into exile; leaving all behind
Except their honour and the conscious pride
Of duty done to country and to king.
Broad lands, ancestral homes, the gathered wealth
Of patient toil and self-denying years
Were confiscate and lost; for they had been
The salt and savor of the land; trained up
In honour, loyalty, and fear of God.
The wine upon the lees, decanted when
They left their native soil, with sword-belts drawn
The tighter; while the women only, wept
At thought of old firesides no longer theirs;
At household treasures reft, and all the land
Upset, and ruled by rebels to the King.

Not drooping like poor fugitives, they came
In exodus to our Canadian wilds;
But full of heart and hope, with heads erect
And fearless eyes, victorious in defeat.
With thousand toils they forced their devious way
Through the great wilderness of silent woods
That gloomed o'er lake and stream; till higher rose
The northern star above the broad domain
Of half a continent, still theirs to hold,
Defend, and keep forever as their own;
Their own and England's, to the end of time.

The virgin forests, carpeted with leaves
Of many autumns fallen, crisp and sear,
Put on their woodland state; while overhead
Green seas of foliage roared a welcome home
To the proud exiles, who for empire fought,
And kept, though losing much, this northern land
A refuge and defence for all who love
The broader freedom of a commonwealth,
Which wears upon its head a kingly crown.

Our great Canadian woods of mighty trees,
Proud oaks and pines, that grew for centuries--
King's gifts upon the exiles were bestowed.
Ten thousand homes were planted; and each one,
With axe, and fire, and mutual help, made war
Against the wilderness, and smote it down.
Into the open glades, unlit before,
Since forests grew or rivers ran, there leaped

The sun's bright rays, creative heat and light,
Waking to life the buried seeds that slept
Since Time's beginning, in the earth's dark womb.

The tender grass sprang up, no man knew how;
The daisies' eyes unclosed; wild strawberries
Lay white as hoar-frost on the slopes—and sweet
The violets perfumed the evening air;
The nodding clover grew up everywhere,—
The trailing rasp, the trefoil's yellow cup
Sparkled with dew drops; while the humming bees
And birds and butterflies, unseen before,
Found out the sunny spots and came in throngs.

But earth is man's own shadow, say the wise,
As wisdom's secrets are two-fold; and each
Responds to other, both in good and ill—
A crescent thought will one day orb to full.
The ground, uncovered by the woodman's axe,
Burst into bloom; but with the tender grass
And pretty violets, came up the dock,
The thistle, fennel, mullen, and a crowd
Of noisome weeds, that with the gentle flowers
Struggled for mastery, till the ploughman trod
Them down beneath his feet, and sowed the ground
With seed of corn for daily use and food.

But long and arduous were their labours ere
The rugged fields produced enough for all—
(For thousands came ere hundreds could be fed)
The scanty harvests, gleaned to their last ear,
Sufficed not yet. Men hungered for their bread
Before it grew, yet cheerful bore the hard,
Coarse fare and russet garb of pioneers;—
In the great woods content to build a home
And commonwealth, where they could live secure
A life of honour, loyalty, and peace.

The century's last decade came with signs
Foreboding evil to the forest land.
The sun and moon alternate rose and set,
Red, dry, and fiery, in a rainless sky;
And month succeeded month of parching drouth,
That ushered in the gaunt and hungry year,—
The hungry year whose name still haunts the land
With memories of famine and of death!

Corn failed, and fruit and herb. The tender grass
Fell into dust. Trees died like sentient things,
And stood wrapped in their shrouds of withered leaves,
That rustled weirdly round them, sear and dead.
From springs and brooks no morning mist arose;
The water vanished; and a brazen sky
Glowed hot and sullen through the pall of smoke
That rose from burning forests, far and near.
The starving cattle died, looking at man
With dumb reproach, as if the blame were his,—
Perhaps it was; but man looked up to heaven
In stern-lipped silence, or in earnest prayer
Besought relief of God, or, in despair,
Invoked the fiercest storms from tropic seas
To quench the earth with rain, and loose the claws
And teeth of famine from the scorching land.

Slowly the months rolled round on fiery wheels;
The savage year relented not, nor shut
Its glaring eye, till all things perished,—food
For present, seed for future use were gone.
"All swallowed up," the starving Indians said,
"By the great serpent of the Chenonda
That underlies the ground and sucks it dry."

While equally perplexed at such distress,
Despite his better knowledge,—"Why is this?"
The white man asked and pondered; but in vain.
There came no quick response. Nature is deaf
And voiceless both, to satisfy the heart
That needs a deeper answer than she gives.
And till we seek for light of God alone,
Putting ourselves aside and all we know,—
Learning the truth in His way, not in ours,
The mystery of mysteries remains.
Sin, sorrow, death; inexplicable! were
There not beyond the vail a power of love:
God in the human, infinitely like,
Who bore our pains himself, as if to show
He cannot, without suffering, pluck away
The rooted sin that tangles in the heart,
Like tares with wheat. Permissive love, that lets
Them grow together for a troubled space,
Till ripe for harvest. Love triumphant, when
The Reaper comes, and life is winnowed clean
Of its base weeds, and all that's good and true
In human souls is garnered up by Him,
Till His vast purposes are all fulfilled.

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## PART II.

Upon the banks of sedgy Chenonda,*
With sycamores and giant elm trees fringed,
Backed by unbroken forests, far from hail
Of friends and neighbors' help in time of need,
A house of massive logs, with open porch
O'errun with vines and creepers, fronted full
Upon the quiet stream, that, sleeping, lay
Hot in the noontide sun. A well, with sweep
Long as the yard of a felucca, stood
Unused and dry; its glaring stones aglow.
Some fields of tillage, rough with undrawn roots
And stumps of trees, extended to the woods
That, like a wall, surrounded every side.
Hovels for cattle that were nowhere seen
Stood empty near the house; nor corn, nor grass,
Nor food for man or beast was visible—
The famine for a year had scourged the land!

Upon the river-bank a bark canoe
Just touched the shore with its recurving prow.
A woman's shawl and rustic basket lay
Beneath the paddle, thrown in haste aside
By one who came across the Chenonda,
With food and tidings for the dying man
Who lay within the porch, unconscious all

*The Chippawa.

Of help, or her who brought it. A tall man ;
Not young indeed, sun-browned and scarred with wounds
Received in battle fighting for his King.
His features, worn and haggard, were refined
By intellect and noble purposes,
Which beautify the looks as naught else can,
And give the impress of a gentleman.
A face it was of truth and courage, one
To trust your life to in your hour of need ;
But twitching now in pain, with eyes that looked
Enlarged by hunger, as of one who sought
For bread he could not find ; and so gave up
To plead with God for life, and waited death.

He lay, and in his eyes a far-off gaze
Saw things invisible to others' ken.
Delirious words dropped from his fevered lips
As in a dream of bygone happiness,
That went and came like ripples on a pool
Where eddying winds blow fitful to and fro—
A hunger feast of fantasy and love
That haunts the starving with illusive joys.
And one dear name repeated as in prayer,
Clung to his lips and would not leave them ; nay,
Unspoken, one might see it syllabled
In sign and proof of his undying love.

Beside his couch, in passionate despair,
A woman knelt, clasping his hands in hers,
With kisses and endearing words, who bade
Him rouse to hope of life, for she had brought
The food for lack of which he dying lay.
Tall, lithe, and blooming ere the hungry year
Had wasted her to shadow of herself,
She still was beautiful. A lady born
And nurtured in the old colonial days ;
Of graceful mien, gentle in word and deed,
As well became a daughter of the time
When honour was no byword, and the men
Were outdone by the women of their kin—
Who spurned the name of rebel as a stain,
And kissed their sons and sent them to the war
To serve the King with honour, or to die.

Her long black hair, shook loose upon her neck,
Was turning grey with sorrow at the pangs
Of those she loved and could not help. Her eyes
Were full of pity infinite and tears ;
With courage in them to encounter aught :
Toil, pain, or death, for sake of one she loved.

Amid the rage of famine and of fire,
That spread a consternation through the land,
It had been rumoured : Food was on the way
As fast as oar and sail could speed it on !
"From far Quebec to Frontenac," they said,
"King's ships and forts gave up the half their stores ;
Batteaux were coming laden ; while the Prince*
Himself accompanied, to cheer them on !

The news flew swiftly—was itself a feast,
Gave strength and courage to the famished land.

* The Duke of Kent, father of Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

Fresh tidings followed. One day guns were fired
And flags displayed all over Newark town.
The people went in crowds to see the Prince—
Their royal Edward—who had come in haste
To succour and console in their distress
The loyal subjects of his sire, the King.

The loving wife upon the Chenonda
Had heard the welcome news—in time, she hoped,
To save her husband, overwrought with toil
In fighting fire among the burning woods,
And prostrated with hunger, till he lay
Helpless and hopeless, drawing nigh to death.
With woman's energy, that's born of love,
O'erpowering all her weakness, she resolved
To save her husband's life or for him die.
With tearful kisses and with fond adieux
And many prayers, she left him in the charge
Of one old faithful servant, born a slave,
And now a freedman in his master's house,
And traced with desperate steps the trackless woods
And smoking morasses that lay between
Her forest home and Newark's distant town,
To buy, not beg, the bread for which they starved.

She reached the town; befriended everywhere—
For each one knew all others in those days
Of frank companionship and mutual aid—
She saw the Prince, the flower of courtesy,
Who listened to her tale, which, ere half told,
Prompt order went to grant beyond her prayer.
And bread and wine, and all things needed else,
By messengers were sent to Chenonda.
A royal gift, bestowed with royal grace,
With words of kindest sympathy and cheer,
Which of all gifts are those men hold most dear.

The Prince knew well of no one but the King,
Or in his name, would these proud loyalists
Receive a gift. "But this," he earnest said,
"Was not a gift, but royal debt and due
The King owed every man who had been true
To his allegiance; and owed most to those
Who fought to keep unbroken all the orb
Of England's empire, rounded like the world."

With fit and grateful words she thanked the prince,
And took his gift and royal message, full
Of gentlest sympathy for their distress,—
Nor rested longer than the first pale streak
Of morn upon th' horizon rose, ere she
Set out for home, with treasure more than gold;
Bread and the Prince's message, and returned
The way she came, outstripping, in her haste,
The messengers who followed in her track.
She reached at noon her home on Chenonda,
Too late, alas! for one had outstripped her!
Death, like a phantom, had run on before
And entered first, and smit down whom he would!

Their faithful servant lay upon the ground,
Dead in his master's service; worn and spent

With hunger, watching, sickness, and a care,
Not for himself, but those he loved and served,—
A faithful man and loyal to the last.
And yet a sadder sight did meet her when
Upon the couch she saw her husband lie,
All fever flushed and dying, gazing wild,
With open eyes that saw her not; and mind
That wandered crazily o'er thousand themes;
And her, the theme of themes, unrecognized!
She threw herself upon her knees, nor felt
The stones that bruised her as she shrieked, and gazed
With startled eyes, and wildly called his name;
Who, deaf to her appeals, talked heedless on,
In his delirium, with words that pierced
The inmost memories of her woman's heart.

"O Minne! Minne mine! Where are you, love?
Come to me, you or none!" he dreaming said,
Unconscious of her presence, or the hand
That smoothed his hair, or lips that kissed his brow.
"O, Minne mine! what hinders us to-day
To climb the mountain-summit through the broad
Autumnal forest, dropping leaves of gold
And scarlet on our heads as we go on?"

His fevered thoughts strayed back to autumn days
When he had wooed his lovely bride—the flower
Of Shenandoah—all gentleness and grace,
When, blushing with the consciousness of love,
She gave her willing hand and pledged her troth
One day beneath the spreading maple trees,
Whose leaves were flushed with crimson, like her cheek,
And life, that day for them, seemed first begun!

"O, Minne mine! my beautiful and true!"
She listened to the unforgotten words,
While grief and terror mingled with the joy
That used to greet their memory in her heart.
"Loving and loved, each one in other blest,
To-morrow is our happy wedding day!
The orioles and blackbirds gaily sing,
Mad with delight, upon the golden boughs,
Their song of songs. To-morrow is the day!
To-morrow! O, my love! I hear a chime
Of silver bells in heaven, ringing clear;
To-morrow is their happy wedding day!"

His words shot straight as arrows, through and through
The sweetest recollection of the past
That nestled in her heart and, fed with love,
Lived, there encaged, her bosom's bird; now rent,
Displumed and bleeding, 'neath the shaft of death.
Her tears fell hot and thick, and oft she kissed
The pallid cheek and pressed the hand upled
Her to the mountain-top, and held her there
In dalliance sweet and fond affection's thrall;
While the broad world beneath them opened wide
Its fairest treasures to their raptured eyes.

Soft Indian summer floated in the air,
Like smoke of incense, o'er the dreamy woods;
So still, one only heard the dropping leaves

Of forests turned to crimson, brown and gold,
In myriad tints, to craze a painter's eye.
For Nature's alchemy, transmuting all,
Gilded the earth with glamour, rich and rare,
As if to give the eye, weary of this,
A transient glimpse of fairer worlds to be.

She wept and listened as he still spake on:
"Thank God for autumn days! O, Minne mine!
In autumn we were wed, in autumn came
Our love's fruition, when our babe was born.
In autumn, when the laden orchard trees
Dropped ripest apples, russet, red, and green,
And golden peaches lingered past their time,
And richest flowers of brown October bloomed:
The gentian blue, crysanthema of snow,
And purple dahlias; flowers that bloomed again
A year away, with amaranths, to strew
The grave of our young hope—the first and last
Who died, enfolded in thy tender arms."

She listened, with a look of wan despair,
As he recalled their early bliss. We drink
With bitterness the tale of former joys
Retold in misery. Yet, drink we still,
Kissing the chalice which we know will kill!
She watched, consoled, repeated oft his name,
In hope of recognition; but in vain.
No wandering syllable escaped his lips,
Though faint as dying breath but she divined
Its full intent, and with a woman's ken,
Saw that his love was perfect, to the core
Of inmost dreams. The thought with human touch
Let loose the tears surcharged her swollen heart.
She wept and listened as he still spake on:

"O, Minne mine! in autumn, too, we lost
Our smooth-faced handsome boy; our Raleigh brave,—
A stripling full of courage, and athirst
For honour in the service of the King,
He died in front of battle, by my side,
In that hot day we won at Germantown.
I bore him in my arms from 'midst the dead
And buried him beneath the autumn leaves,
In the still forest, by a boulder stone.
I took thee once to see it—all alone,
We two as one; and there we wept as none
But fathers, mothers, weep o'er children gone."

Her heart was torn at mention of her boy,
So good, so dutiful, so early lost.
And for a moment a fair picture flashed
Up from the gulf of buried years. She saw
Him with his baby feet, as sea pearls pure,
Essay, with awkward prettiness, to climb
Up to her knee and bosom to receive
A storm of kisses each time for reward.
He ceased to speak and breathed with fainter breath,
Like one forespent, and losing hold of life;
His hand grasped tightly hers, as if it were
His last sheet-anchor in the sands, that failed
To hold his bark amid the storm of death.

## PART III.

The hunger fever left him ; and he lay
Awake, resigned and calm, to meet the end
He knew was nigh, but feared not, save for her
Whose yearning eyes bent over him with love
And pity infinite. His noble face
Had brightened with a gleam of holy light,
That sometimes shines in death, to cheer the gloom
Of that dark valley of the shadow, when
Our hour is come ; when from the couch of pain
We must descend and go, each one alone,—
Alone—to travel on a darksome road
We know not ; but, when found, a king's highway !
Broad and well beaten ! None may err therein !
Made for all men to travel ; and not hard
For those unburthened and who humbly take
The staff God offers all, to ease the way
And lead us wondering to the vast beyond.

The "Help of God" is Death's strong angel called,
Who brings deliverance from this world of care ;
Azrael, who casts his sombre mantle off
Upon the threshold ; and in robes of white,
With loving smiles, will lead us on and on,
Out of the darksome valley to the hills,
Where shines eternal day for evermore !

He lay and looked at her, remembering
The things had happened, until all was clear.
"O, Minne mine !" he murmured, "I have been
Unconscious of thy presence and return !
The fever overmastered me, and grief,
When our old servant died, with none to aid ;
And I fell on my couch and knew no more.
But some one said to-day, or did I dream ?
The woods are all ablaze and roofed with fire
Up Chenonda, and down the deep ravine,
The marshes, dried like tinder, catch the flames ;
The very earth is burning at the roots,
While savage beasts tumultuous, rush and roar
In rage and terror from their burning lairs !
How could I risk thee, love, to go alone,
Amid such dangers as would daunt a man,
To seek for help in Newark's distant town,
Where haply help is not—or needed more
Than in our forests ? Everywhere, they say,
The iron grip of famine holds the land ;
And men have long since shared their household corn
To the last handful, and there's nothing left !

She stooped and kissed him tenderly, with lips
That trembled in an ecstasy of fear,
What might betoken all the signs she saw,—
Then told in broken accents how she sped :
"I care not though my feet were bruised or scorched
Treading the burning forests, if I brought
Good news, my love, to thee, and help to all
The famished dwellers on the Chenonda !"

Then she recounted in his eager ear,
That drank her words as summer dust the rain,

How England's Prince had come! and Newark town
Was hung with flags; and cannon pealed salutes
To welcome him from old Niagara's walls!
And she had seen the river margin thronged
With broad batteaux, all laden down with corn,
Brought by the Prince in haste, to help and save
The King's true subjects in the forest land.

A gleam of joy across his features shone,
As when a sudden ray escapes the sun,
Shot through a cloud rift in the wintry sky,
Athwart the old gray Mississaugua tower,—
Where it stands desolate, on guard no more
Over Ontario's ever-changing sea.

"God bless the Prince!" he said, "'Tis princely done,
To bring, not send, the help we sorely need!
A gift is sweetest from the giver's hand
When face to face we look and understand
The soul of kindness in it to the full.
And one may take King's gifts and feel no shame,"
He said, to reconcile his manly pride
To take a gift as alms from even him.
"For he is ours and we in fealty his.
We hold this land of England and the King
Though all the seven plagues around us cling!"
Then added, in a tone of fervent prayer:
"Bless we Prince Edward's name for evermore!"

She told him of his royal courtesy,
And tender words of sympathy for him
And all the loyal people, doubly scourged
By fire and famine in their forest homes.
She told him of the messengers by her
Outrun, but following in haste with food
To aid the dwellers on the Chenonda,—
While she had brought a basket in her hand
For present need, until the men arrived
With waggon train and plenty for them all!

"Thanks for God's mercies!" said he. "Thank the Prince
And thee, my love, for all that thou hast done!
I now can die content. The country's saved!
Content to die—except in leaving thee."

He turned upon his couch and looked at her,
As if his heart were bursting with the thought.
"O, Minne mine!" he whispered, "bend thy ear
As thou didst in those happy autumn days
When I first claimed thy hand and all thy love.
As thou wert to me then, so be thou now;
For now a greater sorrow waits us both
Than then, if possible, our mutual joy.
Together we have lived our life of love
In perfect oneness. Now apart; one dead—
One living, shall we love alway as now?
I hear thee whisper yes, O Minne mine!
Then be it so; for there is nought to fear,
Though fall between us the mysterious vail
Which hides from mortal eyes the life beyond,—
The vail that is not lifted till we die."

Between those two that vail did never fall!
She heard, but only in her inward ear,
His dying whispers, as she speechless lay,
Kneeling beside his couch; nor marked that day
Had faded in the west and night had come,
Bearing upon her shoulder, draped with cloud,
The harvest moon, that made the very sky
About it black, so silver clear it shone.
The south wind rose. The smoke which filled the air
Far down upon th' horizon rolled away;
While shorn of radiance in the moonlight clear
The stars looked blankly in the porch and saw,
With eyes as pitiless as stony fate,
A sight had melted human eyes to tears.
The rustling sedges on the river-side
Alone made moan about the couch of pain,
Now still forever, - all was silent else,—
True man and loving woman—both were dead!

The Prince's messengers came quickly, but
Too late to save, and found them as they died,
With hand and cheek together,—one in death,
As their fair love had been but one in life,
The last sad victims of the Hungry Year.

Where sluggish Chenonda comes stealing round
The broken point, whose other side is lashed
By wild Niagara rushing madly by,
Afoam with rapids, to his leap below,
An ancient graveyard overlooks the place
Of thunderous mists, which throb and rise and fall
In tones and undertones, from out the depths
That never cease their wild, unearthly song.
Among the oldest stones, moss-grown and gray,
A rough-hewn block, half-sunken, weather-worn,
Illegible, forgotten, may be found
By one who loves the memory of the dead
Who, living, were the founders of the land.
It marks the spot where lies the mingled dust
Of two who perished in the Hungry Year.

Few seek the spot. The world goes rushing by
The ancient landmarks of a nobler time,—
When men bore deep the impress of the law
Of duty, truth, and loyalty unstained.
Amid the quaking of a continent,
Torn by the passions of an evil time,
They counted neither cost nor danger, spurned
Defections, treasons, spoils; but feared God,
Nor shamed of their allegiance to the King.

To keep the empire one in unity
And brotherhood of its imperial race,—
For that they nobly fought and bravely lost,
Where losing was to win a higher fame!
In building up our northern land to be
A vast dominion stretched from sea to sea,—
A land of labour, but of sure reward,—
A land of corn to feed the world withal,—
A land of life's rich treasures, plenty, peace;
Content and freedom, both to speak and do,
A land of men to rule with sober law
This part of Britain's empire, next the heart
Loyal as were their fathers, and as free!

# The Sparrows.

On seeing a flock of English sparrows at my door, on the shore of Lake Ontario, December 10th, 1876.

I SAT within my window, and looked forth
Upon a scene of cold magnificence.
Winter was come—Canadian winter—keen,
Rough, hardening, maker of sturdy men,
And women fairer than the south wind knows.
My garden, lately full of summer bloom,
Lay 'neath a sheet of snow—flower and leaf
Cut down by killing frost were dead and buried;
Knee-deep the sombre trees stood gaunt and bare,
With all their buds sealed up until the spring.
A plain, the threshing-floor for winter's flails,
Wind-blown and swept, lay just beyond the lawn
Where drifts of winnowed snow heaped high and wreathed
Like curling rams' horns, over-peered the hedge,
And filled the garners of the cold north wind.
Beyond the plain, 'neath banks precipitous,
Stretched the vast lake covered with floating ice,
Its billows striving vainly to lift up
Their angry crests above the icy mass
That overlay the struggling, groaning sea;
While the Frost-giant's breath in the keen air
Rose up like steam against the northern sky,

The scene was grand, but use so blunts the sense—
For thirty winters I had seen the same,—
That, like the weary king, I looked and said:
"There's nothing new of all beneath the sun!"
Of vanities the vainest is to live,
If each to-morrow be as yesterday,—
A beaten round that ends where it began.
God's presence and creative touch on all,
Seemed things far off with boyhood's happy days,
Shut up in Eden like the primal world,
With flaming swords to guard it evermore.

But yet, though overlaid with years and cares,
The boy is in the man. The Eden seen
By eyes of innocence in life's awaking,
Is like the lily's root beneath the snow,—
Asleep, not dead, ready to bloom again
Clothed in the spring with robes new wove in heaven.
I, too, had shared the common lot; eaten
The fruit forbidden, drank, to quench my thirst,
Of cisterns hewn by men; still more unsated
The more I quaffed the bright, dead waters; while
The living stream beneath God's threshold ever
Gushed forth a flood to swim in like a river.

So sat I yesterday, with weary eyes
Looking at leafless trees and snow-swept plains,
And broad Ontario's ice-encumbered sea.
My thoughts had wandered in a waking dream
Across the deep abyss of vanished years,

To that dear land I never saw again.
When suddenly a fluttering of wings
Shook the soft snow—a twittering of birds
Chirping a strange, old note, but heard before
In English hedges and on roofs, red-tiled,
Of cottage homes that looked on village greens!
An old familiar note! Who says the ear
Forgets a voice once heard? the eye, a charm?
The heart, affection's touch, from man or woman?
Not mine at least! I knew my own birds' language,
And recognized their little forms with joy.

A flock of English sparrows at my door,
With feathers ruffled in the cold north wind
Claimed kinship with me—hospitality!—
Brown-coated things! Not for uncounted gold
Would I have made denial of their claims!
Five! six! ten! twenty! But I lost all count
In my great joy. Whence come I knew not; glad
They came to me, who loved them for the sake
Of that dear land at once both theirs and mine.

I ran to get the food I knew they liked,
Remembering how—a child—in frost and snow
I used to scatter crumbs before the door,
And wheat in harvest gleaned, to feed the birds
Which left us not in winter, but made gay
The bleak, inclement season of the year.
The sparrows chirped and pecked while eyeing me
With little diamond glances, like old friends,
As round my feet they fluttered, hopped and fed,
In perfect confidence and void of fear.
Their forms, their notes, their pretty ways so strange,
Yet so familiar—like a rustic word
Learned in my childhood and not spoken since—
All! all came back to me! and as I looked
And listened—a thousand memories rose up,
Like a vast audience at the nation's song!

Old England's hills and dales of matchless charm,
Sweeping in lines of beauty, stood revealed:
Her fragrant lanes where woodbine trailed the hedge,
And little feet with mine ran side by side
As we plucked primroses, or marked the spot
Where blackbird, thrush or linnet reared its young,
While sang the cuckoo on the branching tree.
Those meadows, too! Who can forget them ever?
So green! with buttercups and daisies set,
Where sky-larks nested and sprang up at dawn
To heaven's top, singing their rapturous lay!
Those gentle rivers, not too large to grasp
By the strong swimmer of his native streams;
Those landward homes that breed the nation's strength;
Those beaconed cliffs that watch her stormy seas
Covered with ships that search all oceans round:
Those havens, marts, and high-built cities, full
Of work and wealth and men who rule the world!
All rose before me in supernal light,
As when beheld with childhood's eyes of strength,
And stirred my soul with impulses divine.

My heart opened its depths—glad tears and sad
Mingled upon my cheek, which forty years
Strange winds had fanned and heat and cold embrowned.
God's hand is nearer than we think—a touch
Suffices to restore the dead; a word
Becomes a wonder of creative power.
The little sparrows in their rustic speech
Talking a tongue I knew—this message brought
From Christ who spake it, merciful to man:
"Are not two sparrows for a farthing sold
And not one falls without the Father's leave?
Fear not, therefore! for of more value, ye,
Than many sparrows, yea, whose very hairs
Are numbered by the loving care of God."

I blessed the little messengers who brought
These words of comfort to my lonely heart,
To teach me resignation, hope and peace.
Like children in a darkened room we cry,
Despairing of the light when 'tis most nigh.
And when thou feel'st forgotten of His care,
Eating thy crust with discontent and pain,
Perplexed with bootless questionings of fate,
Or racked by stern inquisitors of doubt
Over life's issues and the ways of God,
Be patient. Bide thy time. All will be well.
The callow bird must wait its wings to fly,
And so must thou! God's love is law in love,
Working in elements of moral strife
That will not yield obedience but with pain.

"Perfect through suffering." Comprehend'st thou that?
Upon the cross who was it dying, cried,
In the last agony that rends the soul:
"Eli! Eli! Lama sabacthani!"
No other way! Christ, too, must drink that cup
Before His human life was made divine
And our redemption possible from sin!
Or if a gentler lesson thou would'st learn,
Dismayed at those tremendous mysteries,
Think of the birds, the lilies, all things, He
Takes care of to the end: why not of thee?
But while their round of life is here complete,
Thine but begins! The law of laws is love,
That needs two worlds to perfect all of man,
And an eternity to teach God's ways!

Wait humbly, then, placing thy hand in His,
To lead thee from the dark up to the light!
Although the floods beat high against thy house
And earthly clouds obscure thy mortal sight,
"God sits upon the flood—a king forever!"
And in those clouds at last shall be revealed!
Build on that rock thy soul's foundation firm,
And thou shalt stand unshaken in the storm!
The sparrows trusted thee—trust thou thy Lord.

# Translations.

## THE GALLANT SCHILL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ARNT.

Ferninand Von Schill, born 1773. His motto was:

"Lieber ein end mit schrecken
All schrecken ohne end!"

He was killed in the defence of Stralsund, 31st May, 1810.

"Es zog aus Berlin ein tapfer held."

MARCHED from Berlin a Captain stout*—
Juch he!
He led six hundred horsemen out,
Juch he!
Six hundred troopers stauneh and good,
All thirsting for the Frenchmen's blood.
O! Schill! thy sabre strikes sore!

And with the horsemen marching keen,
Juch he!
A thousand riflemen in green,
Juch he!
God bless them! Every shot we trust
Will make a Frenchman bite the dust.
O! Schill! thy sabre strikes sore!

So marched away the gallant Schill,
Juch he!
Upon the French to work his will,
Juch he!
Nor King nor Keysar gave command,
But freedom for his Fatherland.
O! Schill! thy sabre strikes sore!

At Dodensdorf his soldiers good—
Juch he!
Dyed red the earth with Gallic blood—
Juch he!
Two thousand 'neath their sabres lay,
The rest in terror fled away.
O! Schill! thy sabre strikes sore!

They stormed Dormitz, that castle strong,
Juch he!
And drove the Frenchmen out headlong,
Juch he!
Then marched to Pomerania's shore
And the French "Qui Vive" was heard no more.
O! Schill! thy sabre strikes sore!

To Stralsund next they marched with speed,
Juch he!
Ho! Frenchmen! what shall serve your need?
Juch he!

*April 29, 1809.

Take wings and fly—nor look behind!—
Bold Schill's at hand—he rides like wind!
O! Schill! thy sabre strikes sore!

Ho! Frenchmen, ho! what, are you dead?
Juch he!
Who stain our troopers' sabres red!
Juch he!
To troopers of good German blood,
To slay the French it seemeth good,
O! Schill! thy sabre strikes sore!

O Schill! O Schill!—is all in vain?
Juch he!
Why sweepeth not thy steed the plain?
Juch he!
Why shut in walls thy spirit brave
In Stralsund, that will prove thy grave?
O! Schill! thy sabre strikes sore!

O Stralsund! Stralsund! falls in thee—
O weh!
The bravest heart in Germany—
O weh!
A ball has pierced his manly breast,
A coward now at him might jest.
O! Schill! thy sabre struck sore!

Out spake a Frenchman shame unbound,
O weh!
He shall be buried like a hound!
O weh!
Or like a felon hung to feed
The carrion crow and raven's greed.
O! Schill! thy sabre struck sore!

Then from his body they chopped his head—
O weh!
And threw his corpse in a midden stead,
O weh!
Where he may sleep till day of doom
When God will raise him from his tomb.
O! Schill! thy sabre struck sore!

There sleeps our good and valiant chief,
O weh!
Without a stone to tell our grief,
O weh!
But though no carving show his fame,
The people wont forget his name.
O! Schill! thy sabre struck sore!

But lo! a horseman reins his steed,
O weh!
And with his sword points to the deed,
O weh!
He yells and cries: "O, Schill! O, Schill!
Thou shalt have vengeance on them still!"
O! Schill! thy sabre struck sore!

## LEIPSIG.

FROM BERENGER.

Rien qu' une main, Francais ! Je suis sauve !

HAT! do you fly, proud conquerors of the world,
From Leipsig, left of Fortune's smile and beck?
A mine is sprung, the bridge in air is hurled,
And all the stream is cumbered with the wreck.
Men, horses, arms shattered in fragments, fly,
'Mid shrieks of death so oft and proudly braved,
While from the Elster rings a drowning cry:
"Reach me a hand, Frenchmen! and I am saved!"

Who cries for help? alas! for him who needs!
Press on! press on! for whom should we delay?
A hero struggling in the water bleeds,
Poniatowsky, thrice wounded in the fray!
Headlong they flee, fear hardens every heart—
And no ear turns to heed the help he craved,
From his good horse he falls and drifts apart.
"Reach me a hand, Frenchmen! and I am saved!"

He sinks! No! no! he rises on the waves;
He grasps his struggling horse's flowing mane!
"To drown," he cried, "while still the battle raves
Upon the shore I vainly strive to gain—
Help, Frenchmen, help! your van how oft I led,
My blood has flowed where'er your banner waved,
Save what is left! for France it shall be shed.
Reach me a hand, Frenchmen! and I am saved!"

No help for him! Alas! his weakened hands
Let go his horse's mane, he sinks, and lo!
Before his dying eyes an image stands
Of coming glory and revenge for woe—
Poland's white eagle screams undying war,
In Russian gore his plumes and talons laved,
While rings the shout of freedom from afar,
Reach me a hand, Frenchmen! and I am saved!

No help for thee, brave prince! on Elster's shore
The foes encamp beside the silent reeds.
Those times are past, yet thrill they more and more;
His words incite again to valiant deeds.
O God! grant quick relief—or Poland dies!
Her flag is up for freedom! and has waved
'Mid seas of blood, and now again she cries:
Reach me a hand, Frenchmen! and I am saved!

She cries as never nation cried before,
For as she poured her blood as free as rain,
Now gashed with wounds and choking in her gore,
She shrieks for help, her freedom to regain—
Even as her noble prince, who, pierced with balls,
Expired for France and glory's signal waved.
So now on ruin's brink his nation calls:
Reach me a hand, Frenchmen! and I am saved!

## POLAND.

FROM BERENGER.

Hatons nous ! l'honeur est la' bas !

IF I were young and valiant,
My blonde moustache I'd smartly curl,
And ride to war a bold huzzar
In uniform so brilliant !
Speed on my horse, to Poland, speed !
We'll snatch a nation from despair.
While cowards stand and see her bleed—
Make haste ! Make haste ! For honour's there !

If I was young—I'm very sure
I'd have a mistress fond and fair,
Who'd mount behind and ride like wind,
Some hero's wounds to panse and cure.
Who'd sell her rings and pawn her lace,
And all her sheets to lint would tear,
To staunch the blood that flows apace.
Make haste ! Make haste ! For honour's there !

If I were worth my millions,
I'd say unto the gallant Poles—
I'll powder buy and guns, and try
To clothe your brave battalions.
Old Europe rich and gouty swags,
On crutches, hobbling everywhere,
And scoffs at virtue, clothed in rags—
Make haste ! Make haste ! For honour's there !

If I were but a mighty King,
What would I not for Poland do ?
My ships should land at every strand,
And rouse all nations, aid to bring ;
The blood of Sweden I would warm—
Exclaiming, "Poland ! help we bear !
My scepter see, and my strong arm,
Make haste ! Make haste ! For honour's there.

If for a day—a single day,
I were the God whom she implores,
The Czar should fall her humbled thrall
Beneath my awful justice sway.
The Poles should feel my tender love,
With wonders I'd fill earth and air,
With miracles their cause approve—
Make haste ! Make haste ! For honour's there.

Make haste ! Make haste ! What can I do ?
O ! King of Heaven, hear my prayer !
O ! freedom's sire ! my words inspire—
Make me her guardian angel now !
Let my voice like a trumpet sound,
Shaking the nations ! Let me bear
This summons o'er the world's vast round :
Make haste ! Make haste ! For honour's there !

## A DIALOGUE.

BETWEEN A TIRED POET AND HIS MUSE.

Something which at a distance sounds like a note of spring.

FROM THE SWEDISH.

*She.*

IS way to the north
Old winter now takes,
The sun dances gaily
On ice crusted lakes,
Hail! to the spring,
Northlanders sing—
Sledges go slow.

*He.*

— Oh!
And rough, roaring March, but beginning to blow!

*She.*

Snowdrifts are melting
Adown the deep dales—
High winds are whistling
Melodious gales—
Brooks swirl along,
Hear the lark's song,
Cheery and shrill—

*He*

Still,
This is but April, my muse, if you will!

*She.*

Crocus and violet
The lasses have plucked—
A blossom I bring thee
The honey bee sucked!
See this and smell
A bonny blue bell!
Drooping its top—

*He.*

Stop!
'Tis May, and thy posies are cold as snowdrop!

*She.*

Wild geese in Delta
Fly swift to the pole—
Squirrels glance nimbly
About the tree bole—
In the full stream
Bright salmon gleam
Up like a flash—

*He.*

Splash!
O! If I dared in the eddies to dash!

*She.*

Afraid of cold water,
  My tender poet?
Have you no nectar
  To warm you up yet?
Pegasus, lo!
Quivers to go
  Mount him and try!

*He.*

Fie!
The roads are too miry and he cannot fly!

*She.*

Loving old crony!
  I see how it fares—
Thy heart is heavy
  With labour and cares—
Lend me thy lyre—
I'll touch the wire—
  Music in showers

*He.*

Pours!
Like drops from the rainbow that quicken the flowers!

*She.*

Twang the chords gaily
  In triple time fast—
Nature's sweet voices
  Commingle at last!
Hear to the clang—
Plingli plang!
  How the chords ring!

*He.*

Sing!
Muse, a wild greeting to welcome the spring!

## EXALTATION.

From the German of Ludwig Beckstein.

O him who made the heavens, the earth and sea,
Who is, who was, and ever more shall be—
Whom countless spheres applaud in choral throng—
To him, my God—I lift this mortal song.
Where he enmantled in his glory stands,
Too bright for vision, I lift up my hands,
My cloudy doubts are melted in his rays.
God is my praise!

Creation still renewing as it spends—
Stars rise and set, with all its music blends,
As gladdens spring, the earth begins to smile,
And nature owns him to her loneliest isle,
But whether He the flashing tempest ride,
Or in the balmy breath of zephyr hide,
Where'er he is, my lips shall sing outright—
God my delight!

The flowers shine sparkling in the morning dew,
The stars beam softly in the dusky blue,
The blazing sun streams from his fiery ball
His generative heat and light to all.
Yet vain the rainbow in the cloud is set,
From Him alone they all their glory get—
Their brightest day before him turns to night—
God is my light!

God is my light, which lightens all my ways,
Which calms my terrors and fulfils my days;
A sudden ray that out of heaven smiles
When some good thought defies the tempter's wiles.
When I am tossing on life's stormy deep
With tattered sail, while raging billows sweep
Over and under, as I with them cope—
God is my hope!

I tremble not—God lives! I tremble not!
My light, my life, my holy part and lot!
He shines upon my path with clearing ray,
And saves me from the pitfalls by the way;
From the high hills of heaven upon my soul
His winds refresh that I may reach my goal,
In spite of raging foes I will not yield;
God is my shield!

Almighty One! He bade the world arise
And myriad suns to circle round the skies.
But comes a day when he will bear me far—
To lands of light beyond the outmost star;
When from these earthly fetters I shall flee
To my true life, from death forever free,
Within his everlasting arms be pressed;
God is my rest!

# Sonnets.

## ON THE JUBILEE OF HER MAJESTY'S REIGN, 20TH JUNE, 1887.

HAIL! Mother Queen of our great Angle land!
On every zone of earth, on every sea,
Acclaiming millions join in jubilee
Of fifty years of blessing from thy hand,
Filled with imperial sceptres of command
Lawful in right and righteousness. By thee
Is shown how Empire can be great and free,
'Mid ordered commonwealths world-wide and grand.
Our Canada, Australia and the plains
Of mighty India—wheresoever reigns
Victoria, The festal nations, yea
And silent hearts of lowly men no less,
Give thanks to God and pray that He will bless
Our gracious Queen, and keep the throne alway.

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## THE WAX WING FOUND FROZEN IN A SNOWDRIFT AT NIAGARA, 27TH FEB., 1886.

A DAY of vernal sunshine clove in twain
'Mid winter's storms, and in its brightness flew
A little wax wing, fresh as morning dew—
Red sealed and golden tipped, and sang a strain
Of triumph over winter's vanished reign.
It sought the bush had reared it, found it too,
And said: "Together we will build anew,
My mate and I, our little nest again.
But soon the storms returned and frozen, lo!
The pretty warbler found I in the snow.
The fate alas! of all who dare to sing
Untimely songs—too early or too sweet.
For birds or poets, it is death to bring
Their summer lays into the wintry street.

## WINTER ROSES ON THE CHILDREN'S FACES.

WINTER roses, oh! to see them glowing
Warm upon the children's happy faces!
Cheeks and chins the north wind pats, and places
There his ruddy kiss as he goes blowing
Over snow hills, where toboggans flowing
In an avalanche of maddest races.
Boys and girls with flying locks and laces,
Furred and muffled, down the slides are going,
Shouting, laughing, holding fast each other,
Mutual help the moment's present duty,
Gladdening hearts of father and of mother,
While the frosty air nips into beauty
Fresher, redder, ever newer graces,
Winter roses on the children's faces!

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## TO J. M. LEMOINE, SPENCER GRANGE, QUEBEC.

I LOVE Quebec for three good reasons. One,
Her matchless beauty, both of earth and sky;
Her famous story of the years gone by,
And lastly for his sake, her worthy son,
Bone of her bone, whose pen facile has run
Through tomes of legendary lore, which vie
With what the world loves best, and so love I
Quebec for these good reasons; and upon
The plinth of Wolfe and Montcalm lay my hand,
And call to witness all the varied land,
Seen from the lofty cape's embattled coigne;
Mountain and vale and city, isle and stream,
Resplendent with the memories that gleam
Upon them from the pages of Lemoine.

## A LADY'S PORTRAIT.

A LADY'S portraiture! A gift of love
I may not call it, but of friendsship rare,
Such as the noblest women blameless bear
For worthiness in men. Pure as the dove
That emblem is of sanctity—above
All power of thanks for grace beyond compare—
It and myself alone this moment share
Without a witness save all-seeing Jove.
I ask those lips what is th' unspoken word
That hovers on them—what the thought that lies
In the blue depths of these averted eyes?
Those fair hands clasped in such divine accord?
Will they not sunder, and to me extend
The double greeting of a welcome friend?

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## FOR THE HAIRS OF YOUR HEAD ARE ALL NUMBERED.

GOD numbers them, His servant's hoary hairs.
Blanched for eternity, no longer seen
In glory of a youthful Nazarene
Bareheaded in the sun, now fraught with cares,
And fewer as each year my strength impairs,
And I am hit with arrows sharp and keen
Of Death's strong angel shooting hard between,
To prove my armour how it holds and wears,
"But not a hair shall perish," in the rage
Of wintry storms now near, which, without ruth
Will cast my bark of life upon the shore
Of the immortal spirits, where old age
Drops from us, and the beauty of our youth
Returns, and we grow younger ever more.

## MONTMORENCY NO. 1.

TO HERBERT M. PRICE, QUEBEC.

THE Master saith, "Look in thy heart and write
What thou hast heard the voices say, within
The flashing rainbows and the mist, the din
And avalanche of waters snowy white,
Of Montmorency leaping down the height.
I feel the throbbing of the joyous linn
Keep time and measure with my pulses in
A thrilling symphony of sound and sight.
For history, poetry and wild romance,
The old, the new, Nature's exuberance—
Peace, war and love—love still the best of all—
Their story here on every side I learn,
And Wolfe's and Montcalm's rival camps discern
In the long thunder of the roaring fall.

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## MONTMORENCY NO. 2.

TO HERBERT M. PRICE, QUEBEC.

IT is the human instinct after all,
That plucks the secret from the heart of things:
I catch a tuneful Naiad as she sings
Upon a rock midway the misty fall,
And hold her for a ransom to recall
The story of the half forgotten things
Of our Dominion: Statesmen, soldiers, kings
Uncrowned as yet, who dwelt in yonder hall,
The shadows, too, of dames, beauty's elect,
Who trod its verdant lawns and flowery ways.
I see them walking stately and erect,
With courtly cavaliers of olden days.
A century passes and the house of fame
Still keeps its ancient, honourable name.

## ON A PHOTOGRAPH.

I THANK the photographic art that brings
My bright ideals of perfect beauty back :
The morning sun, the clouds in golden rack
Of evening, and the starry choir that sings
At midnight, when love folds his silent wings
And listens through the hours. Here does not lack
One charm of womanhood I once did pack
My heart withal—dreaming of fairest things,
To one of beauty, form and grace like this
Perfect of all perfections, Paris gave
The golden apple and received the kiss
Of immortality which all men crave,
None win without a woman's love to bear
Half of their griefs, and all their pleasures share.

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## SPENCER GRANGE, QUEBEC, 30TH MAY, 1882.

UPON the heights of Sillery one day,
Led by the dryad of the fairy wood,
A daughter of the land, as bright and good
As spring's first daffodil, bade me survey
Wolfe's cove, the gleaming city with array
Of walls and pinnacles, each in a hood
Of sunset glory, while the shining flood
Swept through the mountains far and far away.
And then the nearer landscape she recalls,
The grove, the grange, Belle Borne's romantic rill,
Which in a chain of silvery waterfalls
Ran down the cliff and vanished ; but she still
Stands there to me. A memory will not fade—
Part of the glorious vision I surveyed.

## ON THE MARQUIS OF LORNE'S VISIT TO THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST, AUTUMN, 1881.

WHAT went ye to the wilderness to see?
A shaking reed? Men in king's houses dwelling?
A prophet? Yea, more than a prophet telling
Of lands new named for Christ—a gift in fee,
And heritage of millions yet to be.
Green prairies like an ocean broadly swelling
From rise to set of sun—great rivers spelling
Their rugged names in Blackfoot and in Cree.
That went you forth to see, and saw it lie,
The glorious land reserved by God till now,
For England's help in need—to drive the plough,
A thousand miles on end—till in the sky
The snowy mountains from the plains upborne,
Bear on their proudest peak the name of Lorne.

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## UT ARBORUM FOLIA SIC VITÆ NOSTRÆ, 1880.

NOVEMBER winds blew with a wintry blast,
The leaves fly like our lives, and unredeemed
Goes minute after minute once that gleamed
Bright in the future, now dark in the past.
In these Sibyline books, with eyes downcast,
We read a blurred page; not as we dreamed
To find it when in youth our morning beamed,
Before grey Amalthea gripped us fast.
And yet, O Lord! our task be done ere night
Sets in, when no man works whate'er the pay,
Little or much rewarded as is right
By God the just, who measures out our day—
By God the merciful, who pays us still,
If at the eleventh hour we do His will.

## ON GENERAL GORDON'S DEATH.

INEXORABLE death! Make room! Make room!
In thy most stately hall for England's chief
Of men, God's soldier, left without relief,
Betrayed by politicians to his doom;
By cowards home, by traitors in Khartoum.
All England weeps hot tears of angry grief,
Bowed 'neath the shame of it, words sharp and brief
Find fiery utterance in the nation's gloom.
O Gordon! Purest spirit of us all!
Our best and bravest, like a glorious star
Quenched in mid heaven, that darkens in its fall
The nation's eyes, so thou, alone, afar,
Looking in vain for help they send—too late,
Art left to die, that Loquax rule the state.

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## A LOVELY CHILD OF TWO SUMMERS, WHOSE BIRTHDAY AND MINE ARE ONE, 13TH OCTOBER, BROUGHT ME A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS, WITH KISSES, IN HONOUR OF THE SAME.

IT was my birthday, in October sear,
A fairy just two summers old, no more,
Came like a sunbeam radiant in my door,
With flowers and kisses, and "A happy year!"
Lisped from her pretty lips as coral clear,
"My birthday too," she added, with the lore
Of babyhood new learned the day before,
Much wondering how that I so old appear.
I took her in my arms and inly thought,
What am I but a child myself—less wise
Than she, perhaps, in my Creator's eyes?
Less worthy of His kingdom, which He taught
Is made of such—life's first divinest leaven—
Whose angels always see God's face in heaven.

## ON THE DEPARTURE OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE AND HER R. H. THE PRINCESS LOUISE, FROM CANADA, OCT. 27, 1883.

FAREWELL to noble Lorne and her whose face
Reflects the features of that gracious Queen,
England's and ours, wherein is grandly seen
the meaning of true royalty, the grace
Of nobleness and goodness. High in place,
Upholding her great empire, you have been
To all your trusts most faithful, and between
Contending parties kept one sacred space
For truce and social converse round the throne.
Where rival statesmen met to vie in praise,
And art and letters Rideau Hall adorn.
Our Canada upon her whitest stone
Will write the story of the golden days,
As time will call them, of Louise and Lorne.

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## A NIGHT VISION, 2ND JANUARY, 1892.

Vidi, cœlum apertum.

IS this a dream or real? aloud I cried,
Upon my lonely couch, once shared and blessed
By my dear wife, who to her saintly rest
Had gone before. Within my chamber wide
A sudden light illumed, and I descried
A beauteous form in snowy vesture dressed—
My wife, no longer old and silver tressed,
But raven haired again, and radiant-eyed,
In youth's florescence, came and meekly knelt,
And drew with gentle hand the sheet away,
And bared my face and stooped as if to kiss
My very soul's own lips. As meteors melt,
She vanished then—and long entranced I lay,
And knew it was no dream; but real—this.

## "BROCK'S SEAT,"

A LARGE BOULDER, WHICH HAD FALLEN FROM THE RIVER BANK ON WHICH IT STOOD DOWN UPON THE BEACH AT NIAGARA, WAS REMOVED NOV. 1893, AND PLACED IN ST. MARK'S CHURCHYARD.

YES! place it in the old churchyard, this stone,
In honoured memory of heroic Brock,
Whose seat it was, oft pondering on the shock
Of war to come, while lake and river shone
With sunset glory. His keen eye alone,
As patriots see who dare at death to mock,
Foresaw the way to victory—to unlock
The people's hearts and fill them from his own.
Yes! set it fitly in the sacred ground,
And every year with garlands be it crowned,
Forgetting never our deliverance stood
At the full price of his devoted blood—
The price he paid amid the battle's roar,
As Queenston Heights bear witness ever more.

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## ON HER MAJESTY'S PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE FROM ASSASSINATION AT WINDSOR, 2ND MARCH, 1882.

A FIERY message flashed through ocean wide,
In wrathful joy to say: "A traitor's shot
Had missed our gracious Queen and harmed her not,
Had missed fair Beatrice who was by her side."
While England, all aflame rose up and cried,
To tears indignant moved, that such a blot
Of infamy had stained a single spot
Of English ground, and humbled so her pride.
The Queen of kingdoms and of womanhood,
Example of all virtues, for the stay
Of this lax age and her dear country's rest,
God saved her from the assassin's hand of blood,
And all the world give thanks, none more than they
Who dwell in her Dominion of the West.

## ON THE SICKNESS AND RETIREMENT OF HIS EXCELLENCY LORD METCALFE FROM THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA, NOV., 1845.

From the Niagara Chronicle of 31st Dec., 1845.

NOVEMBER winds are piping thro' the land
The mournful requiem of the parting year ;
And wrapped in sullen shade the leafless woods
Stand hoar with frost, and creak their withered boughs
In solemn cadence to the passing breeze,
While heard by day, the ghostly hooting owl,
Haunts the dark woods, and shrouded in the fogs,
Whose misty folds elaborate the snow,
Ill-omened sings its melancholy song.
The grey clad husbandman observes the signs,
And knows white-footed winter at the door,
But fears it not, his bounteous harvest sure,
He 'neath the shelter of his peaceful roof
Enjoys his own, contentedly and blest,
And with a freeman's heart he thanks the hand
Which raised the sun-like shield of beaming truth
To guard the laws by daring faction breached,
And bold amid the din and babel strife
Keyed in the social arch, and sweet restored
His country's peace and made her fields secure.

O ! Thrice ennobled in Canadian love,
Metcalfe, the wise and good, the sure defence
And bright adornment of our northern land !
What plastic words may tell my country's grief
To lose amid such hopes her darling chief ?
Struck with the electric tidings, grouped we stand,
And each on other look, as if the sun
At midday from the heavens disappeared
With sudden blank, amazing every eye ;
While, open mouthed, swift-footed rumor runs
The length and breath of all the forest land.
At every mansion and at every hut
She drops a tear, and tells her mournful tale.
The rural swain with quick emotion turns
And lists the tidings, while his household fire
Grows dim before his eyes with moisture veiled,
And from his hearth some presence seems withdrawn
That hovered there, its guardian unseen,
While spurring memory recalls anew
The panoramic picture of the past.
And he reconjures up the quickening words
That broke our country's torpor and relaxed
Her stiffened sinews, in that dreary night
When Faction, like a haggard night-mare, sat
Upon her heart, and every nobler vein
Stagnated in her party ridden frame.
Metcalfe ! Thy precious words of coined truth,
Stamped with true British effigies, henceforth
Shall be the hoarded treasure and the best
And noblest circulation of our land,
Or, winged with high and soul inspiring thought,
Like covering cherubim, shall watchful sit
Upon the holy ark of liberty,
Our answering oracle in every need.

Harsh were the discords that untuned the land,
And hot aspirants in the senate bold
Usurped the sacred temple of the laws
By Sydenham the social builder raised,
And from its dedication strove amain,
What deity therein behoved to reign—
Whether the democratic God, whose head
With cloudy vapour circled, and whose eyes
Purblind with envy and vain glory stare
With evil aspect on all great and good,
Or whether slumbering tyranny oppress
The bending throne, callous in strength I ween,
And heedless or of murmurs or of praise:
When noble Metcalfe rose, whose master hand
Cast down the misshaped idols worshipped there,
And 'mid the people's glad exultant cries,
The goddess bright of British freedom led,
And high enthroned her in the glorious fane.

Preserver of the laws! With grief sincere,
Mourns Canada the iron stroke of fate
That takes thee from her ever grateful arms,
And from the forest shades where sets the sun,
Down to the piny hills where rolling wide
Great Cataraqui pours his world of floods,
As for a father, she laments thee gone—
And with a people's universal sigh
Observes that face whereon she loved to look,
Where native dignity and virtue mild
Curved every lineament with grace divine.
And wisdom with her radiance illumed,
Now wasted by disease, and for her sake
The sufferings long endured; for bravely bent
To cure our civil discords and complete,
Yea, to its sculptured ornaments, the grand
Triumphal arch of civic freedom ours,
His soul heroic scorned his body's pangs,
Full of his great design, and toiled and toiled
Till nature sank, worn out, and could no more;
Then, with a people's blessings on his head,
Bowed down with sickness but with spirit high,
Amid his labours we beheld him borne,
Beloved ruler, from our weeping shore!

O Boreas! Fetter up thy boisterous gales
Within the ice caves of the frozen north,
Nor raise the billows 'neath his languid head!
Ye zephyrs! gently curl his watery path,
Breathe kindly as the wishes of our land,
While sportive dolphins roll before his bark,
Serene and softly waft the chieftain home.
Illustrious man! Thy fame how great and pure;
The victories of peace forever thine—
Conquests unstained by a single tear
Wreathe thee with olive crowns in every clime.

The dusky nations from the banks of Gange
To far Hydaspes' gold enameled sands.
Where once thy eye shot humanizing awe
Into the tiger soul of Punjaub's chief,
Fierce Runject Singh, and stopped in full career
The fiery despot's blood encrusted spear,—

From Delhi's gilded domes to Comarin
The grave Moslemah and the mild Hindoo,
Grateful, to Allah's or to Brama's care,
Commend the "Nawawb, just and friend to all."
Beneath another sky a sable train,
Of Afric race, with love repeat his name,
A race from bondage freed, who riot ran,
The planter's terror and the land's despair,
But schooled by him in freedom, peace and laws,
Feel in their hearts the soul creating fire
Of ordered liberty; while industry
And arts beneath his care revive again,
And bless the fruitful regions of the sun,
And, with the grateful black, a nobler race,
Whose Saxon blood beneath the fervid zone
Is ripened to the warmth of generous wine,
Whose hot dissensions were by him appeased,
Now all contending strive which shall the most
His memory cherish and his worth adore.
Grateful Jamaica! Happy from his care,
A ponderous statue to his glory rears,
And fondly claims his memory her own.
But no! West Indians; no! our northern land,
Blest by his wisdom, shares the reign of peace:
His noble image in Canadian hearts
An inward monitor henceforth will live,
Of love of country and of love of man,
At once virtue's incentive and reward.

Farewell! Faithful and true! Thy country waits
With open arms to welcome thy return,
To nurse thy weary head and fondly show
To British youth, all undegenerate still,
Her ancient virtues incarnate in thee!
In thee old English faith and honour pure,
And truth the sparkling gem of honour's life,
And, more than all, the choicest gift of God:
Benevolence and love of human kind.
Those but reflections, these the very fire
And life imparting essence of Himself—
All wisely mingled in a mind serene,
Patient and full of wisdom, till in one
The sage, the christian and the statesman joined,
And Metcalfe's name the synonym of all.

Ah! Whilst thy country welcomes with acclaims,
Thy Queen with honours, and thy home with all
The fond solicitude of kindred love,
Amidst the pleasant dales and heathy hills,
And willowed streams that thread thy native north,
The ancient home of freedom and of song,
Hygeia visit thee and soothing pour
Her healing balms upon thy honoured head!
Restore thee to thy country, yet to live
And taste the freewill offerings of our land—
Canadian gratitude, Canadian love!

## IN MEMORY OF AUGUSTA SERVOS, AGED 11 YEARS— OBIIT, NOV. 13TH, 1846.

ISTE VIATOR! Ere you pass
This marble stone, and drop a tear.
A flower, the fairest ever was
Plucked from its stem, is lying here.
A spirit from a brighter sphere,
She seemed just lent to us, not given,
To draw our thoughts away and bear
Them to her dwelling place in heaven.
She was the flower and pride of all.
Too fair, too good for earth below,
She heard her heavenly father call
And vanished like the April snow.
Our wintry winds ungenial blow,
And such sweet blossoms do not spare,
But this in Paradise will grow
And bloom to full perfection here.

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## IN MEMORIAM FILIOLI MEI CARISSIMI QUI OBIIT, 23RD FEB., 1849.

READER, if thou ere hast known
How infant innocence endears,
Above this monumental stone
Commiserate a parent's tears.
The passing winds that greet thy ears
Sigh oft with me and seem to crave
Some token of the hopes and fears
That linger round this silent grave.

I meekly bow to God's decree,
And in the halls of death adore,
Amid my sorrow, sure that He
Adds to His realm one cherub more.
Too tender for this wintry shore,
With clouds and tempests over-driven,
Christ spread his arms, and softly bore
Our lovely lamb to bask in heaven.

## CANADIANS FOREVER.

A NATIONAL SONG.

GIVE thanks to God for all the grace
Bestowed by His Almighty hand;
Of France and England's martial race,
He planted us with firm command—
To do and dare,
And guard with care,
This Canada, our native land.
Canadians forever!
No foe shall dissever.
Our glorious Dominion—
God bless it forever.

It is the land we love the best,
The land our loyal fathers gave;
In battle fires it stood the test,
And valiant heroes died to save—
In summer's glow,
In winter's snow,
A people steadfast, true and brave.
Canadians forever!
No foe shall dissever.
Our glorious Dominion—
God bless it forever.

A land of peace for friends we love,
A land of war if foes assail;
We place our trust in God above
And British hearts, that never fail.
In feast or fight
And cause of right,
Our word and deed shall aye prevail.
Canadians forever!
No foe shall dissever.
Our glorious Dominion—
God bless it forever.

From Newfoundland at break of day
The cheer is westward passed along,
A hundred bright meridians play
Like harp-strings to the nation's song.
From sea to sea
United be,
One great Dominion just and strong.
Canadians forever!
No foe shall dissever.
Our glorious Dominion—
God bless it forever.

Cape Race with lofty beacon lights
Our ocean-gates, by tempests blown,
And half a world of days and nights,
And lakes and lands, is all our own.
From sun to sun
Our waters run,
Niagara midway thundering down.
Canadians forever!
No foe shall dissever.
Our glorious Dominion—
God bless it forever.

Our axes in the forests ring,
  Our rifles mark the hunters' track,
Our boatmen blythe in cadence sing
  Upon the rapids' foaming back.
    'Tis freedom gives
    The joy that lives
  Beneath the glorious Union Jack !
      Canadians forever !
      No foe shall dissever.
    Our glorious Dominion—
      God bless it forever.

By spreading oaks and towering pines
  Our loyal yeomen speed the plough,
And reap their fields and dress their vines
  And jovial fill the barley-mow.
    With sturdy toil
    They till the soil,
  And rest beneath the maple bough.
      Canadians forever !
      No foe shall dissever.
    Our glorious Dominion—
      God bless it forever.

Then deck Victoria's regal throne
  With May flowers and the maple tree ;
And one for all and all for one,
  The watchword of her Empire be,
    And heart and hand
    United stand,
  Confederate and great, and free,
      Canadians forever !
      No foe shall dissever.
    Our glorious Dominion—
      God bless it forever.

# Address

BY WILLIAM KIRBY,

Delivered at Niagara, on the 14th August, 1884, at the Centennial Celebration of the Settlement of Upper Canada by the United Empire Loyalists in 1784.

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WILLIAM KIRBY, ESQ., of Niagara, said:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: Upon an occasion like this the heart as well as the intellect is stirred up with deep emotions. All that is noble, all that is patriotic in us, the pride we have in the loyal and indomitable men who founded Upper Canada, afford a theme that ought to warm the coldest and make the dullest man eloquent in their praise. The United Empire Loyalists of America only need the truth to be told of them, to make them stand out prominently upon the page of history as ranking with the noblest of our race in any land.

I am glad and proud of the fact that celebrations similar to this have already been held in Toronto and the Bay of Quinte, yet we of the Niagara district did not think that those were enough. This spot, consecrated by so many honourable memories of the fathers and defenders of our country, is, after all, the true historical and proper place for the centennial celebration of the settlement of Upper Canada. Here was the principal landing place of the expatriated loyalists, here came the loyal fighting men of the Revolutionary War, and here they planted their war torn but glorious flag and said to the waves of revolution: "Come not here! this is our Canadian home, and our portion of the British Empire for ever!"

When I look upon the multitude of faces before me and around me, and recognize, as I do, so many of them as belonging to both of the great political parties which contend for the administration of our government: when I see these usually bitter partizans of both sides of politics laying aside,

upon an occasion like this, their party strife and uniting as brothers and true Canadians to show their common pride in the unity of the Empire, and to pay honour to the memories of the U. E. Loyalists, who have left us this great country as our common heritage—when I see this, I rejoice to know that above all our party noise and confusion, there exists a great firmament where peace reigns, where a common sentiment of Canadian loyalty and patriotism brings us all into accord, and shows that Canadians of all creeds and parties can unite to defend our country in danger; and maintain, as our forefathers did, the unity of the Empire to which we belong.

This meeting is a proof that, after the lapse of a hundred years, the spirit which animated the U. E. Loyalists is still alive, slumbering perhaps, in quiet leonine strength in the hearts of our people, but ready to wake up as of old, whenever called upon. Superficial onlookers and frivolous scribes may say that the old spirit is no longer a living principle in us. I say that they who make that assertion know nothing of the U. E. Loyalist stock of this country, and this great loyal meeting is a striking disproof of the base charge.

Who, it may be asked, were those U. E. Loyalists whom we praise so highly, and whose memory we are celebrating to-day?

I reply, they were that vast number of loyal, law-abiding men, who in the American revolution, formed fully one-half of the people of the thirteen colonies, when, mainly through the machinations and aid of France, those colonies were led into the great rebellion against the Empire.

They were, if I may use the AMERICAN language, which we all understand very well, the party of *Union* in 1776, as opposed to the party of *Secession* of that time. They were the men who were loyal to the Crown and to the political unity of the English speaking race. They owed a natural allegiance as born British subjects to the Crown and Empire, and felt bound by every tie of duty, honour and religion, to resist rebellion, and preserve intact the unity of the Empire to

which they belonged. The crime of dividing the English race was none of theirs!

The great civil war which broke out in the United States twenty-three years ago has to the American mind greatly modified the meaning of the word—loyalty. Instead of being used in a bad and vituperative sense as it had been prior to their own late rebellion, loyalty has since then been discovered to be one of the cardinal virtues, while *rebellion*, that was previously looked upon as an honourable thing in itself, has come to be denounced as the blackest of crimes, especially when against themselves.

I will read an extract from the letter of a distinguished American General (Gen. J. Watts De Peyster of New York) with reference to this loyal celebration of ours. He says:

"I wish I could be there to unite with you in sympathy and feeling, as I do here. Success to the loyal blood! May its memories be ever green, and the recollection of its unparalleled and unrewarded devotion, bravery and sacrifice, endure and wax stronger with time! We Loyalists lost the game, but we did not in the slightest degree tarnish our record of honour."

I may mention that the general who writes this, is himself a descendant of a distinguished Loyalist family of the old Province of New York.

The Declaration of Independence, which passed by a majority of one only, came like a thunder clap upon the people of the colonies. Up to that day, the most unequivocal public expressions of loyalty to the King and Empire had been made, and reiterated by the general Congress as by all the provincial congresses in the colonies. Nay, long after fighting began nothing but a redress of grievances was professed to be demanded. The army which besieged Boston, under Washington, and that which invaded Canada, under Arnold and Montgomery, fought under British colours. It was known that outside of New England a majority of the people were opposed to secession, and that it was necessary to

lead them by degrees, and blindfold, as it were, into the pit of revolution—and so it was done.

It is unnecessary for me to discuss, in your presence, the political issues of the revolution. We are all of one mind on that subject. We know that the Loyalists were right in the course they pursued, and that for us is enough.

The revolution was not necessary for the redress of such theoretical grievances as formed the subject of differences with the mother country. The Stamp Act, the greatest offence of all, was never put in force, and was promptly repealed in compliance with the general remonstrance against it. The other minor acts—of no account in themselves, might likewise have been left to be repealed, and the old harmony restored, had not pride and temper, on both sides, taken the place of reason and moderation—and rendered a good understanding impossible.

The Loyalists of America felt all this, and refused to be hurried into the crime of rebellion; and when the Declaration of Independence was launched upon the country they denied the truth of the indictments it contained against the King and the people of Great Britain; while the very offensive language in which it was couched, added fuel to their resentment, and perpetuates the bitterness of it to this day.

Their opposition to the revolution was met by the enactment of the most vindictive penal laws against men whose only offence was a determination to keep their allegiance, and abide by the flag under which they were born. The persons of the Loyalists were seized and imprisoned: their property—and in property they were the wealthiest men in the community — was everywhere confiscated: persecutions begat fierce retaliations. Swords were drawn, and the civil war began which devastated America for eight years—and only ended when the powers of France, Spain and Holland intervened, and by their help the thirteen colonies were severed from the Empire.

An able and candid American author has written:—"The

Loyalists had position and property, the Indians had fertile lands; both were coveted, and both were wrenched from their rightful possessors."

The atrocious penal laws, the proscriptions, the confiscations, and the personal outrages to which aged and respectable Loyalists were subjected, even in the presence and with the sanction of some of the highest heads of the rebellion, has left a deep stain upon "the course that was pursued" in establishing the revolution. They added bitterness and animosity to the struggle, for they called forth keen reprisals, and sent into the Royal ranks upwards of 25,000 native Americans; and it is a fact that the continental army, which was largely made up of the foreign element and needy emigrants, had fewer Americans in it than the Royal army. But I need not recount the events of the war.

It is estimated that at the close of the war, a hundred thousand Loyalist Americans left the Port of New York alone. The world had not seen such a flight of the best elements of the population of any country since the exile of the Huguenots from France over a century before. The fugitive Loyalists who left their native country were dispersed all over the Empire. Many went to Great Britain, many to the West Indies, many to the wilds of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and thousands came to Canada.

Upwards of ten thousand of the best people of New York and Pennsylvania found their way through the wilderness to the very place where we stand, and amid privations, toils and sufferings—the story of which is not yet forgotten—here set up their new homes in the forest and courageously and cheerfully started life anew, and began that career of honour and felicity which is our inheritance in Canada to this day. May it last for ever!

As an instance of the privations endured in this country, which was at that time wholly uncultivated, I will read an original, unpublished letter of the period, from General Haldimand to Colonel Claus, Indian Superintendent at Niagara, in

reference to supplies of food needed here for the Indians. General Haldimand writes, in May, 1780, "They should consider the trouble, expense and time it takes to transport provisions, not only to Niagara, but all the way to Detroit and Michilimacinac. Every ounce of provisions, they and we have been living upon for these eighteen months past was brought from England."

When we reflect upon these words, and consider the length of the ocean voyage to Quebec, and the difficulty and time it required to transport all those provisions in canoes and boats from Quebec to the upper country, all the way to Detroit and Michilimacinac, we may form an idea of the scarcity and suffering that must have prevailed in this wild country at that time, when the sudden influx of so many people took place.

But Providence had great ends in view when it settled Canada with men of such heroic strain, and of the purest blood of America.

It has been cast as a reproach upon the U. E. Loyalists, that they were largely the gentry, and not the populace of American society. They formed undoubtedly the best and wealthiest class in the old colonies. But all classes were present among them, judges, lawyers, legislators, clergymen, soldiers, merchants, yeomen and handicraft men—all filled the ranks of that great emigration. Christian men of all the churches were there, but not one infidel of the type of that arch traitor, Tom Paine! He belonged emphatically to the Rebellion. The Loyalists came with their penates and household gods, their bibles, the sacred communion vessels of their altars, the tables of the ten commandments from the chancels of their churches: these sacred objects they brought with them out of their abandoned temples.

It seemed as if the voice of Christ was heard by them, as he spake to his disciples upon that last day at Jerusalem, "Arise! let us go hence!" And these ten commandments

they set up anew in the rude churches which they built to the worship of God in Canada.

The whole congregation of Trinity Church, New York, with their venerable rector at their head, transported themselves to St. John, New Brunswick, and there set up the old tables of the Commandments, and the royal arms that had previously adorned their native church in the city of New York. Upon the table beside me stands one of the grand silver communion flagons and plates given by Queen Anne to the Mohawk Christians in 1711. They were brought here during the revolution, and are still used by the loyal Mohawks of the Bay of Quinte, of whom Chief Hill, a great grandson of the renowned Captain Joseph Brant, sits here in your presence to-day, the last hereditary chief of that great tribe.

There is an immense significance in the fact, Mr. Chairman, and it is worthy of our deep study, that the U. E. Loyalists, leaving all other possessions behind them, brought with them the ten commandments, the Bible, and the sacred vessels of the communion, as the most precious relics of their old homes in the thirteen colonies. What was left to fill the blank of that great religious and loyal exodus American history is now daily recording, and it is a point I need not dwell upon; but discerning men can see the black places left by the removal of those sacred emblems from that country.

Here came the great body of the adherents of the Church of England, mainly under the lead of that good man, the Rev. Dr. John Stewart, who founded the first Episcopal churches in Upper Canada. The first among them was this parish of Niagara, organized by Col. John Butler of the Rangers, and other loyal Episcopalians, and it was the mother church of this Province.

Here came also the pious and zealous Philip Embury, John Ashbury, and that godly woman, Barbara Heck, who, after founding Methodism in the city of New York, led a band of loyal Methodists to the Bay of Quinte, and there laid the foundation of the Methodist church in Canada. The old

Wesleyans, like their founder, John Wesley, were ever loyal to king and country, and, perhaps because they were Methodists, were also U. E. Loyalists when the day of trial came that proved the spirit of men to the uttermost, whether they were faithful or whether they were untrue to the sacred precept of Scripture—"Fear God and honour the king."

Here came also a numerous and a gallant band of loyal Roman Catholics, led by their priests, the MacDonalds from North Carolina and other Southern States, Scottish Highlanders, for the most part, who settled our district of Glengarry, and formed the nucleus of that Highland community so distinguished for its loyalty and valour in the subsequent history of Upper Canada.

Here, too, somewhat later, came a great number of the peaceful Quakers and Mennonists, of Pennsylvania. The fidelity of the Quakers to their lawful government drew upon them a cruel persecution from the rebels, who stained their record by trying for high treason and hanging two of the most respectable Quaker gentlemen of Philadelphia, Carlisle and Roberts, guilty of no offence in the world but loyal adherence to their king and country. This persecution drove some of the Quakers into the army, and the Quaker ancestors of a gentleman present on this platform, John Playter of Toronto, were among the hardest fighters in our army during the Revolutionary war.

The Quakers bore with characteristic patience the persecution of their enemies, but they flocked into Canada after the peace, to enjoy the protection of English law and live in allegiance to their native sovereign.

And here, too, came, as I am forcibly reminded by the presence before me of the thirty chiefs of the renowned Six Nations, the successors of a people once the mightiest on this continent. Very different from the Quakers in all respects except in their invincible loyalty, were the native war-like tribes of Central New York, which had been their home and heritage from the earliest times. The Six Nations were

largely Christianized and civilized at the outbreak of the revolution. Their villages, castles, cornfields, orchards, and pastures abounding in cattle, formed a long line of settlement from the Hudson to the Genessee.

Congress, which so loudly in public denounced the interference of the Indians in the war, had, at the very inception of hostilities, sent special commissioners to engage them on their side against the king. A great war belt, with a red axe worked in the middle of it, was presented by the commissioners to the Six Nations, who rejected it with contempt, and instead took up arms to support the king, and under their great chiefs, Brant and John Deseronto, whose descendants are here present to-day, and the distinguished Seneca Chief Sakoyenwaraton—"Vanishing Smoke," my friend, Chief Hill, tells me it means—fought bravely throughout the war in maintenance of the old treaties solemnly made with the king.

Their grand and beautiful country was destroyed and confiscated. The Six Nations were the first who took up the path of exile and settled in Upper Canada—where they form to-day a thriving, loyal, and happy people, proud of the gallant deeds of their forefathers, and proud of their loyalty and attachment to the Empire. The great Union Jack, which they have brought with them from the Grand River, has been their rallying flag for almost two hundred years.

Such was the sort of men whose memories we are met to celebrate to-day. A nobler ancestry than the U. E. Loyalists of America no country on earth can boast of. In war they proved themselves to be of the truest mettle. In peace, industrious, law-abiding and honourable—and, it may be recorded, that while, during the course of the revolutionary struggle, not a few of the eminent men of the rebellion drew off and returned to their allegiance, it cannot be recorded that a single U. E. Loyalist, either for family, for property, or any other consideration whatever, went over to the enemy, or returned to them after the war.

The advent of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, so

praised in prose and verse, was a holiday excursion compared with the arrival of the ten thousand expatriated Loyalists who landed at Niagara in 1783-4, a few stone throws only from where we stand. The Pilgrim Fathers, a few in number, came to America leisurely, bringing with them all their goods and the price of all their possessions, at peace and secure under charters granted by their sovereign. The U. E. Loyalists, unlike them, came bleeding with the wounds of seven years of war, stripped of every earthly possession, and exiled from their native land. This country was then a savage region of forests and swamps. The trees had to be cut down before a seed could be dropped in the ground, and in fact for two years the brave, suffering exiles had to be fed from the military stores of Fort Niagara, before they were in any condition to support their devoted wives and children.

History, written by party prejudice and blind admiration of mere success as a test of right, has pleased itself by maligning the character and principles of the U. E. Loyalists. But the course they pursued, after their settlement in Canada, was honourable to their humanity, wisdom and generosity. In less than seven years after their arrival in this country they established, with the aid and under the direction of that great statesman and soldier, Governor Simcoe, a constitution and government for Upper Canada which, they were proud to say, was the very image and transcript of that of Great Britain, and was the model of our Dominion Constitution of to-day.

The first Parliament of this Province met in September, 1792, on the spot now covered by the ruined mounds of Fort George, which we see before us; and there the first representatives of the people of Upper Canada, few in number, but worthy and capable of sharing in the deliberations of any assembly in the world, met and established the old English principles of law, order, and government in this country.

Contrast their acts with that of the Constitutional Congress of the United States, which had established their new

republican system of government in that country only four years before!

The States, which had rebelled in the name of Liberty and had declared all men to be free and equal, did, in their new Constitution, solemnly sanction the institution of human slavery, and perpetuated it, seemingly, for ever! While the U. E. Loyalists of Upper Canada, in their first parliament, and on this spot, made sacred by that act of eternal justice, did, without a dissenting voice, and without a claim for compensation, declare slavery to be forever abolished in this Province! All honour to the true freemen and their noble governor, Simcoe, who won for Canada the glory of being the first country in the world which abolished slavery by an Act of the Legislature!—and they not only set free their slaves, but placed them on a civil and political equality with themselves. We are not a boastful people—we are too proud for that—or we might justly boast of having taken the lead of all the world in that great act of justice to humanity. So far was Upper Canada in advance of all other people at that time, on this momentous question.

This fact strikes us more forcibly when we recollect that England herself did not abolish slavery in her Colonies until 1838, while the United States only did so twenty years ago, and that at the cost of the most frightful and destructive civil war on record; and Spain, another of the liberators of America, has not freed her slaves to this day!

These acts prove better than any words the noble and generous character of the men who founded this Province. The maintenance of the Imperial connection, of the "Unity of the Empire," as we call it in our Canadian speech, was the moving principle of duty in the hearts of our forefathers. Let it be so in ours also, now and forever.

If evil days should ever befall us, and we have no right to suppose that as a people we shall always be safe from the storms of fate or the malice of enemies, internal or external, and you Indians will understand me if I say that "bad birds

are now singing here and there in the trees." I say, if times of trouble and adversity should ever come upon this fair land, we have the noblest example, in the deeds and principles of our forefathers, how to meet them. And I have perfect faith in you, brother Canadians, that you, like them, will be found equal to every demand upon your honour and loyalty, in a word, your duty.

I am proud, Mr. Chairman, to see so many of the U. E. Loyalist ladies of our district present, and wearing upon their breasts the honoured loyal badges of this Centennial celebration. But the time never was—and I believe never will be—when, be our men loyal and patriotic as they will, the women of Ontario will not outshine them in ardent love to their Queen and country! Among them aré preserved the honourable traditions of our people, and so long as they teach them to their sons and daughters, Canada will stand in honour forever as the right arm of the British Empire.

I will conclude, Mr. Chairman, by repeating a few words spoken by me on another occasion:

All honour to the Loyalists! The brave, self-sacrificing exertions of these men in defence of the Unity of the Empire, brought ruin upon themselves in their old homes, but was the making of Canada by settling it with men of such chosen virtue. If, as a Puritan divine once boasted, "England was winnowed of her *choice* grain for the sowing of America," we can truly say, that "America was reaped and winnowed afresh at the Revolution, and its very *choicest* men selected by Providence for the peopling of this Dominion!" By the loss of these Loyalists the United States were drained of their noblest elements, and suffered a moral loss which they have never made up for to this day.

Some of the best and wisest men in the United States have brushed aside the covering of prejudice and obloquy cast over the memories of the U. E. Loyalists in popular American history, and boldly express their admiration for the courage and devotion to high principles which actuated them. Truth

will have its revenge in justice at last! And I venture to say, that in another century America will be more proud of her exiled Loyalists than of the vaunted patriots who banished and despoiled them!

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